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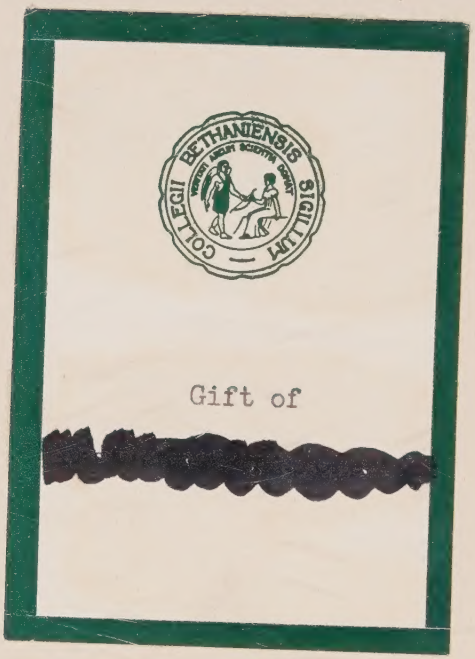

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ΛΙΒΑΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΟΘΕΣΙΣ ΤΩΝ ΛΟΙΠΩΝ ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ

πάσης ὡραιότητος ἄνθος
ἀστῶν μόνον ἐστὶ καλὸν
τὸ μόνιμον ἐπαινούμενον ἀεὶ
τὸ ἀεὶ ἐπαινούμενον ἀθάνατον
ἀθανάτων δὲ ἔργα τὰ
λόγοις ὧν ἔρωτες
ἀνδρὶ μὲν ἡ ῥωμαλέα
φωνὴ καὶ ἡ τόλμης ὀρεκτὰ
μοῦς παιδεύσασα ὁμιλοῦσι μέν καὶ τὸ πρεπόν
ὁμῶς δηλοῦσι· ἀμελεῖς δὲ οὐδὲ τῆς ἐμ-
μελείας, ἣ τὸ μὲν ἁρμόττον ἀεὶ φυλάττει
μέτρον, τὸ δὲ ἄχθος διωθεῖται ῥυθ-
μοῖς ἅμα διαβεβῶς καὶ προσηνῶς ἐπεξ-
έρχεται· ὧν ἐμοὶ νῦν ῥητόρων τῶν δημοσθε-
νικῶν ἐπαινεσάντων τε καὶ ἐπιθυμησάν-
των ἐπαινεθῆναι τοσοῦτος
ὢν τούτων λόγων θαυμαστὴ τις ἀφ' ὑμῶν
μεθαρμοσαμένοις τὸ πρόσταγμα, ἴσμεν
δὲ ἃ πλείω τὴν τιμὴν ἢ πόνον ἔχει

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COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, FORREST MORGAN, AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

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THE LOVE OF ACHILLES.

(Translation from Bion by Andrew Lang.)

[For biographical sketch, see page 264.]

Lycidas sings to Myrson a fragment about the loves of Achilles and Deidamia.

Myrson — Wilt thou be pleased now, Lycidas, to sing me sweetly some sweet Sicilian song, some wistful strain delectable, some lay of love, such as the Cyclops Polyphemus sang on the sea banks to Galatea?

Lycidas — Yes, Myrson, and I too fain would pipe, but what shall I sing?

Myrson — A song of Scyra, Lycidas, is my desire, — a sweet love story, — the stolen kisses of the son of Peleus, the stolen bed of love; how he, that was a boy, did on the weeds of women, and how he belied his form, and how among the heedless daughters of Lycomedes, Deidamia cherished Achilles in her bower.

Lycidas — The herdsman bore off Helen, upon a time, and carried her to Ida, sore sorrow to Œnone. And Lacedemon waxed wroth, and gathered together all the Achæan folk; there was never a Hellene, not one of the Mycenæans, nor any man of Elis, nor of the Laconians, that tarried in his house, and shunned the cruel Ares.

But Achilles alone lay hid among the daughters of Lycomedes, and was trained to work in wools, in place of arms, and in his white hand held the bough of maidenhood, in semblance a maiden. For he put on women's ways, like them, and a bloom like theirs blushed on his cheek of snow, and he walked with maiden gait, and covered his locks with the snood. But

the heart of a man had he, and the love of a man. From dawn to dark he would sit by Deidamia, and anon would kiss her hand, and oft would lift the beautiful warp of her loom and praise the sweet threads, having no such joy in any other girl of her company.

DIDO IN LOVE.

(From the Æneid: translated by John Conington.)

But the queen, pierced long since by love's cruel shaft, is feeding the wound with her lifeblood, and wasting under a hidden fire. Many times the hero's own worth comes back to her mind, many times the glory of his race; his every look remains imprinted on her breast, and his every word, nor will trouble let soothing sleep have access to her frame.

The dawn goddess of the morrow was surveying the earth with Phœbus' torch in her hand, and had already withdrawn the dewy shadow from the sky, when she, sick of soul, thus bespoke the sister whose heart was one with hers: — "Anna, my sister, what dreams are these that confound and appall me? Who is this new guest that has entered our door? What a face and carriage! What strength of breast and shoulders! I do believe — it is no mere fancy — that he has the blood of gods in his veins. An ignoble soul is known by the coward's brand. Ah! by what fates he has been tossed! What wars he was recounting, every pang of them borne by himself! Were it not the fixed, immovable purpose of my mind never to consent to join myself with any in wedlock's bands, since my first love played me false and made me the dupe of death — had I not been weary of bridal bed and nuptial torch, perchance I might have stooped to this one reproach. Anna, for I will own the truth, — since the fate of Sychæus, my poor husband, — since the sprinkling of the gods of my home with the blood my brother shed, he and he only has touched my heart and shaken my resolution till it totters. I recognize the traces of the old flame. But first I would pray that earth may yawn for me from her foundations, or the all-powerful sire hurl me thunder-stricken to the shades, to the wan shades of Erebus and abysmal night, ere I violate thee, my woman's honor, or unknit the bonds thou tiest. He who first wedded me, he has

ÆNEAS AT THE COURT OF DIDO

From a painting by P. Guerin

carried off my heart — let him keep it all his own, and retain it in his grave." Thus having said, she deluged her bosom with a burst of tears.

Anna replies: "Sweet love, dearer than the light to your sister's eye, are you to pine and grieve in loneliness through life's long spring, nor know aught of a mother's joy in her children, nor of the prizes Venus gives? Think you that dead ashes and ghosts low in the grave take this to heart? Grant that no husbands have touched your bleeding heart in times gone by, none now in Libya, none before in Tyre; yes, Iarbas has been slighted, and the other chieftains whom Afric, rich in triumphs, rears as its own — will you fight against a welcome, no less than an unwelcome, passion? Nor does it cross your mind in whose territories you are settled? On one side the cities of the Gætulians, a race invincible in war, and the Numidians environ you, unbridled as their steeds, and the inhospitable Syrtis; on another, a region unpeopled by drought, and the widespread barbarism of the nation of Barce. What need to talk of the war cloud threatening from Tyre, and the menaces of our brother? It is under Heaven's auspices, I deem, and by Juno's blessing, that the vessels of Ilion have made this voyage hither. What a city, my sister, will ours become before your eyes! what an empire will grow out of a marriage like this! With the arms of the Teucrians at its back, to what a height will the glory of Carthage soar! Only be it yours to implore the favor of Heaven, and having won its acceptance, give free course to hospitality and weave a chain of pleas for delay, while the tempest is raging its full on the sea, and Orion, the star of rain, while his ships are still battered, and the rigor of the sky still unyielding." By these words she added fresh fuel to the fire of love, gave confidence to her wavering mind, and loosed the ties of woman's honor.

First they approach the temples and inquire for pardon from altar to altar; duly they slaughter chosen sheep to Ceres the lawgiver, to Phœbus, and to father Lyæus — above all to Juno, who makes marriage bonds her care. Dido herself, in all her beauty, takes a goblet in her hand, and pours it out full between the horns of a heifer of gleaming white, or moves majestic in the presence of the gods towards the richly laden altars, and solemnizes the day with offerings, and gazing greedily on the victims' opened breasts, consults the entrails yet quivering with life. Alas! how blind are the eyes of seers! What can

vows, what can temples do for the madness of love? All the while a flame is preying on the very marrow of her bones, and deep in her breast a wound keeps noiselessly alive. She is on fire, the ill-fated Dido, and in her madness ranges the whole city through, like a doe from an arrow shot, whom, unguarded in the thick of the Cretan woods, a shepherd, chasing her with his darts, has pierced from a distance, and left the flying steel in the wound, unknowing of his prize; she at full speed scours the forests and lawns of Dicte; the deadly reed still sticks in her side. Now she leads Æneas with her through the heart of the town, and displays the wealth of Sidon, and the city built to dwell in. She begins to speak, and stops midway in the utterance. Now, as the day fades, she seeks again the banquet of yesterday, and once more in frenzy asks to hear of the agonies of Troy, and hangs once more on his lips as he tells the tale. Afterwards, when the guests are gone, and the dim moon in turn is hiding her light, and the setting stars invite to slumber, alone she mourns in the empty hall, and presses the couch he has just left; him far away she sees and hears, herself far away; or holds Ascanius long in her lap, spellbound by his father's image, to cheat, if she can, her ungovernable passion. The towers that were rising rise no longer; the youth cease to practice arms, or to make ready havens and bulwarks for safety in war; the works are broken and suspended, the giant frowning of the walls, and the engine level with the sky.

IX. The Fates Interpose.

Soon as Jove's loved wife saw that she was so mastered by the plague, and that good name could not stand in the face of passion, she, the daughter of Saturn, bespeaks Venus thus: "Brilliant truly is the praise, ample the spoils you are carrying off, you and your boy — great and memorable the fame, if the plots of two gods have really conquered one woman. No; I am not so blind either to your fears of my city, to your suspicions of the open doors of my stately Carthage. But when is this to end? or what call now for such terrible contention? Suppose for a change we establish perpetual peace and a firm marriage bond. You have gained what your whole heart went to seek. Dido is ablaze with love, and the madness is coursing through her frame. Jointly then let us rule this nation, each with full sovereignty; let her stoop to be the slave of a

Phrygian husband, and make over her Tyrians in place of dowry to your control."

To her — for she saw that she had spoken with a feigned intent, meaning to divert the Italian empire to the coast of Libya — Venus thus replied: "Who would be so mad as to spurn offers like these, and prefer your enmity to your friendship, were it but certain that the issue you name would bring good fortune in its train? But I am groping blindly after destiny — whether it be Jupiter's will that the Tyrians and the voyagers from Troy should have one city — whether he would have the two nations blended and a league made between them. You are his wife; it is your place to approach him by entreaty. Go on, I will follow." Imperial Juno rejoined thus: "That task shall rest with me. Now, in what way our present purpose can be contrived, lend me your attention, and I will explain in brief. Æneas and Dido, poor sufferer! are proposing to go hunting in the forest, when first to-morrow's sun displays his rising, and with his beams uncurtains the globe. On them I will pour from above a black storm of mingled rain and hail, just when the horsemen are all astir, and spreading their toils before the wood walks, and the whole heaven shall be convulsed with thunder. The train shall fly here and there, and be lost in the thick darkness. Dido and the Trojan chief shall find themselves in the same cave. I will be there, and, if I may count on your sanction, will unite her to him in lasting wedlock, and consecrate her his for life. Thus shall Hymen give us his presence." The Queen of Cythera makes no demur, but nods assent, smiling at the trick she has found out.

Meanwhile Aurora has risen, and left the ocean. Rising with the day-star, the chivalry of Carthage streams through the gates, their woven toils, and nets, and hunting spears tipped with broad iron, and Massylian horsemen hurry along, and a force of keen-scented hounds. There are the Punic princes, waiting for the queen, who still lingers in her chamber; there stands her palfrey, conspicuous in purple and gold, fiercely champing the foaming bit. At length she comes forth, with a mighty train attending, a Tyrian scarf round her, itself surrounded by an embroidered border; her quiver of gold, her hair knotted up with gold, her purple robe fastened with a golden clasp. The Phrygian train, too, are in motion, and Iulus, all exultation. Æneas himself, comely beyond all the

rest, adds his presence to theirs, and joins the procession; like Apollo, when he leaves his Lycian winter seat and the stream of Xanthus, and visits Delos, his mother's isle, and renews the dance; while with mingled voices round the altar shout Cretans and Dryopians, and tattooed Agathyrsians. The god in majesty walks on the heights of Cynthus, training his luxuriant hair with the soft pressure of a wreath of leaves, and twining it with gold; his arrows rattle on his shoulders. Not with less ease than he moved Æneas; such the beauty that sparkles in that peerless countenance. When they reach the high mountains and the pathless coverts, see! the wild goats, dropping from the tops of the crags, have run down the slopes; in another quarter the deer are scouring the open plains, massing their herds as they fly in a whirlwind of dust, and leaving the mountains. But young Ascanius is in the heart of the glens, exulting in his fiery courser. Now he passes one, now another, of his comrades at full speed, and prays that in the midst of such spiritless game he may be blest with the sight of a foaming boar, or that a tawny lion may come down the hill.

X. The Mystic Marriage.

Meantime the sky begins to be convulsed with a mighty turmoil; a stormcloud follows of mingled rain and hail. The Tyrian train, all in confusion, and the chivalry of Troy, and the hope of Dardania, Venus' grandson, have sought shelter in their terror up and down the country, some here, some there. The streams run in torrents down the hills. Dido and the Trojan chief find themselves in the same cave. Earth, the mother of all, and Juno give the sign.

Lightnings blaze, and heaven flashes in sympathy with the bridal; and from mountain tops the nymphs give the nuptial shout. That day was the birthday of death, the birthday of woe. Henceforth she has no thought for the common eye, or the common tongue; it is not a stolen passion that Dido has now in her mind — no, she calls it marriage; that name is the screen of her sin.

Instantly Fame takes her journey through Libya's great cities — Fame, a monster surpassed in speed by none; her nimbleness lends her life, and she gains strength as she goes. At first fear keeps her low; soon she rears herself skyward, and treads on the ground, while her head is hidden among the clouds. Earth,

her parent, provoked to anger against the gods, brought her forth, they say, the youngest of the family of Cœus and Enceladus, — swift of foot and untiring of wing, a portent terrible and vast, — who, for every feather on her body has an ever-wakeful eye beneath, marvelous to tell, for every eye a loud tongue and mouth, and a pricked-up ear. At night she flies midway between heaven and earth, hissing through the darkness, nor ever yields her eyes to the sweets of sleep. In the daylight she sits sentinel on a high house top, or on a lofty turret, and makes great cities afraid; as apt to cling to falsehood and wrong as to proclaim the truth. So then she was filling the public ear with a thousand tales, — things done and things never done alike the burden of her song, — how that Æneas, a prince of Trojan blood, had arrived at Carthage, a hero whom lovely Dido deigned to make her husband, and now in luxurious ease they were wearing away the length of winter together, forgetful of the crowns they wore or hoped to wear, and enthralled by unworthy passion. Such are the tales the fiendlike goddess spreads from tongue to tongue. Then, in due course, she turns her steps to King Iarbas, and inflames him with her rumors, and piles his indignation high. He, the son of Ammon, from the ravished embrace of a Garamantian nymph, built within his broad realms a hundred temples to Jove, and in each temple an altar; there he had consecrated an ever-wakeful fire, the god's unsleeping sentry, a floor thick with victims' blood, and doors wreathed with parti-colored garlands. And he, frenzied in soul, and stung by the bitter tidings, is said, as he stood before the altars, with the majesty of Heaven all around him, to have prayed long and earnestly to Jove with upturned hands: "Jove, the Almighty, to whom in this my reign the Moorish race, feasting on embroidered couches, pour out the offering of the vintage, seest thou this? or is our dread of thee, Father, when thou hurlest thy lightnings, an idle panic? are those aimless fires in the clouds that appall us? have their confused rumblings no meaning? See here: a woman, who, wandering in our territories, bought leave to build a petty town, to whom we made over a strip of land for tillage, with its rights of lordship, she has rejected an alliance with us, and received Æneas into her kingdom, to be its lord and hers. And now that second Paris, with his emasculate following, a Mæonian cap supporting his chin and his essenced hair, is enjoying his prize, while we, forsooth, are

making offerings to temples of thine, and keeping alive an idle rumor."

Thus as he prayed, his hands grasping the altar, the almighty one heard him, and turned his eyes to the queenly city and the guilty pair, lost to their better fame. Then thus he bespeaks Mercury, and gives him a charge like this: "Go, haste, my son, summon the Zephyrs, and float on thy wings; address the Dardan chief, who is now dallying in Tyrian Carthage, and giving no thought to the city which Destiny makes his own; carry him my commands through the flying air. It was not a man like that whom his beauteous mother promised us in him, and on the strength of her word twice rescued him from the sword of Greece. No, he was to be one who should govern Italy — Italy, with its brood of unborn empires, and the war cry bursting from its heart — who should carry down a line sprung from the grand fountain head of Teucer's blood, and should force the whole world to bow to the laws he makes. If he is fired by no spark of ambition for greatness like this, and will not rear a toilsome fabric for his own praise, is it a father's heart that grudges Ascanius the hills of Rome? What is he building? What does he look to in lingering on among a nation of enemies, with no thought for the great Ausonian family, or for the fields of Lavinium? Away with him to sea! This is our sentence; thus far be our messenger."

Jove had spoken, and Mercury was preparing to execute the great sire's command: first he binds to his feet his sandals, all of gold, which carry him, uplifted by their pinions, over sea no less than land, with the swiftness of the wind that wafts him. Then he takes his rod — the rod with which he is wont to call up pale specters from the place of death — to send others on their melancholy way to Tartarus, to give sleep or take it away, and to open the eyes when death is past. With this in hand, he drives the winds before him, and makes a path through the sea of clouds. And now in his flight he espies the crest and the tall sides of Atlas the rugged, who with his top supports the sky — Atlas, whose pine-crowned head, ever wreathed with dark clouds, is buffeted by wind and rain. A mantle of snow wraps his shoulders; rivers tumble from his hoary chin, and his grisly beard is stiff with ice. Here first Cyllene's god poised himself on his wings and rested; then from his stand stooping his whole body, he sent himself headlong to the sea, like a bird which haunting the coast and the fishy rocks flies

low, close to the water. Even so was he flying between earth and heaven, between Libya's sandy coast and the winds that swept it, leaving his mother's father behind, himself Cyllene's progeny.

XI. Æneas deserts his Queen.

Soon as his winged feet alit among the huts of Carthage, he sees Æneas founding towers and making houses new. A sword was at his side, starred with yellow jaspers, and a mantle drooped from his shoulders, ablaze with Tyrian purple — a costly gift which Dido had made, varying the web with threads of gold. Instantly he assails him: "And are you at a time like this laying the foundations of stately Carthage, and building, like a fond husband, your wife's goodly city, forgetting, alas! your own kingdom and the cares that should be yours? It is no less than the ruler of the gods who sends me down to you from his bright Olympus — he whose nod sways heaven and earth; it is he that bids me carry his commands through the flying air. What are you building? what do you look to in squandering your leisure in Libyan land? If you are fired by no spark of ambition for the greatness in your view, and will not rear a toilsome fabric for your own praise, think of Ascanius rising into youth, think of Iulus, your heir and your hope, to whom you owe the crown of Italy and the realm of Rome." With these words Cyllene's god quitted mortal sight ere he had well ceased to speak, and vanished away from the eye into unsubstantial air.

The sight left Æneas dumb and aghast indeed; his hair stood shudderingly erect; his speech clave to his throat. He burns to take flight and leave the land of pleasure, as his ears ring with the thunder of Heaven's imperious warning. What — ah! what is he to do? with what address can he now dare to approach the impassioned queen? what first advances can he employ? And thus he dispatches his rapid thought hither and thither, hurrying it east and west, and sweeping every corner of the field. So balancing, at last he thought this judgment the best. He calls Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus; bids them quietly get ready the fleet, muster the crews on the shore, with their arms in their hands, hiding the reason for so sudden a change. Meantime he, while Dido, kindest of friends, is in ignorance, deeming love's chain too strong to be snapped, will feel his way, and find what are the ha[illegible]

moments for speech, what the right hold to take of circumstance. At once all gladly obey his command, and are busy on the tasks enjoined.

But the queen (who can cheat a lover's senses?) scented the plot, and caught the first sound of the coming stir, alive to fear in the midst of safety. Fame, as before, the same baleful fiend, whispered in her frenzied ear that the fleet was being equipped and the voyage got ready. She storms in impotence of soul, and, all on fire, goes raving through the city, like a Mænad starting up at the rattle of the sacred emblems, when the triennial orgies lash her with the cry of Bacchus, and Cithæron's yell calls her into the night. At length she thus bespeaks Æneas, unaddressed by him: —

"To hide, yes, hide your enormous crime, perfidious wretch, did you hope *that* might be done — to steal away in silence from my realm? Has our love no power to keep you? has our troth, once plighted, none, nor she whom you doom to a cruel death, your Dido? Nay, are you fitting out your fleet with winter's sky overhead, and hastening to cross the deep in the face of all the northern winds, hard-hearted as you are? Why, suppose you were not seeking a strange clime and a home you know not — suppose old Troy were still standing — would even Troy draw you to seek her across a billowy sea? Flying, and from me! By the tears I shed, and by your plighted hand, since my own act, alas! has left me naught else to plead — by our union — by the nuptial rites thus prefaced — if I have ever deserved well of you, or aught of mine ever gave you pleasure — have pity on a falling house, and strip off, I conjure you, if prayer be not too late, the mind that clothes you. It is owing to you that the Libyan tribes and the Nomad chiefs hate me, that my own Tyrians are estranged; owing to you, yes, you, that my woman's honor has been put out, and that which was my one passport to immortality, my former fame. To whom are you abandoning a dying woman, my guest? — since the name of husband has dwindled to that. Why do I live any longer? — to give my brother Pygmalion time to batter down my walls, or Iarbas the Moor to carry me away captive? Had I but borne any offspring of you before your flight, were there some tiny Æneas to play in my hall, and remind me of you, though but in look, I should not then feel utterly captive and forlorn."

She ceased. He all the while, at Jove's command, was keeping his eyes unmoved, and shutting up in his heart his great

love. At length he answers in brief: "Fair queen, name all the claims to gratitude you can. I shall never gainsay one, nor will the thought of Elissa ever be unwelcome while memory lasts, while breath animates this frame. A few words I will say, as the case admits. I never counted — do not dream it — on stealthily concealing my flight. I never came with a bridegroom's torch in my hand, nor was this the alliance to which I agreed. For me, were the Fates to suffer me to live under a star of my own choosing, and to make with care the terms I would, the city of Troy, first of all the dear remains of what was mine, would claim my tendance. Priam's tall rooftree would still be standing, and my hand would have built a restored Pergamus, to solace the vanquished. But now to princely Italy Grynean Apollo, to Italy his Lycian oracles, bid me repair. There is my heart, there my fatherland. If you are riveted here by the sight of your stately Carthage, a daughter of Phœnicia by a Libyan town, why, I would ask, should jealousy forbid Teucrians to settle in Ausonian land? We, like you, have the right of looking for a foreign realm. There is my father Anchises, oft as night's dewy shades invest the earth, oft as the fiery stars arise, warning me in dreams and appalling me by his troubled presence. There is my son Ascanius, and the wrongs heaped on his dear head every day that I rob him of the crown of Hesperia, and of the land that fate makes his. Now, too, the messenger of the gods, sent down from Jove himself (I swear by both our lives) has brought me orders through the flying air. With my own eyes I saw the god in clear daylight entering the walls, and took in his words with the ears that hear you now. Cease then to harrow up both our souls by your reproaches: my quest of Italy is not of my own motion."

Long ere he had done this speech she was glaring at him askance, rolling her eyes this way and that, and scanning the whole man with her silent glances, and thus she bursts forth all ablaze: "No goddess was mother of yours, no Dardanus the head of your line, perfidious wretch! — no, your parent was Caucasus, rugged and craggy, and Hyrcanian tigresses put their breasts to your lips. For why should I suppress aught? or for what worse evil hold myself in reserve? Did he groan when I wept? did he move those hard eyes? did he yield and shed tears, or pity her that loved him? What first? what last? Now, neither Juno, queen of all, nor Jove, the almighty Father,

eyes us with impartial regard. Nowhere is there aught to trust — nowhere. A shipwrecked beggar, I welcomed him, and madly gave him a share of my realm; his lost fleet, his crews, I brought back from death's door. Ah! Fury sets me on fire, and whirls me round! Now, prophet Apollo, now the Lycian oracles. Now the messenger of the gods, sent down by Jove himself, bears his grim bidding through the air! Aye, of course, that is the employment of the powers above, those the cares that break their repose! I retain not your person, nor refute your talk. Go, chase Italy with the winds at your back; look for realms with the whole sea between you. I have hope that on the rocks midway, if the gods are as powerful as they are good, you will drain the cup of punishment, with Dido's name ever on your lips. I will follow you with murky fires when I am far away; and when cold death shall have parted soul and body, my shade shall haunt you everywhere. Yes, wretch, you shall suffer. I shall hear it — the news will reach me down among the dead." So saying, she snaps short her speech, and flies with loathing from the daylight, and breaks and rushes from his sight, leaving him hesitating, and fearing, and thinking of a thousand things to say. Her maidens support her, and carry her sinking frame into her marble chamber, and lay her on her bed.

But good Æneas, though yearning to solace and soothe her agonized spirit, and by his words to check the onset of sorrow, with many a groan, his whole soul upheaved by the force of love, goes nevertheless about the commands of Heaven, and repairs to his fleet. The Teucrians redouble their efforts, and along the whole range of the shore drag their tall ships down. The keels are careened and floated. They carry oars with their leaves still on, and timber unfashioned as it stood in the woods, so strong their eagerness to fly. You may see them all in motion, streaming from every part of the city. Even as ants when they are sacking a huge heap of wheat, provident of winter days, and laying up the plunder in their stores; a black column is seen moving through the plain, and they convey their booty along the grass in a narrow path: some are putting their shoulders to the big grains, and pushing them along; others are rallying the force and punishing the stragglers; the whole track is in a glow of work.

XII. Death of Dido.

What were your feelings then, poor Dido, at a sight like this! How deep the groans you heaved, when you looked out from your lofty tower on a beach all seething and swarming, and saw the whole sea before you deafened with that hubbub of voices! Tyrant love! what force dost thou not put on human hearts? Again she has to condescend to tears, again to use the weapons of entreaty, and bow her spirit in suppliance under love's yoke, lest she should have left aught untried, and be rushing on a needless death.

"Anna, you see there is hurrying all over the shore — they are met from every side; the canvas is already wooing the gale, and the joyful sailors have wreathed the sterns. If I have had the foresight to anticipate so heavy a blow, I shall have the power to bear it too, my sister. Yet, Anna, in my misery, perform me this one service. You, and you only, the perfidious man was wont to make his friend — aye, even to trust you with his secret thoughts. You, and you only, know the subtle approaches to his heart, and the times of essaying them. Go, then, my sister, and supplicate our haughty foe. Tell him I was no party to the Danaan league at Aulis to destroy the Trojan nation; I sent no ships to Pergamus; I never disinterred his father Anchises, his dust or his spirit. Why will he not let my words sink down into his obdurate ears? Whither is he hurrying? Let him grant this last boon to her who loves him so wildly; let him wait till the way is smoothed for his flight, and there are winds to waft him. I am not asking him now to renew our old vows which he has forsworn. I am not asking him to forego his fair Latium, and resign his crown. I entreat but a few vacant hours, a respite and breathing space for my passion, till my fortune shall have taught baffled love how to grieve. This is my last request of you. Oh, pity your poor sister! — a request which when granted shall be returned with interest in death."

Such was her appeal — such the wailing which her afflicted sister bears to him, and bears again; but no wailing moves him, no words find him a gentle listener. Fate bars the way, and Heaven closes the hero's relenting ears. Even as an aged oak, still hale and strong, which Alpine winds, blowing now here, now there, strive emulously to uproot — a loud noise is heard, and, as the stem rocks, heaps of leaves pile the ground; but

the tree cleaves firmly to the cliff; high as its head strikes into the air, so deep its root strikes down to the abyss — even thus the hero is assailed on all sides by a storm of words: his mighty breast thrills through and through with agony; but his mind is unshaken, and tears are showered in vain.

Then at last, maddened by her destiny, poor Dido prays for death: heaven's vault is a weariness to look on. To confirm her in pursuing her intent, and closing her eyes on the sun, she saw, as she was laying her offerings on the incense-steaming altars — horrible to tell — the sacred liquor turn black, and the streams of wine curdle into loathly gore. This appearance she told to none, not even to her sister. Moreover, there was in her palace a marble chapel to her former husband, to which she used to pay singular honors, wreathing it with snowy fillets and festal boughs; from it she thought she heard a voice, the accents of the dead man calling her, when the darkness of night was shrouding the earth; and on the roof a lonely owl in funereal tones kept complaining again and again, and drawing out wailingly its protracted notes; and a thousand predictions of seers of other days come back on her, terrifying her with their awful warnings. When she dreams, there is Æneas himself driving her in furious chase: she seems always being left alone to herself, always pacing companionless on a never-ending road, and looking for her Tyrians in a realm without inhabitants — like Pentheus, when in frenzy he sees troops of Furies, and two sons, and a double Thebes rising round him; or Agamemnon's Orestes rushing over the stage, as he flies from his mother, who is armed with torches and deadly snakes, while the avenging fiends sit couched on the threshold.

So when, spent with agony, she gave conception to the demon, and resolved on death, she settled with herself time and means, and thus bespoke her grieving sister, her face disguising her intent, and hope smiling on her brow: "Dearest, I have found a way — wish me joy, as a sister should — to bring him back to me, or to loose me from the love which binds me to him. Hard by the bound of ocean and the setting sun lies the extreme Ethiopian clime, where mighty Atlas turns round on his shoulders the pole, studded with burning stars. From that clime, I have heard of a priestess of the Massylian race, once guardian of the temple of the Hesperides, who used to give the dragon his food, and so preserve the sacred boughs on the tree, sprinkling for him moist honey and drowsy poppy seed. She,

by her spells, undertakes to release souls at her pleasure, while into others she shoots cruel pangs; she stops the water in the river bed, and turns back the stars in their courses, and calls ghosts from realms of night. You will see the earth bellowing under you, and the ashes coming down from the mountain top. By the gods I swear, dearest sister, by you and your dear life, that unwillingly I gird on the weapons of magic. Do you, in the privacy of the inner court, build a pile to the open sky; lay on it the arms which that godless man left hanging in the chamber, and all his doffed apparel, and the nuptial bed which was my undoing. To destroy every memorial of the hateful wretch is my pleasure, and the priestess' bidding.' This said, she is silent — paleness overspreads her face. Yet Anna does not dream that these strange rites are a veil to hide her sister's death: she cannot grasp frenzy like that; she fears no darker day than that of their mourning for Sychæus, and so she does her bidding.

But the queen, when the pile had been built in the heart of the palace to the open sky, a giant mass of pine wood and hewn oak, spans the place with garlands, and crowns it with funeral boughs. High above it on the couch she sets the doffed apparel, and the sword that had been left, and the image of the false lover, knowing too well what was to come. Altars rise here and there; the priestess, with hair disheveled, thunders out the roll of three hundred gods, Erebus and Chaos, and Hecate with her triple form — the three faces borne by maiden Dian. See! she has sprinkled water, brought, so she feigns, from Avernus' spring, and she is getting green downy herbs, cropped by moonlight with brazen shears, whose sap is the milk of deadly poison, and the love charm, torn from the brow of the new-born foal, ere the mother could snatch it. Dido herself, with salted cake and pure hands at the altars, one foot unshod, her vest ungirdled, makes her dying appeal to the gods and to the stars who share Fate's counsels, begging the powers, if any there be, that watch, righteous and unforgetting, over ill-yoked lovers, to hear her prayer.

It was night, and overtoiled mortality throughout the earth was enjoying peaceful slumber; the woods were at rest, and the raging waves — the hour when the stars are rolling midway in their smooth courses, when all the land is hushed, cattle, and gay-plumed birds, haunters far and wide of clear waters and rough forest ground, lapped in sleep with stilly night over-

head, their troubles assuaged, their hearts dead to care. Not so the vexed spirit of Phœnicia's daughter; she never relaxes into slumber, or welcomes the night to eye or bosom; sorrow doubles peal on peal; once more love swells, and storms, and surges, with a mighty tempest of passion. Thus, then, she plunges into speech, and whirls her thoughts about thus in the depths of her soul: "What am I about? Am I to make fresh proof of my former suitors, with scorn before me? Must I stoop to court Nomad bridegrooms, whose offered hand I have spurned so often? Well, then, shall I follow the fleet of Ilion, and be at the beck and call of Teucrian masters? Is it that they think with pleasure on the succor once rendered them? that gratitude for past kindness yet lives in their memory? But even if I wished it, who will give me leave, or admit the unwelcome guest to his haughty ships? Are you so ignorant, poor wretch? Do you not yet understand the perjury of the race of Laomedon? What then? Shall I fly alone, and swell the triumph of their crews? or shall I put to sea, with the Tyrians and the whole force of my people at my back, dragging those whom it was so hard to uproot from their Sidonian home again into the deep, and bidding them spread sail to the winds? No! — die the death you have merited, and let the sword put your sorrow to flight. You, sister, are the cause; overmastered by my tears, you heap this deadly fuel on my flame, and fling me upon my enemy. Why could I not forswear wedlock, and live an unblamed life in savage freedom, nor meddle with troubles like these? Why did I not keep the faith I vowed to the ashes of Sychæus?" Such were the reproaches that broke from that bursting heart.

Meanwhile Æneas, resolved on his journey, was slumbering in his vessel's tall stern, all being now in readiness. To him a vision of the god appearing again with the same countenance, presented itself as he slept, and seemed to give this second warning — the perfect picture of Mercury, his voice, his blooming hue, his yellow locks, and the youthful grace of his frame: "Goddess-born, at a crisis like this can you slumber on? Do you not see the wall of danger which is fast rising round you, infatuate that you are, nor hear the favoring whisper of the western gale? She is revolving in her bosom thoughts of craft and cruelty, resolved on death, and surging with a changeful tempest of passion. Will you not haste away while haste is in your power? You will look on a sea convulsed with

ships, an array of fierce torch fires, a coast glowing with flame, if the dawn goddess shall have found you loitering here on land. Quick! — burst through delay. A thing of moods and changes is woman ever." He said, and was lost in the darkness of night.

At once Æneas, scared by the sudden apparition, springs up from sleep, and rouses his comrades. "Wake in a moment, my friends, and seat you on the benches. Unfurl the sails with all speed. See! here is a god sent down from heaven on high, urging us again to hasten our flight, and cut the twisted cables. Yes! sacred power, we follow thee, whoever thou art, and a second time with joy obey thy behest. Be thou with us, and graciously aid us, and let propitious stars be ascendant in the sky." So saying, he snatches from the scabbard his flashing sword, and with the drawn blade cuts the hawsers. The spark flies from man to man; they scour, they scud, they have left the shore behind; you cannot see the water for ships. With strong strokes they dash the foam, and sweep the blue.

And now Aurora was beginning to sprinkle the earth with fresh light, rising from Tithonus' saffron couch. Soon as the queen from her watchtower saw the gray dawn brighten, and the fleet moving on with even canvas, and coast and haven forsaken, with never an oar left, thrice and again smiting her beauteous breast with her hands, and rending her golden locks, "Great Jupiter!" cries she, "shall he go? Shall a chance comer boast of having flouted our realm? Will they not get their arms at once, and give chase from all the town, and pull, some of them, the ships from the docks? Away! bring fire; quick! get darts, ply oars! What am I saying? Where am I? What madness turns my brain? Wretched Dido! do your sins sting you now? They should have done so then, when you were giving your crown away. What truth! what fealty! — the man who, they say, carries about with him the gods of his country, and took up on his shoulders his old worn-out father! Might I not have caught and torn him piecemeal, and scattered him to the waves? — destroyed his friends, aye, and his own Ascanius, and served up the boy for his father's meal? But the chance of a battle would have been doubtful. Let it have been. I was to die, and whom had I to fear? I would have flung torches into his camp, filled his decks with flame, consumed son and sire and the whole line, and leapt myself upon the pile. Sun, whose torch shows thee all that is done on earth,

and thou, Juno, revealer and witness of these stirrings of the heart, and Hecate, whose name is yelled in civic crossways by night, avenging fiends, and gods of dying Elissa, listen to this! Let your power stoop to ills that call for it, and hear what I now pray! If it must needs be that the accursed wretch gain the haven and float to shore — if such the requirement of Jove's destiny, such the fixed goal — yet grant that, harassed by the sword and battle of a warlike nation, a wanderer from his own confines, torn from his Iulus' arms, he may pray for succor, and see his friends dying miserably round him! Nor when he has yielded to the terms of an unjust peace, may he enjoy his crown, or the life he loves; but may he fall before his time, and lie unburied in the midst of the plain! This is my prayer — these the last accents that flow from me with my lifeblood. And you, my Tyrians, let your hatred persecute the race and people for all time to come. Be this the offering you send down to my ashes: never be there love or league between nation and nation. Arise from my bones, my unknown avenger, destined with fire and sword to pursue the Dardanian settlers, now or in after days, whenever strength shall be given! Let coast be at war with coast, water with wave, army with army; fight they, and their sons, and their sons' sons!"

Thus she said, as she whirled her thought to this side and that, seeking at once to cut short the life she now abhorred. Then briefly she spoke to Barce, Sychæus' nurse, for her own was left in her old country, in the black ashes of the grave: "Fetch me here, dear nurse, my sister Anna. Bid her hasten to sprinkle herself with water from the stream, and bring with her the cattle and the atoning offerings prescribed. Let her come with these; and do you cover your brow with the holy fillet. The sacrifice to Stygian Jove, which I have duly commenced and made ready, I wish now to accomplish, and with it the end of my sorrows, giving to the flame the pile that pillows the Dardan head!" She said: the nurse began to quicken her pace with an old wife's zeal.

But Dido, wildered and maddened by her enormous resolve, rolling her bloodshot eye, her quivering cheeks stained with fiery streaks, and pale with the shadow of death, bursts the door of the inner palace, and frantically climbs the tall pile, and unsheathes the Dardan sword, a gift procured for a far different end. Then, after surveying the Trojan garments and the bed, too well known, and pausing awhile to weep and

think, she pressed her bosom to the couch, and uttered her last words: —

"Relics, once darlings of mine, while Fate and Heaven gave leave, receive this my soul, and release me from these my sorrows. I have lived my life — the course assigned me by Fortune is run, and now the august phantom of Dido shall pass underground. I have built a splendid city. I have seen my walls completed. In vengeance for a husband, I have punished a brother that hated me — blest, ah! blest beyond human bliss, if only Dardan ships had never touched coasts of ours!" She spoke — and kissing the couch: "Is it to be death without revenge? But be it death," she cries — "this, this is the road by which I love to pass to the shades. Let the heartless Dardanian's eyes drink in this flame from the deep, and let him carry with him the presage of my death."

She spoke, and even while she was yet speaking, her attendants see her fallen on the sword, the blade spouting blood, and her hands dabbled in it. Their shrieks rise to the lofty roof; Fame runs wild through the convulsed city. With wailing and groaning, and screams of women, the palace rings; the sky resounds with mighty cries and beating of breasts — even as if the foe were to burst the gates and topple down Carthage or ancient Tyre, and the infuriate flame were leaping from roof to roof among the dwellings of men and gods.

Her sister heard it. Breathless and frantic, with wild speed, disfiguring her cheeks with her nails, her bosom with her fists, she bursts through the press, and calls by name on the dying queen: "Was this your secret, sister? Were you plotting to cheat me? Was this what your pile was preparing for me, your fires, and your altars? What should a lone heart grieve for first? Did you disdain your sister's company in death? You should have called me to share your fate — the same keen sword pang, the same hour, should have been the end of both. And did these hands build the pile, this voice call on the gods of our house, that you might lie there, while I, hard-hearted wretch, was away? Yes, sister, you have destroyed yourself and me, the people and the elders of Sidon, and your own fair city. Let in the water to the wounds; let me cleanse them, and if any remains of breath be still flickering, catch them in my mouth!" As she thus spoke, she was at the top of the lofty steps, and was embracing and fondling in her bosom her dying sister, and stanching with her robe the black streams of

blood. Dido strives to raise her heavy eyes, and sinks down again; the deep stab gurgles in her breast. Thrice, with an effort, she lifted and reared herself up on her elbow; thrice she fell back on the couch, and with helpless wandering eyes aloft in the sky, sought for the light and groaned when she found it.

Then Juno almighty, in compassion for her lengthened agony and her trouble in dying, sent down Iris from Olympus to part the struggling soul and its prison of flesh. For, as she was dying, not in the course of fate, nor for any crime of hers, but in mere misery, before her time, the victim of sudden frenzy, not yet had Proserpine carried off a lock of her yellow hair, and thus doomed her head to Styx and the place of death. So then Iris glides down the sky with saffron wings dew-besprent, trailing a thousand various colors in the face of the sun, and alights above her head. "This I am bidden to bear away as an offering to Pluto, and hereby set you free from the body." So saying, she stretches her hand and cuts the lock: at once all heat parts from the frame, and the life has passed into air.

VIRGIL'S DIDO.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Without the sublime, we have said before, there can be no poet of the first order: but the pathetic may exist in the secondary; for tears are more easily drawn forth than souls are raised. So easily are they on some occasions, that the poetical power needs scarcely be brought into action; while on the others the pathetic is the very summit of sublimity. We have an example of it in the Ariadne of Catullus; we have another in the Priam of Homer. All the heroes and gods, debating and fighting, vanish before the father of Hector in the tent of Achilles, and before the storm of conflicting passions his sorrows and prayers excite. But neither in the spirited and energetic Catullus, nor in the masculine and scornful and stern Lucretius, no, nor in Homer, is there anything so impassioned, and therefore so sublime, as the last hour of Dido in the Æneid. Admirably as two Greek poets have represented the tenderness, the anguish, the terrific wrath and vengeance of Medea, all the works they ever wrote contain not the poetry

which Virgil has condensed into about a hundred verses, omitting as we must those which drop like icicles from the rigid lips of Æneas, and also the similes, which, here as everywhere, sadly interfere with passion.

PISIDICÊ.[1]

By ANDREW LANG.

The daughter of the Lesbian king,
Within her bower she watched the war:
Far off she heard the arrows ring,
The smitten harness ring afar;
And fighting on the foremost car,
Stood one who smote where all must flee:
Fairer than the immortals are
He seemed to fair Pisidicê!

She saw, she loved him, and her heart
Unto Achilles, Peleus' son,
Threw all its guarded gates apart,
A maiden fortress lightly won.
And ere that day of strife was done,
No more of land or faith recked she;
But joyed in her new life begun,—
Her life of love, Pisidicê!

She took a gift into her hand,
As one that has a boon to crave;
She stole across the ruined land,
Where lay the dead without a grave,
And to Achilles' hand she gave
Her gift, the secret postern's key:
"To-morrow let me be thy slave!"
Moaned to her love Pisidicê.

At dawn the Argive's clarion call
Rang down Methymna's burning street;
They slew the sleeping warriors all,
They drove the women to the fleet,

[1] By permission of the Century Company.

Save one, that to Achilles' feet
Clung, but in sudden wrath cried he,
"For her no doom but death is meet,"
And there men stoned Pisidicê.

In havens of that haunted coast,
Amid the myrtles of the shore,
The moon sees many a maiden ghost,
Love's outcast now and evermore.
The silence hears the shades deplore
Their hour of dear-bought love; but thee
The waves lull, 'neath thine olives hoar,
To dreamless rest, Pisidicê!

THE LABORS OF HERCULES.

Deceived by the evil advice of Ate, the mischief-maker of the gods, Jupiter said to Juno his queen, "This day a child shall be born of the race of Perseus, who shall be the mightiest of all on earth." He meant his son Hercules; but Juno had a crafty trick in her mind, to lay a heavy curse on that son, whom naturally she hated for his being such. She asked Jupiter if what he had just said should surely be so, and he gave the nod which meant the vow that could not be recalled; then she went to the Fates and induced them to have Eurystheus born first, so that he should be the one mortal more powerful than Hercules, though a weak, jealous, and spiteful man.

So the lot was fixed that all his life long Hercules should toil at the will of a mean and envious master. He was matchless in strength, courage, and beauty; but he was to have neither profit nor comfort from them till he should pass from the land of mortals. But Jupiter was enraged at the ruin of his plans for the child by Juno's plot; he cast forth Ate from the halls of Olympus and forbade her to dwell again among the gods, and ordained that Hercules should dwell with the gods in Olympus as soon as his days of toil on earth were ended.

So Hercules grew up in the house of Amphitryon (the husband of Alcmena, the mother of the baby demigod), full of beauty and wonderful might. One day, as he lay sleeping, two huge serpents came into the chamber, twisted their coils round

HERCULES

the cradle, and gazed on him with their cold, glassy eyes, till the sound of their hissing woke him; but instead of being frightened, he stretched out his little arms, caught hold of the serpents' necks, and strangled them to death. All knew by this sign that he was to have terrible struggles with the evil things of the world, but was to come off the victor.

As he grew up, no one could compare with him for strength of arm and swiftness of foot, in taming horses, or in wrestling. The best men in Argos were his teachers; and the wise centaur Chiron was his friend, and taught him always to help the weak and take their part against any who oppressed them. For all his great strength, none were more gentle than Hercules; none more full of pity for those bowed down by pain and labor.

But it was bitter to him that he must spend his life slaving for Eurystheus, while others were rich in joy and pleasures, feasts and games. One day, thinking of these things, he sat down by the wayside where two paths met, in a lonely valley far from the dwellings of men. Suddenly lifting up his eyes, he saw two women coming toward him, each from a different road. Both were fair to look upon: but one had a soft and gentle face, and was clad in pure white. The other looked boldly at Hercules; her face was ruddier, and her eyes shone with a hot and restless glitter; her thin, embroidered robe, streaming in long folds from her shoulders, clung about her voluptuous figure, revealing more than it hid. With a quick and eager step she hastened to him, so as to be the first to speak. And she said: "I know, man of toils and grief, that your heart is sad within you, and that you know not which way to turn. Come with me, and I will lead you on a soft and pleasant road, where no storms shall vex you and no sorrows shall trouble you. You shall never hear of wars or fighting; sickness and pain shall not come near you: but you shall feast all day long at rich banquets and listen to the songs of minstrels. You shall not want for sparkling wine, soft robes, or pleasant couches; you shall not lack the delights of love, for the bright eyes of maidens shall look gently upon you, and their song shall lull you to sleep."

Hercules said: "You promise me pleasant things, lady, and I am sorely pressed down by a hard master. What is your name?"

"My friends," said she, "call me Pleasure; those who look

on me with disfavor have given me more than one bad name and an ill repute, but they speak falsely."

Then the other said: "Hercules, I too know who you are and the doom laid on you, and how you have toiled and endured even from childhood; that is the very reason I feel sure you will give me your love. If you do so, men will speak of your good deeds in future times, and my name will be still more exalted. But I have no fine words to cheat you with. Nothing good is ever reached, nothing great is ever won, without toil. If you seek for fruit from the earth, you must tend and till it; if you would have the favor of the gods, you must come before them with prayers and offerings; if you long for the love of men, you must do them good."

Then the other brake in and said: "You see, Hercules, that Virtue seeks to lead you on a long and weary path; but my broad and easy road leads quickly to happiness."

Virtue answered with a flash of anger in her pure eyes: "Wretched thing, what good thing have you to give, and what pleasure can you feel, who know not what it is to toil? Your lusts are satiated, your taste is dulled into indifference or nausea. You drink the wine before you are thirsty, and fill yourself with dainties before you are hungry. Thougn you are numbered among the immortals, the gods have cast you forth out of heaven, and good men scorn you. The sweetest of all sounds, when a man's heart praises him, you have never heard; the sweetest of all sights, when a man looks on his good deeds, you have never seen. Those who bow down to you are weak and feeble in youth, and wretched and loathsome in old age. But I dwell with the gods in heaven, and with good men on the earth; and without me nothing good can be done or thought. More than all others I am honored by the gods and cherished by the men who love me. In peace and in war, in health and in sickness, I am the aid of all who seek me; and my help never fails. My children know the purest of all pleasures, when the hour of rest comes after the toil of day. In youth they are strong, and their limbs are quick with health; in old age they look back upon a happy life; and when they lie down to the sleep of death, their name is cherished among men for their good and useful deeds. Love me, therefore, Hercules, and obey my words, and when your labors are ended you shall dwell with me in the home of the immortal gods."

Hercules bowed his head and swore to follow Virtue's counsels,

and went forth with a good courage to his labor and suffering. He lived and wrought in many lands to obey Eurystheus' orders. He did good deeds for men; but he gained nothing by them except the love of the gentle Iole. Far away in Œchalia, where the sun rises from the eastern sea, he saw the maiden in the halls of Eurytus, and sought to win her love. But Jupiter's vow to Juno gave him no rest. Eurystheus sent him to other lands, and he saw the maiden no more.

But Hercules kept up a good heart, and the glory of his great deeds became spread abroad through all the earth. Minstrels sang how he slew the monsters and savage beasts who vexed the sons of men; how he smote the Hydra in the land of Lerna, and the wild boar which haunted the groves of Erymanthus, and the Harpies who lurked in the swamps of Stymphalus. They told how he traveled far away to the land of the setting sun, where Eurystheus bade him pluck the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides: how over hill and dale, across marsh and river, through thicket and forest, he came to the western sea, and crossed to the African land where Atlas lifts up his white head to the high heaven; how he smote the dragon which guarded the brazen gates, and brought the apples to King Eurystheus. They sang of his weary journey when he roamed through the land of the Ethiopians and came to the wild and desolate heights of Caucasus; how he saw a giant form high on the naked rock, and the vulture which gnawed the Titan's heart with its beak; how he slew the bird, and smote off the cruel chains, and set Prometheus free. They sang how Eurystheus laid on him a fruitless task, by sending him down to the dark land of King Hades to bring up the monster Cerberus; how upon the shore of the gloomy Acheron he found the mighty hound who guards the home of Hades and Persephone, seized him and brought him to Eurystheus. They sang of the days when he worked in the land of Queen Omphale beneath the Libyan sun; how he destroyed the walls of Ilion when Laomedon was king; how he was bid to cleanse the vast stables where King Augeas had kept a thousand horses for thirty years without removing a spadeful of the filth, and accomplished the task by turning a river through them; and how he went to Calydon and wooed and won Dejanira, the daughter of the chieftain Œneus.

He dwelt a long time in Calydon, and the people there loved him for his kindly deeds. But one day he accidentally killed

with his spear the boy Eunomus. The father held no grudge against Hercules, knowing that he did not intend the death; but Hercules was so grieved for the death that he left the country, and went again on his travels. On the banks of the Evenus he wounded with a poisoned arrow the centaur Nessus, for attempting to assault Dejanira. As the poison ran through the centaur's veins, he was frenzied with a desire to revenge himself on Hercules; and under guise of forgiveness and good will to Dejanira, he advised her to fill a shell with his blood, and if ever she lost the love of Hercules, to spread it on a robe for him to wear, and the love would return.

So Nessus died; and Hercules went to the land of Trachis, and there Dejanira remained while he journeyed to the far East. Years passed, and he did not return. At last news came of great deeds he had done in distant lands; among them that he had slain Eurytus, the king of Œchalia, and taken a willing captive his daughter Iole, the most beautiful maiden in the land.

Then the words of Nessus came back to Dejanira: she thought Hercules' love had gone from her, and to win it back she smeared a richly embroidered robe with the centaur's blood, and with a message full of heartfelt love and honor sent it to him to wear. The messenger found him offering sacrifice to his father Jupiter, and gave him the robe in token of Dejanira's love. Hercules wrapped it round him, and stood by the altar while the black smoke rolled up toward heaven. Presently the vengeance of Nessus was accomplished: the poison began to burn fiercely through Hercules' veins. He strove in vain to tear off the robe: it had become as part of his own skin, and he only tore pieces out of his own flesh in the attempt; as he writhed in agony, the blood poured from his body in streams.

Then the maiden Iole came to his side, and sought to soothe his agony with her gentle hands and to cheer him with pitying words. Then once more his face flushed with a deep joy, and his eye glanced with a pure light, as in the days of his young might; and he said: "Ah, Iole, my first and best love, your voice is my comfort as I sink down into the sleep of death. I loved you in my morning time; but Fate would not give you to me for a companion in my long wanderings. But I will waste none of my short final happiness in grieving now: you are with me to be the last thing I see or hear or think of in life." Then he made them carry him to the high crest of Mount

Œta and gather wood. When all was ready, he lay down to rest on the huge pyre, and they kindled it. The shades were darkening the sky, but Hercules tried still to pierce them with his eyes to gaze on Iole's face and cheer her in her sorrow. "Weep not, Iole," he said: "my labors are done, and now is the time for rest. I shall see you again in the land where night never comes."

Darker and darker grew the evening shades; and only the blazing of the funeral pile on the mountain top pierced the blackness of the gloom. Then a thundercloud came down from heaven and its bolt crashed through the air. So Jupiter carried his child home, and the halls of Olympus were opened to welcome the hero who rested from his matchless labors.

HYPERION.

By JOHN KEATS.

[John Keats: An English poet, sometimes called "The Poets' Poet"; born at Moorsfield, London, October 31, 1795; died at Rome, Italy, February 23, 1821. His first poem, "Endymion," was issued when he was twenty-three. It has beautiful passages, but is incoherent. Its great promise was more than fulfilled in his second volume, published in 1820, and containing many noble sonnets, the immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St. Agnes," etc. The "Love Letters to Fanny Brawne" appeared in 1878; his "Letters to his Family and Friends," in 1891.]

Book I.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large footmarks went,
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptered; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
"Saturn, look up! — though wherefore, poor old King?
I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy scepter passed; and all the air

Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpracticed hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on: — O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went; the while in tears
She touched her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
Until at length old Saturn lifted up
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake,
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook horrid with such aspen malady: —
"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power

To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,
While Fate seemed strangled in my nervous grasp?
But it is so; and I am smothered up,
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. — I am gone
Away from my own bosom: I have left
My strong identity, my real self,
Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
Upon all space: space starred, and lorn of light;
Space regioned with life air; and barren void;
Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.—
Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest
A certain shape or shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
A heaven he lost erewhile: it must — it must
Be of ripe progress — Saturn must be King.
Yes, there must be a golden victory;
There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky children; I will give command:
Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
A little time, and then again he snatched
Utterance thus. — "But cannot I create?
Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe,
To overbear and crumble this to naught?
Where is another chaos? Where?" — That word
Found way unto Olympus, and made quake

The rebel three. — Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
As thus she quick-voiced spake, yet full of awe.

"This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends,
O Saturn! come away, and give them heart;
I know the covert, for thence came I hither."
Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
With backward footing through the shade a space:
He followed, and she turned to lead the way
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
Which eagles cleave upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe:
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groaned for the old allegiance once more,
And listened in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty; —
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sat, still snuffed the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:
For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he —
Not at dog's howl, or gloom bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portioned to a giant nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright
Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touched with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flushed angerly: while sometimes eagle's wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darkened the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savor of poisonous brass and metal sick:
And so, when harbored in the sleepy west,

After the full completion of fair day,—
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paced away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amazed and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
Then, as was wont, his palace door flew ope
In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He entered, but he entered full of wrath;
His flaming robes streamed out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal Hours
And made their dove wings tremble. On he flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
Until he reached the great main cupola;
There standing fierce beneath, he stampt his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarred his own golden region; and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
O specters busy in a cold, cold gloom!
O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
Is my eternal essence thus distraught
To see and to behold these horrors new?
Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
Am I to leave this haven of my rest,

This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
Of all my lucent empire? It is left
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
I cannot see — but darkness, death and darkness.
Even here, into my center of repose,
The shady visions come to domineer,
Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp. —
Fall! — No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
Over the fiery frontier of my realms
I will advance a terrible right arm
Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
And bid old Saturn take his throne again."—
He spake, and ceased, the while a heavier threat
Held struggle with his throat but came not forth;
For as in theaters of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"
So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
Bestirred themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
And from the mirrored level where he stood
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
At this, through all his bulk an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
Making slow way, with head and neck convulsed
From overstrained might. Released, he fled
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
Before the dawn in season due should blush,
He breathed fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
Cleared them of heavy vapors, burst them wide
Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting colure,
Glowed through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
Up to the zenith,— hieroglyphics old,
Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
Then living on the earth, with laboring thought
Won from the gaze of many centuries:

Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,
Their wisdom long since fled. — Two wings this orb
Possessed for glory, two fair argent wings,
Ever exalted at the God's approach:
And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were;
While still the dazzling globe maintained eclipse,
Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne
And bid the day begin, if but for change.
He might not: — No, though a primeval God:
The sacred seasons might not be disturbed.
Therefore the operations of the dawn
Stayed in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
Opened upon the dusk demesnes of night;
And the bright Titan, frenzied with new woes,
Unused to bend, by hard compulsion bent
His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
Upon the boundaries of day and night,
He stretched himself in grief and radiance faint.
There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
Looked down on him with pity, and the voice
Of Cœlus, from the universal space,
Thus whispered low and solemn in his ear.
"O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries
All unrevealed even to the powers
Which met at thy creating; at whose joys
And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
I, Cœlus, wonder, how they came and whence;
And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
Manifestations of that beauteous life
Diffused unseen throughout eternal space:
Of these new-formed art thou, O brightest child!
Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses!
There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
Found way from forth the thunders round his head!

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR

From a painting by J. D. Court. Salon, 1889

Pale wox I, and in vapors hid my face.
Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
Divine ye were created, and divine
In sad demeanor, solemn, undisturbed,
Unruffled, like high Gods, ye lived and ruled:
Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;
Actions of rage and passion; even as
I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
In men who die. — This is the grief, O Son!
Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident God;
And canst oppose to each malignant hour
Ethereal presence: — I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail: —
But thou canst. — Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur. — To the earth!
For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
And of thy seasons be a careful nurse." —
Ere half this region whisper had come down,
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceased; and still he kept them wide:
And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stooped over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 232.]

When Jason, the son of the dethroned king of Iolchos, was a little boy, he was sent away from his parents, and placed under the queerest schoolmaster that ever you heard of. This learned person was one of the people, or quadrupeds, called

Centaurs. He lived in a cavern, and had the body and legs of a white horse, with the head and shoulders of a man. His name was Chiron; and, in spite of his odd appearance, he was a very excellent teacher, and had several scholars, who afterwards did him credit by making a great figure in the world. The famous Hercules was one, and so was Achilles, and Philoctetes, likewise, and Æsculapius, who acquired immense repute as a doctor. The good Chiron taught his pupils how to play upon the harp, and how to cure diseases, and how to use the sword and shield, together with various other branches of education in which the lads of those days used to be instructed, instead of writing and arithmetic.

I have sometimes suspected that Master Chiron was not really very different from other people, but that, being a kind-hearted and merry old fellow, he was in the habit of making believe that he was a horse, and scrambling about the schoolroom on all fours, and letting the little boys ride upon his back. And so, when his scholars had grown up, and grown old, and were trotting their grandchildren on their knees, they told them about the sports of their school days; and these young folks took the idea that their grandfathers had been taught their letters by a Centaur, half man and half horse. Little children, not quite understanding what is said to them, often get such absurd notions into their heads, you know.

Be that as it may, it has always been told for a fact (and always will be told, as long as the world lasts), that Chiron, with the head of a schoolmaster, had the body and legs of a horse. Just imagine the grave old gentleman clattering and stamping into the schoolroom on his four hoofs, perhaps treading on some little fellow's toes, flourishing his switch tail instead of a rod, and, now and then, trotting out of doors to eat a mouthful of grass! I wonder what the blacksmith charged him for a set of iron shoes.

So Jason dwelt in the cave, with this four-footed Chiron, from the time that he was an infant, only a few months old, until he had grown to the full height of a man. He became a very good harper, I suppose, and skillful in the use of weapons, and tolerably acquainted with herbs and other doctor's stuff, and, above all, an admirable horseman; for, in teaching young people to ride, the good Chiron must have been without a rival among schoolmasters. At length, being now a tall and athletic youth, Jason resolved to seek his fortune in the world, without

asking Chiron's advice, or telling him anything about the matter. This was very unwise, to be sure; and I hope none of you, my little hearers, will ever follow Jason's example. But, you are to understand, he had heard how that he himself was a prince royal, and how his father, King Æson, had been deprived of the kingdom of Iolchos by a certain Pelias, who would also have killed Jason, had he not been hidden in the Centaur's cave. And, being come to the strength of a man, Jason determined to set all this business to rights, and to punish the wicked Pelias for wronging his dear father, and to cast him down from the throne, and seat himself there instead.

With this intention, he took a spear in each hand, and threw a leopard's skin over his shoulders, to keep off the rain, and set forth on his travels, with his long yellow ringlets waving in the wind. The part of his dress on which he most prided himself was a pair of sandals, that had been his father's. They were handsomely embroidered, and were tied upon his feet with strings of gold. But his whole attire was such as people did not very often see; and as he passed along, the women and children ran to the doors and windows, wondering whither this beautiful youth was journeying, with his leopard's skin and his golden-tied sandals, and what heroic deeds he meant to perform, with a spear in his right hand and another in his left.

I know not how far Jason had traveled, when he came to a turbulent river, which rushed right across his pathway, with specks of white foam among its black eddies, hurrying tumultuously onward, and roaring angrily as it went. Though not a very broad river in the dry seasons of the year, it was now swollen by heavy rains and by the melting of the snow on the sides of Mount Olympus; and it thundered so loudly, and looked so wild and dangerous, that Jason, bold as he was, thought it prudent to pause upon the brink. The bed of the stream seemed to be strewn with sharp and rugged rocks, some of which thrust themselves above the water. By and by, an uprooted tree, with shattered branches, came drifting along the current, and got entangled among the rocks. Now and then, a drowned sheep, and once the carcass of a cow, floated past.

In short, the swollen river had already done a great deal of mischief. It was evidently too deep for Jason to wade, and too boisterous for him to swim; he could see no bridge; and as for a boat, had there been any, the rocks would have broken it to pieces in an instant.

"See the poor lad," said a cracked voice close to his side. "He must have had but a poor education, since he does not know how to cross a little stream like this. Or is he afraid of wetting his fine golden-stringed sandals? It is a pity his four-footed schoolmaster is not here to carry him safely across on his back!"

Jason looked round greatly surprised, for he did not know that anybody was near. But beside him stood an old woman, with a ragged mantle over her head, leaning on a staff, the top of which was carved into the shape of a cuckoo. She looked very aged, and wrinkled, and infirm; and yet her eyes, which were as brown as those of an ox, were so extremely large and beautiful, that, when they were fixed on Jason's eyes, he could see nothing else but them. The old woman had a pomegranate in her hand, although the fruit was then quite out of season.

"Whither are you going, Jason?" she now asked.

She seemed to know his name, you will observe; and, indeed, those great brown eyes looked as if they had a knowledge of everything, whether past or to come. While Jason was gazing at her, a peacock strutted forward and took his stand at the old woman's side.

"I am going to Iolchos," answered the young man, "to bid the wicked King Pelias come down from my father's throne, and let me reign in his stead."

"Ah, well, then," said the old woman, still with the same cracked voice, "if that is all your business, you need not be in a very great hurry. Just take me on your back, there's a good youth, and carry me across the river. I and my peacock have something to do on the other side, as well as yourself."

"Good mother," replied Jason, "your business can hardly be so important as the pulling down a king from his throne. Besides, as you may see for yourself, the river is very boisterous; and if I should chance to stumble, it would sweep both of us away more easily than it has carried off yonder uprooted tree. I would gladly help you if I could; but I doubt whether I am strong enough to carry you across."

"Then," said she, very scornfully, "neither are you strong enough to pull King Pelias off his throne. And, Jason, unless you will help an old woman at her need, you ought not to be a king. What are kings made for, save to succor the feeble and distressed? But do as you please. Either take me on

your back, or with my poor old limbs I shall try my best to struggle across the stream."

Saying this, the old woman poked with her staff in the river, as if to find the safest place in its rocky bed where she might make the first step. But Jason, by this time, had grown ashamed of his reluctance to help her. He felt that he could never forgive himself, if this poor feeble creature should come to any harm in attempting to wrestle against the headlong current. The good Chiron, whether half horse or no, had taught him that the noblest use of his strength was to assist the weak; and also that he must treat every young woman as if she were his sister, and every old one like a mother. Remembering these maxims, the vigorous and beautiful young man knelt down, and requested the good dame to mount upon his back.

"The passage seems to me not very safe," he remarked. "But as your business is so urgent, I will try to carry you across. If the river sweeps you away, it shall take me too."

"That, no doubt, will be a great comfort to both of us," quoth the old woman. "But never fear. We shall get safely across."

So she threw her arms around Jason's neck; and lifting her from the ground, he stepped boldly into the raging and foamy current, and began to stagger away from the shore. As for the peacock, it alighted on the old dame's shoulder. Jason's two spears, one in each hand, kept him from stumbling, and enabled him to feel his way among the hidden rocks; although, every instant, he expected that his companion and himself would go down the stream, together with the driftwood of shattered trees, and the carcasses of the sheep and cow. Down came the cold, snowy torrent from the steep side of Olympus, raging and thundering as if it had a real spite against Jason, or, at all events, were determined to snatch off his living burden from his shoulders. When he was halfway across, the uprooted tree (which I have already told you about) broke loose from among the rocks, and bore down upon him, with all its splintered branches sticking out like the hundred arms of the giant Briareus. It rushed past, however, without touching him. But the next moment, his foot was caught in a crevice between two rocks, and stuck there so fast, that, in the effort to get free, he lost one of his golden-stringed sandals.

At this accident Jason could not help uttering a cry of vexation.

"What is the matter, Jason?" asked the old woman.

"Matter enough," said the young man. "I have lost a sandal here among the rocks. And what sort of a figure shall I cut at the court of King Pelias, with a golden-stringed sandal on one foot, and the other foot bare!"

"Do not take it to heart," answered his companion, cheerily. "You never met with better fortune than in losing that sandal. It satisfies me that you are the very person whom the Speaking Oak has been talking about."

There was no time, just then, to inquire what the Speaking Oak had said. But the briskness of her tone encouraged the young man; and besides, he had never in his life felt so vigorous and mighty as since taking this old woman on his back. Instead of being exhausted, he gathered strength as he went on; and, struggling up against the torrent, he at last gained the opposite shore, clambered up the bank, and set down the old dame and her peacock safely on the grass. As soon as this was done, however, he could not help looking rather despondently at his bare foot, with only a remnant of the golden string of the sandal clinging round his ankle.

"You will get a handsomer pair of sandals by and by," said the old woman, with a kindly look out of her beautiful brown eyes. "Only let King Pelias get a glimpse of that bare foot, and you shall see him turn as pale as ashes, I promise you. There is your path. Go along, my good Jason, and my blessing go with you. And when you sit on your throne, remember the old woman whom you helped over the river."

With these words, she hobbled away, giving him a smile over her shoulder as she departed. Whether the light of her beautiful brown eyes threw a glory round about her, or whatever the cause might be, Jason fancied that there was something very noble and majestic in her figure, after all, and that, though her gait seemed to be a rheumatic hobble, yet she moved with as much grace and dignity as any queen on earth. Her peacock, which had now fluttered down from her shoulder, strutted behind her in prodigious pomp, and spread out its magnificent tail on purpose for Jason to admire it.

When the old dame and her peacock were out of sight, Jason set forward on his journey. After traveling a pretty long distance, he came to a town situated at the foot of a moun-

tain, and not a great way from the shore of the sea. On the outside of the town there was an immense crowd of people, not only men and women, but children, too, all in their best clothes, and evidently enjoying a holiday. The crowd was thickest towards the seashore; and in that direction, over the people's heads, Jason saw a wreath of smoke curling upward to the blue sky. He inquired of one of the multitude what town it was, near by, and why so many persons were here assembled together.

"This is the kingdom of Iolchos," answered the man, "and we are the subjects of King Pelias. Our monarch has summoned us together, that we may see him sacrifice a black bull to Neptune, who, they say, is his Majesty's father. Yonder is the king, where you see the smoke going up from the altar."

While the man spoke he eyed Jason with great curiosity; for his garb was quite unlike that of the Iolchians, and it looked very odd to see a youth with a leopard's skin over his shoulders, and each hand grasping a spear. Jason perceived, too, that the man stared particularly at his feet, one of which, you remember, was bare, while the other was decorated with his father's golden-stringed sandal.

"Look at him! only look at him!" said the man to his next neighbor. "Do you see? He wears but one sandal!"

Upon this, first one person, and then another, began to stare at Jason, and everybody seemed to be greatly struck with something in his aspect; though they turned their eyes much oftener towards his feet than to any other part of his figure. Besides, he could hear them whispering to one another.

"One sandal! One sandal!" they kept saying. "The man with one sandal! Here he is at last! Whence has he come? What does he mean to do? What will the king say to the one-sandaled man?"

Poor Jason was greatly abashed, and made up his mind that the people of Iolchos were exceedingly ill bred, to take such public notice of an accidental deficiency in his dress. Meanwhile, whether it were that they hustled him forward, or that Jason, of his own accord, thrust a passage through the crowd, it so happened that he soon found himself close to the smoking altar, where King Pelias was sacrificing the black bull. The murmur and hum of the multitude, in their surprise at the spectacle of Jason with his one bare foot, grew so loud that it disturbed the ceremonies; and the king, holding the great knife with

which he was just going to cut the bull's throat, turned angrily about, and fixed his eyes on Jason. The people had now withdrawn from around him, so that the youth stood in an open space near the smoking altar, front to front with the angry King Pelias.

"Who are you?" cried the king, with a terrible frown. "And how dare you make this disturbance, while I am sacrificing a black bull to my father Neptune?"

"It is no fault of mine," answered Jason. "Your Majesty must blame the rudeness of your subjects, who have raised all this tumult because one of my feet happens to be bare."

When Jason said this, the king gave a quick, startled glance down at his feet.

"Ha!" muttered he, "here is the one-sandaled fellow, sure enough! What can I do with him?"

And he clutched more closely the great knife in his hand, as if he were half a mind to slay Jason instead of the black bull. The people round about caught up the king's words indistinctly as they were uttered; and first there was a murmur among them, and then a loud shout.

"The one-sandaled man has come! The prophecy must be fulfilled!"

For you are to know that, many years before, King Pelias had been told by the Speaking Oak of Dodona, that a man with one sandal should cast him down from his throne. On this account, he had given strict orders that nobody should ever come into his presence, unless both sandals were securely tied upon his feet; and he kept an officer in his palace, whose sole business it was to examine people's sandals, and to supply them with a new pair, at the expense of the royal treasury, as soon as the old ones began to wear out. In the whole course of the king's reign, he had never been thrown into such a fright and agitation as by the spectacle of poor Jason's bare foot. But, as he was naturally a bold and hard-hearted man, he soon took courage, and began to consider in what way he might rid himself of this terrible one-sandaled stranger.

"My good young man," said King Pelias, taking the softest tone imaginable, in order to throw Jason off his guard, "you are excessively welcome to my kingdom. Judging by your dress, you must have traveled a long distance; for it is not the fashion to wear leopard skins in this part of the world. Pray what may I call your name? and where did you receive your education?"

"My name is Jason," answered the young stranger. "Ever since my infancy, I have dwelt in the cave of Chiron the Centaur. He was my instructor, and taught me music, and horsemanship, and how to cure wounds, and likewise how to inflict wounds with my weapons!"

"I have heard of Chiron the schoolmaster," replied King Pelias, "and how that there is an immense deal of learning and wisdom in his head, although it happens to be set on a horse's body. It gives me great delight to see one of his scholars at my court. But, to test how much you have profited under so excellent a teacher, will you allow me to ask you a single question?"

"I do not pretend to be very wise," said Jason. "But ask me what you please, and I will answer to the best of my ability."

Now King Pelias meant cunningly to entrap the young man, and to make him say something that should be the cause of mischief and destruction to himself. So with a crafty and evil smile upon his face, he spoke as follows: —

"What would you do, brave Jason," asked he, "if there were a man in the world, by whom, as you had reason to believe, you were doomed to be ruined and slain, — what would you do, I say, if that man stood before you, and in your power?"

When Jason saw the malice and wickedness which King Pelias could not prevent from gleaming out of his eyes, he probably guessed that the king had discovered what he came for, and that he intended to turn his own words against himself. Still he scorned to tell a falsehood. Like an upright and honorable prince, as he was, he determined to speak out the real truth. Since the king had chosen to ask him the question, and since Jason had promised him an answer, there was no right way, save to tell him precisely what would be the most prudent thing to do, if he had his worst enemy in his power.

Therefore, after a moment's consideration, he spoke up, with a firm and manly voice.

"I would send such a man," said he, "in quest of the Golden Fleece!"

This enterprise, you will understand, was, of all others, the most difficult and dangerous in the world. In the first place, it would be necessary to make a long voyage through unknown seas. There was hardly a hope, or a possibility, that any young

man who should undertake this voyage would either succeed in obtaining the Golden Fleece, or would survive to return home and tell of the perils he had run. The eyes of King Pelias sparkled with joy, therefore, when he heard Jason's reply.

"Well said, wise man with the one sandal!" cried he. "Go, then, and, at the peril of your life, bring me back the Golden Fleece."

"I go," answered Jason, composedly. "If I fail, you need not fear that I will ever come back to trouble you again. But if I return to Iolchos with the prize, then, King Pelias, you must hasten down from your lofty throne, and give me your crown and scepter."

"That I will," said the king, with a sneer. "Meantime, I will keep them very safely for you."

The first thing that Jason thought of doing, after he left the king's presence, was to go to Dodona, and inquire of the Talking Oak what course it was best to pursue. This wonderful tree stood in the center of an ancient wood. Its stately trunk rose up a hundred feet into the air, and threw a broad and dense shadow over more than an acre of ground. Standing beneath it, Jason looked up among the knotted branches and green leaves, and into the mysterious heart of the old tree, and spoke aloud, as if he were addressing some person who was hidden in the depths of the foliage.

"What shall I do," said he, "in order to win the Golden Fleece?"

At first there was a deep silence, not only within the shadow of the Talking Oak, but all through the solitary wood. In a moment or two, however, the leaves of the oak began to stir and rustle, as if a gentle breeze were wandering amongst them, although the other trees of the wood were perfectly still. The sound grew louder, and became like the roar of a high wind. By and by, Jason imagined that he could distinguish words, but very confusedly, because each separate leaf of the tree seemed to be a tongue, and the whole myriad of tongues were babbling at once. But the noise waxed broader and deeper, until it resembled a tornado sweeping through the oak, and making one great utterance out of the thousand and thousand of little murmurs which each leafy tongue had caused by its rustling. And now, though it still had the tone of mighty wind roaring among the branches, it was also like a deep bass

voice, speaking, as distinctly as a tree could be expected to speak, the following words: —

"Go to Argus, the shipbuilder, and bid him build a galley with fifty oars."

Then the voice melted again into the indistinct murmur of the rustling leaves, and died gradually away. When it was quite gone, Jason felt inclined to doubt whether he had actually heard the words, or whether his fancy had not shaped them out of the ordinary sound made by a breeze, while passing through the thick foliage of the tree.

But on inquiry among the people of Iolchos, he found that there was really a man in the city, by the name of Argus, who was a very skillful builder of vessels. This showed some intelligence in the oak; else how should it have known that any such person existed? At Jason's request, Argus readily consented to build him a galley so big that it should require fifty strong men to row it; although no vessel of such a size and burden had heretofore been seen in the world. So the head carpenter, and all his journeymen and apprentices, began their work; and for a good while afterwards, there they were, busily employed, hewing out the timbers, and making a great clatter with their hammers; until the new ship, which was called the Argo, seemed to be quite ready for sea. And, as the Talking Oak had already given him such good advice, Jason thought that it would not be amiss to ask for a little more. He visited it again, therefore, and standing beside its huge, rough trunk, inquired what he should do next.

This time, there was no such universal quivering of the leaves, throughout the whole tree, as there had been before. But after a while, Jason observed that the foliage of a great branch which stretched above his head had begun to rustle, as if the wind were stirring that one bough, while all the other boughs of the oak were at rest.

"Cut me off!" said the branch, as soon as it could speak distinctly, — "cut me off! cut me off! and carve me into a figurehead for your galley."

Accordingly, Jason took the branch at its word, and lopped it off the tree. A carver in the neighborhood engaged to make the figurehead. He was a tolerably good workman, and had already carved several figureheads, in what he intended for feminine shapes, and looking pretty much like those which we see nowadays stuck up under a vessel's bowsprit, with great

staring eyes, that never wink at the dash of the spray. But (what was very strange) the carver found that his hand was guided by some unseen power, and by a skill beyond his own, and that his tools shaped out an image which he had never dreamed of. When the work was finished, it turned out to be the figure of a beautiful woman with a helmet on her head, from beneath which the long ringlets fell down upon her shoulders. On the left arm was a shield, and in its center appeared a lifelike representation of the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. The right arm was extended, as if pointing onward. The face of this wonderful statue, though not angry or forbidding, was so grave and majestic, that perhaps you might call it severe; and as for the mouth, it seemed just ready to unclose its lips, and utter words of the deepest wisdom.

Jason was delighted with the oaken image, and gave the carver no rest until it was completed and set up where a figurehead has always stood, from that time to this, in the vessel's prow.

"And now," cried he, as he stood gazing at the calm, majestic face of the statue, "I must go to the Talking Oak, and inquire what next to do."

"There is no need of that, Jason," said a voice which, though it was far lower, reminded him of the mighty tones of the great oak. "When you desire good advice, you can seek it of me."

Jason had been looking straight into the face of the image when these words were spoken. But he could hardly believe either his ears or his eyes. The truth was, however, that the oaken lips had moved, and, to all appearance, the voice had proceeded from the statue's mouth. Recovering a little from his surprise, Jason bethought himself that the image had been carved out of the wood of the Talking Oak, and that, therefore, it was really no great wonder, but on the contrary, the most natural thing in the world, that it should possess the faculty of speech. It would have been very odd, indeed, if it had not. But certainly it was a great piece of good fortune that he should be able to carry so wise a block of wood along with him in his perilous voyage.

"Tell me, wondrous image," exclaimed Jason, — "since you inherit the wisdom of the Speaking Oak of Dodona, whose daughter you are, — tell me, where shall I find fifty bold

youths, who will take each of them an oar of my galley? They must have sturdy arms to row, and brave hearts to encounter perils, or we shall never win the Golden Fleece."

"Go," replied the oaken image, — "go, summon all the heroes of Greece."

And, in fact, considering what a great deed was to be done, could any advice be wiser than this which Jason received from the figurehead of his vessel? He lost no time in sending messengers to all the cities, and making known to the whole people of Greece that Prince Jason, the son of King Æson, was going in quest of the Fleece of Gold, and that he desired the help of forty-nine of the bravest and strongest young men alive, to row his vessel and share his dangers. And Jason himself would be the fiftieth.

At this news, the adventurous youths, all over the country, began to bestir themselves. Some of them had already fought with giants, and slain dragons; and the younger ones, who had not yet met with such good fortune, thought it a shame to have lived so long without getting astride of a flying serpent, or sticking their spears into a Chimera, or, at least, thrusting their right arms down a monstrous lion's throat. There was a fair prospect that they would meet with plenty of such adventures before finding the Golden Fleece. As soon as they could furbish up their helmets and shields, therefore, and gird on their trusty swords, they came thronging to Iolchos, and clambered on board the new galley. Shaking hands with Jason, they assured him that they did not care a pin for their lives, but would help row the vessel to the remotest edge of the world, and as much farther as he might think it best to go.

Many of these brave fellows had been educated by Chiron, the four-footed pedagogue, and were therefore old schoolmates of Jason, and knew him to be a lad of spirit. The mighty Hercules, whose shoulders afterwards held up the sky, was one of them. And there were Castor and Pollux, the twin brothers, who were never accused of being chicken-hearted, although they had been hatched out of an egg; and Theseus, who was so renowned for killing the Minotaur; and Lynceus, with his wonderfully sharp eyes, which could see through a millstone, or look right down into the depths of the earth, and discover the treasures that were there; and Orpheus, the very best of harpers, who sang and played upon his lyre so sweetly, that the brute beasts stood upon their hind legs, and capered

merrily to the music. Yes, and at some of his more moving tunes, the rocks bestirred their moss-grown bulk out of the ground, and a grove of forest trees uprooted themselves, and, nodding their tops to one another, performed a country dance.

One of the rowers was a beautiful young woman, named Atalanta, who had been nursed among the mountains by a bear. So light of foot was this fair damsel that she could step from one foamy crest of a wave to the foamy crest of another, without wetting more than the sole of her sandal. She had grown up in a very wild way, and talked much about the rights of women, and loved hunting and war far better than her needle. But, in my opinion, the most remarkable of this famous company were two sons of the North Wind (airy youngsters, and of rather a blustering disposition), who had wings on their shoulders, and, in case of a calm, could puff out their cheeks, and blow almost as fresh a breeze as their father. I ought not to forget the prophets and conjurers, of whom there were several in the crew, and who could foretell what would happen to-morrow, or the next day, or a hundred years hence, but were generally quite unconscious of what was passing at the moment.

Jason appointed Tiphys to be helmsman, because he was a stargazer, and knew the points of the compass. Lynceus, on account of his sharp sight, was stationed as a lookout in the prow, where he saw a whole day's sail ahead, but was rather apt to overlook things that lay directly under his nose. If the sea only happened to be deep enough, however, Lynceus could tell you exactly what kind of rocks or sands were at the bottom of it; and he often cried out to his companions, that they were sailing over heaps of sunken treasure, which yet he was none the richer for beholding. To confess the truth, few people believed him when he said it.

Well! But when the Argonauts, as these fifty brave adventurers were called, had prepared everything for the voyage, an unforeseen difficulty threatened to end it before it was begun. The vessel, you must understand, was so long, and broad, and ponderous, that the united force of all the fifty was insufficient to shove her into the water. Hercules, I suppose, had not grown to his full strength, else he might have set her afloat as easily as a little boy launches his boat upon a puddle. But here were these fifty heroes pushing, and straining, and growing red in the face, without making the Argo

start an inch. At last, quite wearied out, they sat themselves down on the shore, exceedingly disconsolate, and thinking that the vessel must be left to rot and fall in pieces, and that they must either swim across the sea or lose the Golden Fleece.

All at once, Jason bethought himself of the galley's miraculous figurehead.

"O daughter of the Talking Oak," cried he, "how shall we set to work to get our vessel into the water?"

"Seat yourselves," answered the image (for it had known what ought to be done from the very first, and was only waiting for the question to be put), — "seat yourselves, and handle your oars, and let Orpheus play upon his harp."

Immediately the fifty heroes got on board, and seizing their oars, held them perpendicularly in the air, while Orpheus (who liked such a task far better than rowing) swept his fingers across the harp. At the first ringing note of the music, they felt the vessel stir. Orpheus thrummed away briskly, and the galley slid at once into the sea, dipping her prow so deeply that the figurehead drank the wave with its marvelous lips, and rose again as buoyant as a swan. The rowers plied their fifty oars; the white foam boiled up before the prow; the water gurgled and bubbled in their wake; while Orpheus continued to play so lively a strain of music, that the vessel seemed to dance over the billows by way of keeping time to it. Thus triumphantly did the Argo sail out of the harbor, amidst the huzzas and good wishes of everybody except the wicked old Pelias, who stood on a promontory scowling at her, and wishing that he could blow out of his lungs the tempest of wrath that was in his heart, and so sink the galley with all on board. When they had sailed above fifty miles over the sea, Lynceus happened to cast his sharp eyes behind, and said that there was this bad-hearted king, still perched upon the promontory, and scowling so gloomily that it looked like a black thundercloud in that quarter of the horizon.

In order to make the time pass away more pleasantly during the voyage, the heroes talked about the Golden Fleece. It originally belonged, it appears, to a Bœotian ram, who had taken on his back two children, when in danger of their lives, and fled with them over land and sea, as far as Colchis. One of the children, whose name was Helle, fell into the sea and was drowned. But the other (a little boy, named Phrixus)

was brought safe ashore by the faithful ram, who, nowever, was so exhausted that he immediately lay down and died. In memory of this good deed, and as a token of his true heart, the fleece of the poor dead ram was miraculously changed to gold, and became one of the most beautiful objects ever seen on earth. It was hung upon a tree in a sacred grove, where it had now been kept I know not how many years, and was the envy of mighty kings, who had nothing so magnificent in any of their palaces.

If I were to tell you all the adventures of the Argonauts, it would take me till nightfall, and perhaps a great deal longer. There was no lack of wonderful events, as you may judge from what you may have already heard. At a certain island they were hospitably received by King Cyzicus, its sovereign, who made a feast for them, and treated them like brothers. But the Argonauts saw that this good king looked downcast and very much troubled, and they therefore inquired of him what was the matter. King Cyzicus hereupon informed them that he and his subjects were greatly abused and incommoded by the inhabitants of a neighboring mountain, who made war upon them, and killed many people, and ravaged the country. And while they were talking about it, Cyzicus pointed to the mountain, and asked Jason and his companions what they saw there.

"I see some very tall objects," answered Jason; "but they are at such a distance that I cannot distinctly make out what they are. To tell your Majesty the truth, they look so very strangely that I am inclined to think them clouds, which have chanced to take something like human shapes."

"I see them very plainly," remarked Lynceus, whose eyes, you know, were as farsighted as a telescope. "They are a band of enormous giants, all of whom have six arms apiece, and a club, a sword, or some other weapon in each of their hands."

"You have excellent eyes," said King Cyzicus. "Yes; they are six-armed giants, as you say, and these are the enemies whom I and my subjects have to contend with."

The next day, when the Argonauts were about setting sail, down came these terrible giants, stepping a hundred yards at a stride, brandishing their six arms apiece, and looking very formidable, so far aloft in the air. Each of these monsters was able to carry on a whole war by himself, for with one of his arms he could fling immense stones, and wield a club with

another, and a sword with a third, while the fourth was poking a long spear at the enemy, and the fifth and sixth were shooting him with a bow and arrow. But, luckily, though the giants were so huge, and had so many arms, they had each but one heart, and that no bigger nor braver than the heart of an ordinary man. Besides, if they had been like the hundred-armed Briareus, the brave Argonauts would have given them their hands full of fight. Jason and his friends went boldly to meet them, slew a great many, and made the rest take to their heels, so that, if the giants had had six legs apiece instead of six arms, it would have served them better to run away with.

Another strange adventure happened when the voyagers came to Thrace, where they found a poor blind king, named Phineus, deserted by his subjects, and living in a very sorrowful way, all by himself. On Jason's inquiring whether they could do him any service, the king answered that he was terribly tormented by three great winged creatures, called Harpies, which had the faces of women, and the wings, bodies, and claws of vultures. These ugly wretches were in the habit of snatching away his dinner, and allowed him no peace of his life. Upon hearing this, the Argonauts spread a plentiful feast on the seashore, well knowing, from what the blind king said of their greediness, that the Harpies would snuff up the scent of the victuals, and quickly come to steal them away. And so it turned out; for, hardly was the table set, before the three hideous vulture women came flapping their wings, seized the food in their talons, and flew off as fast as they could. But the two sons of the North Wind drew their swords, spread their pinions, and set off through the air in pursuit of the thieves, whom they at last overtook among some islands, after a chase of hundreds of miles. The two winged youths blustered terribly at the Harpies (for they had the rough temper of their father), and so frightened them with their drawn swords, that they solemnly promised never to trouble King Phineus again.

Then the Argonauts sailed onward, and met with many other marvelous incidents any one of which would make a story by itself. At one time, they landed on an island, and were reposing on the grass, when they suddenly found themselves assailed by what seemed a shower of steel-headed arrows. Some of them stuck in the ground, while others hit against their shields, and several penetrated their flesh. The fifty heroes started up, and looked about them for the hidden enemy,

but could find none, nor see any spot, on the whole island, where even a single archer could lie concealed. Still, however, the steel-headed arrows came whizzing among them; and, at last, happening to look upward, they beheld a large flock of birds, hovering and wheeling aloft, and shooting their feathers down upon the Argonauts. These feathers were the steel-headed arrows that had so tormented them. There was no possibility of making any resistance; and the fifty heroic Argonauts might all have been killed or wounded by a flock of troublesome birds, without ever setting eyes on the Golden Fleece, if Jason had not thought of asking the advice of the oaken image.

So he ran to the galley as fast as his legs would carry him.

"O daughter of the Speaking Oak," cried he, all out of breath, "we need your wisdom more than ever before! We are in great peril from a flock of birds, who are shooting us with their steel-pointed feathers. What can we do to drive them away?"

"Make a clatter on your shields," said the image.

On receiving this excellent counsel, Jason hurried back to his companions (who were far more dismayed than when they fought with the six-armed giants), and bade them strike with their swords upon their brazen shields. Forthwith the fifty heroes set heartily to work, banging with might and main, and raised such a terrible clatter that the birds made what haste they could to get away; and though they had shot half the feathers out of their wings, they were soon seen skimming among the clouds, a long distance off, and looking like a flock of wild geese. Orpheus celebrated this victory by playing a triumphant anthem on his harp, and sang so melodiously that Jason begged him to desist, lest, as the steel-feathered birds had been driven away by an ugly sound, they might be enticed back again by a sweet one.

While the Argonauts remained on this island, they saw a small vessel approaching the shore, in which were two young men of princely demeanor, and exceedingly handsome, as young princes generally were in those days. Now, who do you imagine these two voyagers turned out to be? Why, if you will believe me, they were the sons of that very Phrixus, who, in his childhood, had been carried to Colchis on the back of the golden-fleeced ram. Since that time, Phrixus had married the king's daughter; and the two young princes had been born and

brought up at Colchis, and had spent their playdays in the outskirts of the grove, in the center of which the Golden Fleece was hanging upon a tree. They were now on their way to Greece, in hopes of getting back a kingdom that had been wrongfully taken from their father.

When the princes understood whither the Argonauts were going, they offered to turn back and guide them to Colchis. At the same time, however, they spoke as if it were very doubtful whether Jason would succeed in getting the Golden Fleece. According to their account, the tree on which it hung was guarded by a terrible dragon, who never failed to devour, at one mouthful, every person who might venture within his reach.

"There are other difficulties in the way," continued the young princes. "But is not this enough? Ah, brave Jason, turn back before it is too late. It would grieve us to the heart, if you and your nine and forty brave companions should be eaten up, at fifty mouthfuls, by this execrable dragon."

"My young friends," quietly replied Jason, "I do not wonder that you think the dragon very terrible. You have grown up from infancy in the fear of this monster, and therefore still regard him with the awe that children feel for the bugbears and hobgoblins which their nurses have talked to them about. But, in my view of the matter, the dragon is merely a pretty large serpent, who is not half so likely to snap me up at one mouthful as I am to cut off his ugly head, and strip the skin from his body. At all events, turn back who may, I will never see Greece again unless I carry with me the Golden Fleece."

"We will none of us turn back!" cried his nine and forty brave comrades. "Let us get on board the galley this instant; and if the dragon is to make a breakfast of us, much good may it do him."

And Orpheus (whose custom it was to set everything to music) began to harp and sing most gloriously, and made every mother's son of them feel as if nothing in this world were so delectable as to fight dragons, and nothing so truly honorable as to be eaten up at one mouthful, in case of the worst.

After this (being now under the guidance of the two princes, who were well acquainted with the way), they quickly sailed to Colchis. When the king of the country, whose name was Æetes, heard of their arrival, he instantly summoned Jason

to court. The king was a stern and cruel-looking potentate; and though he put on as polite and hospitable an expression as he could, Jason did not like his face a whit better than that of the wicked King Pelias, who dethroned his father.

"You are welcome, brave Jason," said King Æetes. "Pray, are you on a pleasure voyage? — or do you meditate the discovery of unknown islands? — or what other cause has procured me the happiness of seeing you at my court?"

"Great sir," replied Jason, with an obeisance, — for Chiron had taught him how to behave with propriety, whether to kings or beggars, — "I have come hither with a purpose which I now beg your Majesty's permission to execute. King Pelias, who sits on my father's throne (to which he has no more right than to the one on which your excellent Majesty is now seated), has engaged to come down from it, and to give me his crown and scepter, provided I bring him the Golden Fleece. This, as your Majesty is aware, is now hanging on a tree here at Colchis; and I humbly solicit your gracious leave to take it away."

In spite of himself, the king's face twisted itself into an angry frown; for, above all things else in the world, he prized the Golden Fleece, and was even suspected of having done a very wicked act, in order to get it into his own possession. It put him into the worst possible humor, therefore, to hear that the gallant Prince Jason, and forty-nine of the bravest young warriors of Greece, had come to Colchis with the sole purpose of taking away his chief treasure.

"Do you know," asked King Æetes, eying Jason very sternly, "what are the conditions which you must fulfill before getting possession of the Golden Fleece?"

"I have heard," rejoined the youth, "that a dragon lies beneath the tree on which the prize hangs, and that whoever approaches him runs the risk of being devoured at a mouthful."

"True," said the king, with a smile that did not look particularly good-natured. "Very true, young man. But there are other things as hard, or perhaps a little harder, to be done, before you can even have the privilege of being devoured by the dragon. For example, you must first tame my two brazen-footed and brazen-lunged bulls, which Vulcan, the wonderful blacksmith, made for me. There is a furnace in each of their stomachs; and they breathe such hot fire out of their mouths and nostrils, that nobody has hitherto gone nigh them without

MEDEA

From a painting by N. Sichel

being instantly burned to a small, black cinder. What do you think of this, my brave Jason?"

"I must encounter the peril," answered Jason, composedly, "since it stands in the way of my purpose."

"After taming the fiery bulls," continued King Æetes, who was determined to scare Jason if possible, "you must yoke them to a plow, and must plow the sacred earth in the grove of Mars, and sow some of the same dragon's teeth from which Cadmus raised a crop of armed men. They are an unruly set of reprobates, those sons of the dragon's teeth; and unless you treat them suitably, they will fall upon you sword in hand. You and your nine and forty Argonauts, my bold Jason, are hardly numerous or strong enough to fight with such a host as will spring up."

"My master Chiron," replied Jason, "taught me, long ago, the story of Cadmus. Perhaps I can manage the quarrelsome sons of the dragon's teeth as well as Cadmus did."

"I wish the dragon had him," muttered King Æetes to himself, "and the four-footed pedant, his schoolmaster, into the bargain. Why, what a foolhardy, self-conceited coxcomb he is! We'll see what my fire-breathing bulls will do for him. Well, Prince Jason," he continued, aloud, and as complaisantly as he could, "make yourself comfortable for to-day, and to-morrow morning, since you insist upon it, you shall try your skill at the plow."

While the king talked with Jason, a beautiful young woman was standing behind the throne. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon the youthful stranger, and listened attentively to every word that was spoken; and when Jason withdrew from the king's presence, this young woman followed him out of the room.

"I am the king's daughter," she said to him, "and my name is Medea. I know a great deal of which other young princesses are ignorant, and can do many things which they would be afraid so much as to dream of. If you will trust to me, I can instruct you how to tame the fiery bulls, and sow the dragon's teeth, and get the Golden Fleece."

"Indeed, beautiful princess," answered Jason, "if you will do me this service, I promise to be grateful to you my whole life long."

Gazing at Medea, he beheld a wonderful intelligence in her face. She was one of those persons whose eyes are full

of mystery; so that, while looking into them, you seem to see a very great way, as into a deep well, yet can never be certain whether you see into the farthest depths, or whether there be not something else hidden at the bottom. If Jason had been capable of fearing anything, he would have been afraid of making this young princess his enemy; for, beautiful as she now looked, she might, the very next instant, become as terrible as the dragon that kept watch over the Golden Fleece.

"Princess," he exclaimed, "you seem indeed very wise and very powerful. But how can you help me to do the things of which you speak? Are you an enchantress?"

"Yes, Prince Jason," answered Medea, with a smile, "you have hit upon the truth. I am an enchantress. Circe, my father's sister, taught me to be one, and I could tell you, if I pleased, who was the old woman with the peacock, the pomegranate, and the cuckoo staff, whom you carried over the river; and, likewise, who it is that speaks through the lips of the oaken image, that stands in the prow of your galley. I am acquainted with some of your secrets, you perceive. It is well for you that I am favorably inclined; for, otherwise, you would hardly escape being snapped up by the dragon."

"I should not so much care for the dragon," replied Jason, "if I only knew how to manage the brazen-footed and fiery-lunged bulls."

"If you are as brave as I think you, and as you have need to be," said Medea, "your own bold heart will teach you that there is but one way of dealing with a mad bull. What it is I leave you to find out in the moment of peril. As for the fiery breath of these animals, I have a charmed ointment here, which will prevent you from being burned up, and cure you if you chance to be a little scorched."

So she put a golden box into his hand, and directed him how to apply the perfumed unguent which it contained, and where to meet her at midnight.

"Only be brave," added she, "and before daybreak the brazen bulls shall be tamed."

The young man assured her that his heart would not fail him. He then rejoined his comrades, and told them what had passed between the princess and himself, and warned them to be in readiness in case there might be need of their help.

At the appointed hour he met the beautiful Medea on the

marble steps of the king's palace. She gave him a basket, in which were the dragon's teeth, just as they had been pulled out of the monster's jaws by Cadmus, long ago. Medea then led Jason down the palace steps, and through the silent streets of the city, and into the royal pasture ground, where the two brazen-footed bulls were kept. It was a starry night, with a bright gleam along the eastern edge of the sky, where the moon was soon going to show herself. After entering the pasture, the princess paused and looked around.

"There they are," said she, "reposing themselves and chewing their fiery cuds in that farthest corner of the field. It will be excellent sport, I assure you, when they catch a glimpse of your figure. My father and all his court delight in nothing so much as to see a stranger trying to yoke them, in order to come at the Golden Fleece. It makes a holiday in Colchis whenever such a thing happens. For my part, I enjoy it immensely. You cannot imagine in what a mere twinkling of an eye their hot breath shrivels a young man into a black cinder."

"Are you sure, beautiful Medea," asked Jason, "quite sure, that the unguent in the gold box will prove a remedy against those terrible burns?"

"If you doubt, if you are in the least afraid," said the princess, looking him in the face by the dim starlight, "you had better never have been born than go a step nigher to the bulls."

But Jason had set his heart steadfastly on getting the Golden Fleece; and I positively doubt whether he would have gone back without it, even had he been certain of finding himself turned into a red-hot cinder, or a handful of white ashes, the instant he made a step farther. He therefore let go Medea's hand, and walked boldly forward in the direction whither she had pointed. At some distance before him he perceived four streams of fiery vapor, regularly appearing, and again vanishing, after dimly lighting up the surrounding obscurity. These, you will understand, were caused by the breath of the brazen bulls, which was quietly stealing out of their four nostrils, as they lay chewing their cuds.

At the first two or three steps which Jason made, the four fiery streams appeared to gush out somewhat more plentifully; for the two brazen bulls had heard his foot tramp, and were lifting up their hot noses to snuff the air. He went a little farther, and by the way in which the red vapor now spouted forth, he

judged that the creatures had got upon their feet. Now he could see glowing sparks, and vivid jets of flame. At the next step, each of the bulls made the pasture echo with a terrible roar, while the burning breath, which they thus belched forth, lit up the whole field with a momentary flash. One other stride did bold Jason make; and, suddenly, as a streak of lightning, on came these fiery animals, roaring like thunder, and sending out sheets of white flame, which so kindled up the scene that the young man could discern every object more distinctly than by daylight. Most distinctly of all he saw the two horrible creatures galloping right down upon him, their brazen hoofs rattling and ringing over the ground, and their tails sticking up stiffly into the air, as has always been the fashion with angry bulls. Their breath scorched the herbage before them. So intensely hot it was, indeed, that it caught a dry tree, under which Jason was now standing, and set it all in a light blaze. But as for Jason himself (thanks to Medea's enchanted ointment), the white flame curled around his body, without injuring him a jot more than if he had been made of asbestos.

Greatly encouraged at finding himself not yet turned into a cinder, the young man awaited the attack of the bulls. Just as the brazen brutes fancied themselves sure of tossing him into the air, he caught one of them by the horn, and the other by his screwed-up tail, and held them in a gripe like that of an iron vice, one with his right hand, the other with his left. Well, he must have been wonderfully strong in his arms, to be sure. But the secret of the matter was, that the brazen bulls were enchanted creatures, and that Jason had broken the spell of their fiery fierceness by his bold way of handling them. And, ever since that time, it has been the favorite method of brave men, when danger assails them, to do what they call "taking the bull by the horns"; and to gripe him by the tail is pretty much the same thing, — that is, to throw aside fear, and overcome the peril by despising it.

It was now easy to yoke the bulls, and to harness them to the plow, which had lain rusting on the ground for a great many years gone by; so long was it before anybody could be found capable of plowing that piece of land. Jason, I suppose, had been taught how to draw a furrow by the good old Chiron, who, perhaps, used to allow himself to be harnessed to the plow. At any rate, our hero succeeded perfectly well in

breaking up the greensward; and, by the time that the moon was a quarter of her journey up the sky, the plowed field lay before him, a large tract of black earth, ready to be sown with the dragon's teeth. So Jason scattered them broadcast, and harrowed them into the soil with a brush harrow, and took his stand on the edge of the field, anxious to see what would happen next.

"Must we wait long for harvest time?" he inquired of Medea, who was now standing by his side.

"Whether sooner or later, it will be sure to come," answered the princess. "A crop of armed men never fails to spring up, when the dragon's teeth have been sown."

The moon was now high aloft in the heavens, and threw its bright beams over the plowed field, where as yet there was nothing to be seen. Any farmer, on viewing it, would have said that Jason must wait weeks before the green blades would peep from among the clods, and whole months before the yellow grain would be ripened for the sickle. But by and by, all over the field, there was something that glistened in the moonbeams, like sparkling drops of dew. These bright objects sprouted higher, and proved to be the steel heads of spears. Then there was a dazzling gleam from a vast number of polished brass helmets, beneath which, as they grew farther out of the soil, appeared the dark and bearded visages of warriors, struggling to free themselves from the imprisoning earth. The first look that they gave at the upper world was a glare of wrath and defiance. Next were seen their bright breastplates; in every right hand there was a sword or a spear, and on each left arm a shield; and when this strange crop of warriors had but half grown out of the earth, they struggled, — such was their impatience of restraint, — and, as it were, tore themselves up by the roots. Wherever a dragon's tooth had fallen, there stood a man armed for battle. They made a clangor with their swords against their shields, and eyed one another fiercely; for they had come into this beautiful world, and into the peaceful moonlight, full of rage and stormy passions, and ready to take the life of every human brother, in recompense of the boon of their own existence.

There have been many other armies in the world that seemed to possess the same fierce nature with the one which had now sprouted from the dragon's teeth; but these, in the moonlit field, were the more excusable, because they never had women

for their mothers. And how it would have rejoiced any great captain, who was bent on conquering the world, like Alexander or Napoleon, to raise a crop of armed soldiers as easily as Jason did!

For a while, the warriors stood flourishing their weapons, clashing their swords against their shields, and boiling over with the red-hot thirst for battle. Then they began to shout, "Show us the enemy! Lead us to the charge! Death or victory! Come on, brave comrades! Conquer or die!" and a hundred other outcries, such as men always bellow forth on a battlefield, and which these dragon people seemed to have at their tongues' ends. At last, the front rank caught sight of Jason, who, beholding the flash of so many weapons in the moonlight, had thought it best to draw his sword. In a moment all the sons of the dragon's teeth appeared to take Jason for an enemy; and crying with one voice, "Guard the Golden Fleece!" they ran at him with uplifted swords and protruded spears. Jason knew that it would be impossible to withstand this bloodthirsty battalion with his single arm, but determined, since there was nothing better to be done, to die as valiantly as if he himself had sprung from a dragon's tooth.

Medea, however, bade him snatch up a stone from the ground.

"Throw it among them quickly!" cried she. "It is the only way to save yourself."

The armed men were now so nigh that Jason could discern the fire flashing out of their enraged eyes, when he let fly the stone, and saw it strike the helmet of a tall warrior, who was rushing upon him with his blade aloft. The stone glanced from this man's helmet to the shield of his nearest comrade, and thence flew right into the angry face of another, hitting him smartly between the eyes. Each of the three who had been struck by the stone took it for granted that his next neighbor had given him a blow; and instead of running any farther towards Jason, they began a fight among themselves. The confusion spread through the host, so that it seemed scarcely a moment before they were all hacking, hewing, and stabbing at one another, lopping off arms, heads, and legs, and doing such memorable deeds that Jason was filled with immense admiration; although, at the same time, he could not help laughing to behold these mighty men punishing each other for an offense which he himself had committed. In an incredibly short space

of time (almost as short, indeed, as it had taken them to grow up), all but one of the heroes of the dragon's teeth were stretched lifeless on the field. The last survivor, the bravest and strongest of the whole, had just force enough to wave his crimson sword over his head, and give a shout of exultation, crying, "Victory! Victory! Immortal fame!" when he himself fell down, and lay quietly among his slain brethren.

And there was the end of the army that had sprouted from the dragon's teeth. That fierce and feverish fight was the only enjoyment which they had tasted on this beautiful earth.

"Let them sleep in the bed of honor," said the Princess Medea, with a sly smile at Jason. "The world will always have simpletons enough, just like them, fighting and dying for they know not what, and fancying that posterity will take the trouble to put laurel wreaths on their rusty and battered helmets. Could you help smiling, Prince Jason, to see the self-conceit of that last fellow, just as he tumbled down?"

"It made me very sad," answered Jason, gravely. "And, to tell you the truth, princess, the Golden Fleece does not appear so well worth the winning, after what I have here beheld."

"You will think differently in the morning," said Medea. "True, the Golden Fleece may not be so valuable as you have thought it; but then there is nothing better in the world; and one must needs have an object, you know. Come! Your night's work has been well performed; and to-morrow you can inform King Æetes that the first part of your allotted task is fulfilled."

Agreeably to Medea's advice, Jason went betimes in the morning to the palace of King Æetes. Entering the presence chamber, he stood at the foot of the throne, and made a low obeisance.

"Your eyes look heavy, Prince Jason," observed the king; "you appear to have spent a sleepless night. I hope you have been considering the matter a little more wisely, and have concluded not to get yourself scorched to a cinder, in attempting to tame my brazen-lunged bulls."

"That is already accomplished, may it please your Majesty," replied Jason. "The bulls have been tamed and yoked; the field has been plowed; the dragon's teeth have been sown broadcast, and harrowed into the soil; the crop of armed warriors has sprung up, and they have slain one another, to the last man. And now I solicit your Majesty's permission to

encounter the dragon, that I may take down the Golden Fleece from the tree, and depart, with my nine and forty comrades."

King Æetes scowled, and looked very angry and excessively disturbed; for he knew that, in accordance with his kingly promise, he ought now to permit Jason to win the fleece, if his courage and skill should enable him to do so. But, since the young man had met with such good luck in the matter of the brazen bulls and the dragon's teeth, the king feared that he would be equally successful in slaying the dragon. And therefore, though he would gladly have seen Jason snapped up at a mouthful, he was resolved (and it was a very wrong thing of this wicked potentate) not to run any further risk of losing his beloved fleece.

"You never would have succeeded in this business, young man," said he, "if my undutiful daughter Medea had not helped you with her enchantments. Had you acted fairly, you would have been, at this instant, a black cinder, or a handful of white ashes. I forbid you, on pain of death, to make any more attempts to get the Golden Fleece. To speak my mind plainly, you shall never set eyes on so much as one of its glistening locks."

Jason left the king's presence in great sorrow and anger. He could think of nothing better to be done than to summon together his forty-nine brave Argonauts, march at once to the grove of Mars, slay the dragon, take possession of the Golden Fleece, get on board the Argo, and spread all sail for Iolchos. The success of the scheme depended, it is true, on the doubtful point whether all the fifty heroes might not be snapped up, at so many mouthfuls, by the dragon. But, as Jason was hastening down the palace steps, the Princess Medea called after him, and beckoned him to return. Her black eyes shone upon him with such a keen intelligence, that he felt as if there were a serpent peeping out of them; and although she had done him so much service only the night before, he was by no means very certain that she would not do him an equally great mischief before sunset. These enchantresses, you must know, are never to be depended upon.

"What says King Æetes, my royal and upright father?" inquired Medea, slightly smiling. "Will he give you the Golden Fleece, without any further risk or trouble?"

"On the contrary," answered Jason, "he is very angry with me for taming the brazen bulls and sowing the dragon's teeth.

And he forbids me to make any more attempts, and positively refuses to give up the Golden Fleece, whether I slay the dragon or no."

"Yes, Jason," said the princess, "and I can tell you more. Unless you set sail from Colchis before to-morrow's sunrise, the king means to burn your fifty-oared galley, and put yourself and your forty-nine brave comrades to the sword. But be of good courage. The Golden Fleece you shall have, if it lies within the power of my enchantments to get it for you. Wait for me here an hour before midnight."

At the appointed hour, you might again have seen Prince Jason and the Princess Medea, side by side, stealing through the streets of Colchis, on their way to the sacred grove, in the center of which the Golden Fleece was suspended to a tree. While they were crossing the pasture ground, the brazen bulls came towards Jason, lowing, nodding their heads, and thrusting forth their snouts, which, as other cattle do, they loved to have rubbed and caressed by a friendly hand. Their fierce nature was thoroughly tamed; and, with their fierceness, the two furnaces in their stomachs had likewise been extinguished, insomuch that they probably enjoyed far more comfort in grazing and chewing their cuds than ever before. Indeed, it had heretofore been a great inconvenience to these poor animals, that, whenever they wished to eat a mouthful of grass, the fire out of their nostrils had shriveled it up, before they could manage to crop it. How they contrived to keep themselves alive is more than I can imagine. But now, instead of emitting jets of flame and streams of sulphurous vapor, they breathed the very sweetest of cow breath.

After kindly patting the bulls, Jason followed Medea's guidance into the grove of Mars, where the great oak trees, that had been growing for centuries, threw so thick a shade that the moonbeams struggled vainly to find their way through it. Only here and there a glimmer fell upon the leaf-strewn earth, or now and then a breeze stirred the boughs aside, and gave Jason a glimpse of the sky, lest, in that deep obscurity, he might forget that there was one, overhead. At length, when they had gone farther and farther into the heart of the duskiness, Medea squeezed Jason's hand.

"Look yonder," she whispered. "Do you see it?"

Gleaming among the venerable oaks, there was a radiance, not like the moonbeams, but rather resembling the golden glory

of the setting sun. It proceeded from an object, which appeared to be suspended at about a man's height from the ground, a little farther within the wood.

"What is it?" asked Jason.

"Have you come so far to seek it," exclaimed Medea, "and do you not recognize the meed of all your toils and perils, when it glitters before your eyes? It is the Golden Fleece."

Jason went onward a few steps farther, and then stopped to gaze. Oh, how beautiful it looked, shining with a marvelous light of its own, that inestimable prize, which so many heroes had longed to behold, but had perished in the quest of it, either by the perils of their voyage, or by the fiery breath of the brazen-lunged bulls.

"How gloriously it shines!" cried Jason, in a rapture. "It has surely been dipped in the richest gold of sunset. Let me hasten onward, and take it to my bosom."

"Stay," said Medea, holding him back. "Have you forgotten what guards it?"

To say the truth, in the joy of beholding the object of his desires, the terrible dragon had quite slipped out of Jason's memory. Soon, however, something came to pass that reminded him what perils were still to be encountered. An antelope, that probably mistook the yellow radiance for sunrise, came bounding fleetly through the grove. He was rushing straight towards the Golden Fleece, when suddenly there was a frightful hiss, and the immense head and half the scaly body of the dragon was thrust forth (for he was twisted round the trunk of the tree on which the fleece hung), and seizing the poor antelope, swallowed him with one snap of his jaws.

After this feat, the dragon seemed sensible that some other living creature was within reach, on which he felt inclined to finish his meal. In various directions he kept poking his ugly snout among the trees, stretching out his neck a terrible long way, now here, now there, and now close to the spot where Jason and the princess were hiding behind an oak. Upon my word, as the head came waving and undulating through the air, and reaching almost within arm's length of Prince Jason, it was a very hideous and uncomfortable sight. The gape of his enormous jaws was nearly as wide as the gateway of the king's palace.

"Well, Jason," whispered Medea (for she was ill-natured, as all enchantresses are, and wanted to make the bold youth

tremble), "what do you think now of your prospect of winning the Golden Fleece?"

Jason answered only by drawing his sword and making a step forward.

"Stay, foolish youth," said Medea, grasping his arm. "Do not you see you are lost, without me as your good angel? In this gold box I have a magic potion, which will do the dragon's business far more effectually than your sword."

The dragon had probably heard the voices; for, swift as lightning, his black head and forked tongue came hissing among the trees again, darting full forty feet at a stretch. As it approached, Medea tossed the contents of the gold box right down the monster's wide open throat. Immediately, with an outrageous hiss and a tremendous wriggle, — flinging his tail up to the tiptop of the tallest tree, and shattering all its branches as it crashed heavily down again, — the dragon fell at full length upon the ground, and lay quite motionless.

"It is only a sleeping potion," said the enchantress to Prince Jason. "One always finds a use for these mischievous creatures, sooner or later; so I did not wish to kill him outright. Quick! Snatch the prize, and let us begone. You have won the Golden Fleece."

Jason caught the fleece from the tree, and hurried through the grove, the deep shadows of which were illuminated as he passed by the golden glory of the precious object that he bore along. A little way before him, he beheld the old woman whom he had helped over the stream, with her peacock beside her. She clapped her hands for joy, and beckoning him to make haste, disappeared among the duskiness of the trees. Espying the two winged sons of the North Wind (who were disporting themselves in the moonlight, a few hundred feet aloft), Jason bade them tell the rest of the Argonauts to embark as speedily as possible. But Lynceus, with his sharp eyes, had already caught a glimpse of him, bringing the Golden Fleece, although several stone walls, a hill, and the black shadows of the grove of Mars intervened between. By his advice, the heroes had seated themselves on the benches of the galley, with their oars held perpendicularly, ready to let fall into the water.

As Jason drew near, he heard the Talking Image calling to him with more than ordinary eagerness, in its grave, sweet voice: —

"Make haste, Prince Jason! For your life, make haste!"

With one bound he leaped aboard. At sight of the glorious radiance of the Golden Fleece, the nine and forty heroes gave a mighty shout, and Orpheus, striking his harp, sang a song of triumph, to the cadence of which the galley flew over the water, homeward bound, as if careering along with wings!

BABYLON.

By CHARLES ROLLIN.

[For biographical sketch, see page 65.]

I. The Walls.

Babylon stood on a large flat or plain, in a very rich and deep soil. The walls were every way prodigious. They were eighty-seven feet thick, three hundred and fifty feet high, and four hundred and eighty furlongs, or sixty of our miles, in circumference. These walls were drawn round the city in the form of an exact square, each side of which was one hundred and twenty furlongs, or fifteen miles, in length, and all built of large bricks cemented together with bitumen, a glutinous slime arising out of the earth in that country, which binds in building much stronger and firmer than lime, and soon grows much harder than the bricks or stones themselves, which it cements together.

These walls were surrounded on the outside with a vast ditch, full of water, and lined with bricks on both sides. The earth that was dug out of it was made into the bricks wherewith the walls were built; and therefore, from the vast height and breadth of the walls, may be inferred the greatness of the ditch.

On every side of this great square were twenty-five gates, that is, a hundred in all, which were all made of solid brass; and hence it is, that when God promised to Cyrus the conquest of Babylon, he tells him "That he would break in pieces before him the gates of brass." Between every two of these gates were three towers, and four more at the four corners of this great square, and three between each of these corners and the

next gate on either side; every one of these towers was ten feet higher than the walls. But this is to be understood only of those parts of the wall where there was need of towers.

From the twenty-five gates in each side of this great square extended twenty-five streets, in straight lines to the gates, which were directly over against them, in the opposite side; so that the whole number of the streets were fifty, each fifteen miles long, twenty-five of which passed one way, and twenty-five the other, crossing each other at right angles. And besides these, there were also four half streets, which had houses only on one side, and the wall on the other; these went round the four sides of the city next the walls, and were each of them two hundred feet broad; the rest were about a hundred and fifty. By these streets thus crossing each other, the whole city was divided into six hundred and seventy-six squares, each of which was four furlongs and a half on every side, that is, two miles and a quarter in circumference. Round these squares, on every side towards the streets, stood the houses, which were not contiguous, but had void spaces between them, all built three or four stories high, and embellished with all manner of ornaments towards the streets. The space within, in the middle of each square, was likewise all vacant ground, employed for yards, gardens, and other such uses; so that Babylon was greater in appearance than reality, nearly one half of the city being taken up in gardens and other cultivated lands, as we are told by Q. Curtius.

II. The Quays and Bridge.

A branch of the river Euphrates ran quite across the city, from the north to the south side; on each side of the river was a quay, and a high wall, built of brick and bitumen, of the same thickness as the walls that went round the city. In these walls, opposite to every street that led to the river, were gates of brass, and from them descents by steps to the river, for the convenience of the inhabitants, who used to pass over from one side to the other in boats, having no other way of crossing the river before the building of the bridge. These brazen gates were open in the daytime, and shut in the night.

The bridge was not inferior to any of the other buildings either in beauty or magnificence; it was a furlong in length, and thirty feet in breadth, built with wonderful art, to supply

the defect of a foundation in the bottom of the river, which was sandy. The arches were made of huge stones, fastened together with chains of iron and melted lead. Before they began to build the bridge, they turned the course of the river, and laid its channel dry, having another view in so doing besides that of laying the foundations more commodiously, as I shall hereafter explain. And as everything was prepared beforehand, both the bridge and the quays, which I have already described, were built in that interval.

III. The Lake, Ditches, and Canals made for the Draining of the River.

These works, objects of admiration for the skillful in all ages, were more useful than magnificent. In the beginning of the summer, the melting of the snow upon the mountains of Armenia causes a vast increase of waters, which, running into the Euphrates in the months of June, July, and August, makes it overflow its banks, and occasions such another inundation as the Nile does in Egypt.

To prevent the damage which both the city and country received from these inundations, at a very considerable distance above the town, two artificial canals were cut, which turned the course of these waters into the Tigris before they reached Babylon. And to secure the country yet more from the danger of inundations, and to keep the river within its channel, they raised prodigious artificial banks on both sides the river, built with brick, cemented with bitumen, which began at the head of the artificial canals, and extended below the city.

To facilitate the making of these works, it was necessary to turn the course of the river another way; for which purpose, to the west of Babylon, was dug a prodigious artificial lake, forty miles square, one hundred and sixty in compass, and thirty-five feet deep, according to Herodotus, and seventy-five feet according to Megasthenes. Into this lake the whole river was turned by an artificial canal, cut from the west side of it, till the whole work was finished, when it was made to flow in its former channel. But that the Euphrates, in the time of its increase, might not overflow the city through the gates on its sides, this lake, with the canal from the river, was still preserved. The water received into the lake at the time of these overflowings was kept there all the year, as a common reser-

voir, for the benefit of the country, to be let out by sluices at convenient times for watering the lands below it. The lake, therefore, was equally useful in securing the country from inundations, and rendering it fertile. I relate the wonders of Babylon as they are delivered down to us by the ancients, but there are some of them which are scarcely to be comprehended or believed, of which number is the lake I have described. I mean with respect to its vast extent.

IV. The Palaces and the Hanging Gardens.

At the two ends of the bridges were two palaces, which had a communication with each other by a vault, built under the channel of the river at the time of its being dry. The old palace, which stood on the east side of the river, was thirty furlongs, or three miles and three quarters, in compass; near which stood the temple of Belus, of which we shall soon speak. The new palace, which stood on the west side of the river, opposite to the other, was sixty furlongs, or seven miles and a half, in compass. It was surrounded with three walls, one within another, with considerable spaces between them. These walls, as also those of the other palace, were embellished with an infinite variety of sculptures, representing all kinds of animals to the life. Among them was a curious hunting piece, in which Semiramis, on horseback, was throwing her javelin at a leopard, and her husband Ninus piercing a lion.

In this last, or new palace, were the hanging gardens, so celebrated among the Greeks. They contained a square of four plethra, that is, of four hundred feet, on every side, and were carried aloft into the air, in the manner of several large terraces, one above another, till the height equaled that of the walls of the city. The ascent was from terrace to terrace, by stairs ten feet wide. The whole pile was sustained by vast arches, raised upon other arches, one above another, and strengthened by a wall twenty-two feet thick, surrounding it on every side. On the top of the arches were first laid large flat stones, sixteen feet long, and four broad; over these was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of bitumen, upon which were two rows of bricks, closely cemented together with plaster. The whole was covered with thick sheets of lead, upon which lay the mold of the garden. And all this flooring was contrived to keep the moisture of the mold from

running through the arches. The mold, or earth, laid here, was so deep that the greatest trees might take root in it; and with such the terraces were covered, as well as with all other plants and flowers that were proper for a garden of pleasure. In the upper terrace there was an engine, or kind of pump, by which water was drawn up out of the river, and from thence the whole garden was watered. In the spaces between the several arches, upon which this whole structure rested, were large and magnificent apartments, that were very light, and had the advantage of a beautiful prospect.

ATHENE.[1]

By Sir LEWIS MORRIS.

[Sir Lewis Morris: English poet; born at Carmarthen, Wales, 1832. Until 1881 his profession was the law; in 1887 he became secretary of University College, Wales. The descendant of several generations of Welsh bards, he has published three series of "Songs of Two Worlds," 1871, 1874, 1875; "The Epic of Hades," 1876; "Guen," 1879; "The Vision of Saints," 1890. His poems have been recently collected.]

While I stood
Expectant, lo! a fair pale form drew near
With front severe, and wide blue eyes which bore
Mild wisdom in their gaze. Great purity
Shone from her — not the young-eyed innocence
Of her whom first I saw, but that which comes
From wider knowledge, which restrains the tide
Of passionate youth, and leads the musing soul
By the calm deeps of Wisdom. And I knew
My eyes had seen the fair, the virgin Queen,
Who once within her shining Parthenon
Beheld the sages kneel.
She with clear voice
And coldly sweet, yet with a softness too,
As doth befit a virgin: —
"She does right
To boast her sway, my sister, seeing indeed
That all things are as by a double law,
And from a double root the tree of Life
Springs up to the face of heaven. Body and Soul,
Matter and Spirit, lower joys of Sense

[1] From "Epic of Hades." By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. (Price 5s.)

And higher joys of Thought, I know that both
Build up the shrine of Being. The brute sense
Leaves man a brute; but, winged with soaring thought,
Mounts to high heaven. The unembodied spirit,
Dwelling alone, unmated, void of sense,
Is impotent. And yet I hold there is,
Far off, but not too far for mortal reach,
A calmer height, where, nearer to the stars,
Thought sits alone and gazes with rapt gaze,
A large-eyed maiden in a robe of white,
Who brings the light of Knowledge down, and draws
To her pontifical eyes a bridge of gold,
Which spans from earth to heaven.
For what were life,
If things of sense were all, for those large souls
And high, which grudging Nature has shut fast
Within unlovely forms, or those from whom
The circuit of the rapid gliding years
Steals the brief gift of beauty? Shall we hold,
With idle singers, all the treasure of hope
Is lost with youth — swift-fleeting, treacherous youth,
Which fades and flies before the ripening brain
Crowns life with Wisdom's crown? Nay, even in youth,
Is it not more to walk upon the heights
Alone — the cold free heights — and mark the vale
Lie breathless in the glare, or hidden and blurred
By cloud and storm; or pestilence and war
Creep on with blood and death; while the soul dwells
Apart upon the peaks, outfronts the sun
As the eagle does, and takes the coming dawn
While all the vale is dark, and knows the springs
Of tiny rivulets hurrying from the snows,
Which soon shall swell to vast resistless floods,
And feed the Oceans which divide the World?

"Oh, ecstasy! oh, wonder! oh, delight!
Which neither the slow-withering wear of Time,
Which takes all else — the smooth and rounded cheek
Of youth; the lightsome step; the warm young heart
Which beats for love or friend; the treasure of hope
Immeasurable; the quick coursing blood
Which makes it joy to be, — ay, takes them all
And leaves us naught — nor yet satiety
Born of too full possession, takes or mars!
Oh, fair delight of learning! which grows great
And stronger and more keen, for slower limbs,

And dimmer eyes and loneliness, and loss
Of lower good — wealth, friendship, ay, and Love —
When the swift soul, turning its weary gaze
From the old vanished joys, projects itself
Into the void and floats in empty space,
Striving to reach the mystic source of Things,
The secrets of the earth and sea and air,
The Law that holds the process of the suns,
The awful depths of Mind and Thought; the prime
Unfathomable mystery of God!

"Is there, then, any who holds my worship cold
And lifeless? Nay, but 'tis the light which cheers
The waning life! Love thou thy love, brave youth!
Cleave to thy love, fair maid! it is the Law
Which dominates the world, that bids ye use
Your nature; but, when now the fuller tide
Slackens a little, turn your calmer eyes
To the fair page of Knowledge. It is power
I give, and power is precious. It is strength
To live four-square, careless of outward shows,
And self-sufficing. It is clearer sight
To know the rule of life, the Eternal scheme;
And, knowing it, to do and not to err,
And, doing, to be blest."

THE GREATNESS OF ATHENS.[1]

(From the Funeral Speech of Pericles: translated by Benjamin Jowett.)

I WILL speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and becoming that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which by their valor they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free state. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers, who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us their sons this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here to-day, who are still most of us in the vigor of life, have chiefly done the work of improvement, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace

[1] By permission of the Master of Balliol College.

and war. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we or our fathers drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or Barbarian, I will not speak; for the tale would be long and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great. For I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

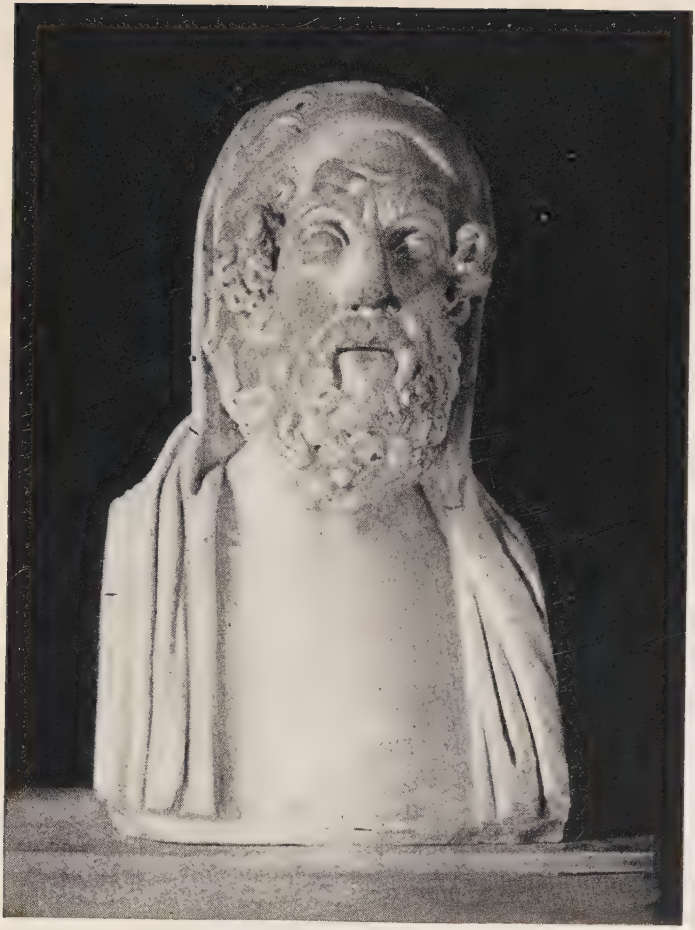
Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; at home the style of our life is refined; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

Then, again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret if revealed

to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. And here is the proof. The Lacedæmonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following; we go alone into a neighbor's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength; the care of a navy divides out attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all, and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus too our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace: the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless, but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from danger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others; we make our friends by conferring, not by



HOMER

receiving, favors. Now he who confers a favor is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude, but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbors not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit. To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valor, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf.

THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.[1]

B.C. 430.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 27.]

THERE was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshaling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the Eastern Mediterranean. Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion. "All peoples, nations, and languages" was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skillful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen-witted, active native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortal. His many capitals — Babylon the great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like — were names of dreamy splendor to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court. And the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which together would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm! Moreover, it was a war not only on the men but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire, they abhorred the idol worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every temple that fell in their way. Death and desolation were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands — slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely

[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new King Xerxes was gathering together such myriads of men as should crush down the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his, but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that which lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of subjugation. A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider of the best means of defense. The ships of the enemy would coast round the shores of the Ægean Sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southwards into Greece. The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look in your map of the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea, as it was then called, for the great island of Negropont, or by its old name, Eubœa. It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it, upon the mainland; and between the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Œta rose up and barred their way. Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the seashore, that in two places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side. These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a

little more width left in the intervening space; but in this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates. A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with one another; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent, by which it was possible to cross from one territory to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the further side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the Isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities, and amounted to about four thousand, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had newly become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame. Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the Temple at Delphi that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him three hundred men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed. These Spartans, with their helots or slaves, made up his own share of the numbers, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the three hundred celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out, lest they should be deprived of them by the enemy, since, as we have already seen, it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed. Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife, Gorgo, was not a woman to be faint-hearted or hold him back. Long before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message

from the king of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle "with the shield or on it" — either carrying it victoriously or borne upon it as a corpse.

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut woods of Mount Œta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country like locusts, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure — had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept the other Peloponnesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoiter the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it and on the ramparts, he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports, and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen. Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counselor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would, however, not believe that so petty a force could intend to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leapt off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven back-

wards; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named Hydarnes, was sent off at nightfall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hillside. In the stillness of the air, at daybreak, the Phocian guards of the path were startled by the crackling of the chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was discharged on them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, morning light showed the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened; but it was not the sparkle of water, but the shine of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears! Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over to the wall from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern Gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before midday, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Him Leonidas ordered to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary tone of mind in leaving a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while yet the way was open. As to himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycæne and the seven hundred Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also four hundred Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two million of enemies were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the helots or attendants on the three hundred Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each. Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that "he had come to fight, not to carry letters;" and the other, that "his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know." Another Spartan, named Dienices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade." Two of the three hundred had been sent to a neighboring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them, called Eurytus, put on his armor, and commanded his helot to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus, was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and had husbanded the lives of his men; but he now desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began. The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips! Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Grecks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain. Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus inclosed on all sides. The Spartans and Thespians made

their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they came towards the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given to them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The helots probably at this time escaped into the mountains; while the small desperate band stood side by side on the hill still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained amongst them when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were eight thousand. It must have been with a somewhat failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared to oppose him! and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set up upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except one thousand, should first be put out of sight. The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the "Coward," and was shunned by all his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery, he redeemed his honor by perishing in the forefront of the battle of Platæa, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

The Greeks then united in doing honor to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. The poet Simonides wrote the inscriptions that were engraved upon the pillars that were set up in the pass to commemorate this great action. One was outside the wall, where most of the fighting had been. It seems to have been in honor of the whole number who had for two days resisted —

> Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
> Against three hundred myriads bravely stand.

In honor of the Spartans was another column —

> Go, traveler, to Sparta tell
> That here, obeying her, we fell.

On the little hillock of the last resistance was placed the figure of a stone lion, in memory of Leonidas, so fitly named the lionlike; and Simonides, at his own expense, erected a pillar to his friend, the seer Megistias —

> The great Megistias' tomb you here may view,
> Who slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheius fords;
> Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
> Yet scorned he to forsake his Spartan lords.

The names of the three hundred were likewise engraven on a pillar at Sparta.

Lion, pillars, and inscriptions have all long since passed away, even the very spot itself has changed; new soil has been formed, and there are miles of solid ground between Mount Œta and the gulf, so that the Hot Gates no longer exist. But more enduring than stone or brass — nay, than the very battle-field itself — has been the name of Leonidas. Two thousand three hundred years have sped since he braced himself to perish for his country's sake in that narrow, marshy coast road, under the brow of the wooded crags, with the sea by his side. Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved, at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory!

THE SPARTANS AND THE LAWS OF LYCURGUS.

By CHARLES ROLLIN.

(For biographical sketch, see page 65.)

The Division of the Lands, and the Prohibition of Gold and Silver Money.

The boldest institution of Lycurgus was the division of the lands, which he looked upon as absolutely necessary for establishing peace and good order in the commonwealth. The major part of the people were so poor that they had not one inch of land of their own, while a small number of particular persons were possessed of all the lands and wealth of the country, in order, therefore, to banish insolence, envy, fraud,

luxury, and two other distempers of the state still greater and more ancient than these, I mean extreme poverty and excessive wealth, he persuaded the citizens to give up all their lands to the commonwealth, and to make a new division of them, that they might all live together in a perfect equality, and that no preëminence or honors should be given, but to virtue and merit alone.

After having divided their immovables, he undertook likewise to make the same equal division of all their movable goods and chattels, that he might utterly banish from among them all manner of inequality. But, perceiving that this would be more difficult if he went openly about it, he endeavored to effect it by sapping the very foundations of avarice. For, first, he cried down all gold and silver money, and ordained that no other should be current than that of iron, which he made so very heavy, and fixed at so low a rate, that a cart and two oxen were necessary to carry home a sum of ten minæ, and a whole chamber to keep it in.

The next thing he did, was to banish all useless and superfluous arts from Sparta. But if he had not done this, most of them would have sunk of themselves, and disappeared with the gold and silver money; because the tradesmen and artificers would have found no vent for their commodities, and this iron money had no currency among any other Grecian states, who were so far from esteeming it, that it became the subject of their banter and ridicule.

Of Public Meals.

Lycurgus, being desirous to make a yet more effectual war upon effeminacy and luxury, and utterly to extirpate the love of riches, made a third regulation, which was that of public meals. That he might entirely suppress all the magnificence and extravagance of expensive tables, he ordained that all the citizens should eat together, of the same common victuals which the law prescribed, and expressly forbade all private eating at their own houses.

By this settlement of public and common meals, and this frugality and simplicity in eating, it may be said that he made riches in some measure change their very nature, by putting them out of a condition of being desired or stolen, or of enriching their possessors; for there was no way left for a man to use

or enjoy this opulence, or even to make any show of it, since the poor and the rich ate together in the same place, and none were allowed to appear at the public eating rooms, after having taken care to fill themselves with other diet; because everybody present took particular notice of any one that did not eat or drink, and the whole company was sure to reproach him with the delicacy and intemperance that made him despise the common food and public table.

The rich were extremely enraged at this regulation; and it was upon this occasion that, in a tumult of the people, a young man named Alexander struck out one of the eyes of Lycurgus. The people, provoked at such an outrage, delivered the young man into Lycurgus' hands, who knew how to revenge himself in a proper manner; for, by the extraordinary kindness and gentleness with which he treated him, he made the violent and hot-headed young man in a little time become very moderate and wise. The tables consisted of about fifteen persons each, where none could be admitted but with the consent of the whole company. Each person furnished, every month, a bushel of flour, eight measures of wine, five pounds of cheese, two pounds and a half of figs, and a small sum of money, for preparing and cooking the victuals. Every one, without exception of persons, was obliged to be at the common meal; and a long time after the making of these regulations, king Agis, at his return from a glorious expedition, having taken the liberty to dispense with that law, in order to eat with the queen his wife, was reprimanded and punished.

The very children ate at these public tables, and were carried thither as to a school of wisdom and temperance. There they were sure to hear grave discourses upon government, and to see nothing but what tended to their instruction and improvement. The conversation was often enlivened with ingenious and sprightly raillery, but never mixed with anything vulgar or shocking; and if their jesting seemed to make any person uneasy, they never proceeded any farther. Here their children were likewise trained up and accustomed to great secrecy; as soon as a young man came into the dining room, the oldest person of the company used to say to him, pointing to the door: "Nothing spoken here must ever go out there."

The most exquisite of all their eatables was what they called their black broth, and the old men preferred it before all that was set upon the table. Dionysius the tyrant, when he was at

one of those meals, was not of the same opinion, and what was a ragout to them, was to him very insipid. I do not wonder, said the cook, for the seasoning is wanting. What seasoning? replied the tyrant. Running, sweating, fatigue, hunger, and thirst; these are the ingredients, said the cook, with which we season all our food.

Other Ordinances.

He looked upon the education of youth as the greatest and most important object of a legislator's care. His grand principle was, that children belonged more to the state than to their parents; and therefore he would not have them brought up according to their humors and fancies, but would have the state intrusted with the general care of their education, in order to have them formed upon constant and uniform principles, which might inspire them betimes with the love of their country and virtue.

As soon as a boy was born, the elders of each tribe visited him; and if they found him well made, strong, and vigorous, they ordered him to be brought up, and assigned him one of the nine thousand portions of land for his inheritance; if, on the contrary, they found him to be deformed, tender, and weakly, so that they could not expect that he would ever have a strong and healthful constitution, they condemned him to perish, and caused the infant to be exposed.

Children were accustomed betimes not to be nice or difficult in their eating; not to be afraid in the dark, or when they were left alone; not to give themselves up to peevishness and ill humor, to crying and bawling; to walk barefoot, that they might be inured to fatigue; to lie hard at nights; to wear the same clothes winter and summer, in order to harden them against cold and heat.

At the age of seven years they were put into the classes, where they were all brought up together under the same discipline. Their education, properly speaking, was only an apprenticeship of obedience. The legislature having rightly considered that the surest way to have citizens submissive to the law and to the magistrates, in which the good order and happiness of a state chiefly consists, was to teach children early, and to accustom them from their tender years to be perfectly obedient to their masters and superiors.

While they were at table, it was usual for the masters to

instruct the boys by proposing them questions. They would ask them, for example, Who is the most honest man in the town? What do you think of such or such an action? The boys were obliged to give a quick and ready answer, which was also to be accompanied with a reason and a proof, both expressed in a few words: for they were accustomed betimes to the Laconic style, that is, to a close and concise way of speaking and writing. Lycurgus was for having the money bulky, heavy, and of little value, and their language, on the contrary, very pithy and short; a great deal of sense comprised in a few words.

As for literature, they only learned as much as was necessary. All the sciences were banished out of their country; their study only tended to know how to obey, to bear hardship and fatigue, and to conquer in battle. The superintendent of their education was one of the most honorable men of the city, and of the first rank and condition, who appointed over every class of boys masters of the most approved wisdom and probity.

There was one kind of theft only, and that too more a nominal than a real one, which the boys were allowed, and even ordered to practice. They were taught to slip, as cunningly and cleverly as they could, into the gardens and public halls, in order to steal away herbs and meat; and if they were caught in the fact, they were punished for their want of dexterity. We are told of one who, having stolen a young fox, hid it under his robe, and suffered the animal to gnaw into his belly, and tear out his very bowels, till he fell dead upon the spot, rather than be discovered. This kind of theft, as I have said, was but nominal, and not properly a robbery; since it was authorized by the law and the consent of the citizens. The intent of the legislature in allowing it, was to inspire the Spartan youth, who were all designed for war, with the greater boldness, cunning, and address; to inure them betimes to the life of a soldier; to teach them to live upon a little, and to be able to shift for themselves. But I have already given an account of this matter, more at large, in another treatise.

The patience and constancy of the Spartan youth most conspicuously appeared in a certain festival, celebrated in honor of Diana, surnamed Orthia, where the children, before the eyes of their parents, and in presence of the whole city, suffered themselves to be whipped till the blood ran down upon the altar of this cruel goddess, where sometimes they expired under

the strokes, and all this without uttering the least cry, or so much as a groan or sigh; and even their own fathers, when they saw them covered with blood and wounds, and ready to expire, exhorted them to persevere to the end with constancy and resolution. Plutarch assures us that he had seen with his own eyes a great many children lose their lives on these cruel occasions.

The most usual occupation of the Lacedæmonians was hunting, and other bodily exercises. They were forbid to exercise any mechanic art. The Elotæ, who were a sort of slaves, tilled their land for them, for which they paid them a certain revenue.

Lycurgus would have his citizens enjoy a great deal of leisure; they had large common halls, where the people used to meet to converse together: and though their discourses chiefly turned upon grave and serious topics, yet they seasoned them with a mixture of wit and facetious humor, both agreeable and instructive. They passed little of their time alone, being accustomed to live like bees, always together, always about their chiefs and leaders. The love of their country and of the public good was their predominant passion; they did not imagine they belonged to themselves, but to their country. Pedaretus having missed the honor of being chosen one of the three hundred who had a certain rank of distinction in the city, went home extremely pleased and satisfied, saying he "was overjoyed there were three hundred men in Sparta more honorable and worthy than himself."

At Sparta everything tended to inspire the love of virtue and the hatred of vice; the actions of the citizens, their conversations, public monuments, and inscriptions. It was hard for men brought up in the midst of so many living precepts and examples not to become virtuous, as far as heathens were capable of virtue. It was to preserve these happy dispositions, that Lycurgus did not allow all sorts of persons to travel, lest they should bring home foreign manners, and return infected with the licentious customs of other countries, which would necessarily create, in a little time, an aversion for the life and maxims of Lacedæmon. On the other hand, he would suffer no strangers to remain in the city, who did not come thither to some useful and profitable end, but out of mere curiosity; being afraid they should bring along with them the defects and vices of their own countries; and being persuaded, at the same time, that it was more important and necessary to shut the gates of

the town against depraved and corrupt manners, than against infectious distempers. Properly speaking, the very trade and business of the Lacedæmonians was war: everything with them tended that way: arms were their only exercise and employment: their life was much less hard and austere in the camp than in the city; and they were the only people in the world to whom the time of war was a time of ease and refreshment, because then the reins of that strict and severe discipline, which prevailed at Sparta, were somewhat relaxed, and the men were indulged in a little more liberty. With them the first and most inviolable law of war, as Demaratus told Xerxes, was never to fly, or turn their backs, whatever superiority of numbers the enemy's army might consist of; never to quit their post; never to deliver up their arms; in a word, either to conquer or to die on the spot. This maxim was so important and essential in their opinion, that when the poet Archilochus came to Sparta, they obliged him to leave their city immediately; because they understood that, in one of his poems, he had said, "It was better for a man to throw down his arms than to expose himself to be killed."

Hence it is, that a mother recommended to her son, who was going to make a campaign, that he should return either with or upon his shield; and that another, hearing that her son was killed in fighting for his country, answered very coldly, "I brought him into the world for no other end." This humor was general among the Lacedæmonians. After the famous battle of Leuctra, which was so fatal to the Spartans, the parents of those that died in the action congratulated each other upon it, and went to the temples to thank the gods that their children had done their duty; whereas the relations of those who survived the defeat were inconsolable. If any of the Spartans fled in battle, they were dishonored and disgraced forever. They were not only excluded from all posts and employments in the state, from all assemblies and public diversions, but it was thought scandalous to make any alliances with them by marriage, and a thousand affronts and insults were publicly offered them with impunity.

GREEK MYTHS.[1]

By JOHN RUSKIN.

(From "The Queen of the Air.")

[JOHN RUSKIN: English critic and essayist; born at London, February 8, 1819. In 1839 he took the Newdigate prize for a poem. During his Oxford days he published many verses over the signature "J. R." In 1850 his poems were collected and privately printed. A reprint was made of them in New York in 1882. He studied art, but rather for the purposes of criticism. In 1843 appeared the first part of "Modern Painters," which was a vehement eulogy of J. M. W. Turner; the last volume in 1856. "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," 1849, and "The Stones of Venice," 1851–1853, are his best-known works. Among his popular lectures have been "Munera Pulveris," 1862–1863; "Sesame and Lilies," 1865; "Crown of Wild Olive," 1866; and "The Queen of the Air," 1869. His works include dozens of other titles on artistic, social, and economic subjects. His "Præterita," 1885, is autobiographical.]

1. I WILL not ask your pardon for endeavoring to interest you in the subject of Greek Mythology; but I must ask your permission to approach it in a temper differing from that in which it is frequently treated. We cannot justly interpret the religion of any people, unless we are prepared to admit that we ourselves, as well as they, are liable to error in matters of faith; and that the convictions of others, however singular, may in some points have been well founded; while our own, however reasonable, may in some particulars be mistaken. You must forgive me, therefore, for not always distinctively calling the creeds of the past "superstition," and the creeds of the present day "religion"; as well as for assuming that a faith now confessed may sometimes be superficial, and that a faith long forgotten may once have been sincere. It is the task of the Divine to condemn the errors of antiquity, and of the philologists to account for them; I will only pray you to read, with patience, and human sympathy, the thoughts of men who lived without blame in a darkness they could not dispel; and to remember that, whatever charge of folly may justly attach to the saying, "There is no God," the folly is prouder, deeper, and less pardonable, in saying, "There is no God but for me."

2. A myth, in its simplest definition, is a story with a meaning attached to it other than it seems to have at first; and the fact that it has such a meaning is generally marked by some of its circumstances being extraordinary, or, in the common use of the word, unnatural. Thus if I tell you that Hercules killed

[1] By permission of Mr. Geo. Allen. (Crown 8vo., price 5s.)

a water serpent in the lake of Lerna, and if I mean, and you understand, nothing more than that fact, the story, whether true or false, is not a myth. But if by telling you this, I mean that Hercules purified the stagnation of many streams from deadly miasmata, my story, however simple, is a true myth; only, as, if I left it in that simplicity, you would probably look for nothing beyond, it will be wise in me to surprise your attention by adding some singular circumstance; for instance, that the water snake had several heads, which revived as fast as they were killed, and which poisoned even the foot that trod upon them as they slept. And in proportion to the fullness of intended meaning I shall probably multiply and refine upon these improbabilities; as, suppose, if, instead of desiring only to tell you that Hercules purified a marsh, I wished you to understand that he contended with the venom and vapor of envy and evil ambition, whether in other men's souls or in his own, and choked *that* malaria only by supreme toil, — I might tell you that this serpent was formed by the goddess whose pride was in the trial of Hercules; and that its place of abode was by a palm tree; and that for every head of it that was cut off, two rose up with renewed life; and that the hero found at last he could not kill the creature at all by cutting its heads off or crushing them, but only by burning them down; and that the midmost of them could not be killed even that way, but had to be buried alive. Only in proportion as I mean more, I shall certainly appear more absurd in my statement; and at last when I get unendurably significant, all practical persons will agree that I was talking mere nonsense from the beginning, and never meant anything at all.

3. It is just possible, however, also, that the story-teller may all along have meant nothing but what he said; and that, incredible as the events may appear, he himself literally believed — and expected you also to believe — all this about Hercules, without any latent moral or history whatever. And it is very necessary, in reading traditions of this kind, to determine, first of all, whether you are listening to a simple person, who is relating what, at all events, he believes to be true (and may, therefore, possibly have been so to some extent), or to a reserved philosopher, who is veiling a theory of the universe under the grotesque of a fairy tale. It is, in general, more likely that the first supposition should be the right one: simple and credulous persons are, perhaps fortunately, more common

than philosophers ; and it is of the highest importance that you should take their innocent testimony as it was meant, and not efface, under the graceful explanation which your cultivated ingenuity may suggest, either the evidence their story may contain (such as it is worth) of an extraordinary event having really taken place, or the unquestionable light which it will cast upon the character of the person by whom it was frankly believed. And to deal with Greek religion honestly, you must at once understand that this literal belief was, in the mind of the general people, as deeply rooted as ours in the legends of our own sacred book ; and that a basis of unmiraculous event was as little suspected, and an explanatory symbolism as rarely traced, by them, as by us.

You must, therefore, observe that I deeply degrade the position which such a myth as that just referred to occupied in the Greek mind, by comparing it (for fear of offending you) to our story of St. George and the Dragon. Still, the analogy is perfect in minor respects ; and though it fails to give you any notion of the vitally religious earnestness of the Greek faith, it will exactly illustrate the manner in which faith laid hold of its objects.

4. This story of Hercules and the Hydra, then, was to the general Greek mind, in its best days, a tale about a real hero and a real monster. Not one in a thousand knew anything of the way in which the story had arisen, any more than the English peasant generally is aware of the plebeian original of St. George ; or supposes that there were once alive in the world, with sharp teeth and claws, real, and very ugly, flying dragons. On the other hand, few persons traced any moral or symbolical meaning in the story, and the average Greek was as far from imagining any interpretation like that I have just given you, as an average Englishman is from seeing in St. George the Red Cross Knight of Spenser, or in the Dragon the Spirit of Infidelity. But, for all that, there was a certain undercurrent of consciousness in all minds that the figures meant more than they at first showed ; and, according to each man's own faculties of sentiment, he judged and read them ; just as a Knight of the Garter reads more in the jewel on his collar than the George and Dragon of a public house expresses to the host or to his customers. Thus, to the mean person the myth always meant little ; to the noble person, much ; and the greater their familiarity with it, the more contemptible it became to one, and the

more sacred to the other ; until vulgar commentators explained it entirely away, while Virgil made it the crowning glory of his choral hymn to Hercules.

> Around thee, powerless to infect thy soul,
> Rose, in his crested crowd, the Lerna worm.
>
> Non te rationis egentem
> Lernæus turbâ capitum circumstetit anguis.

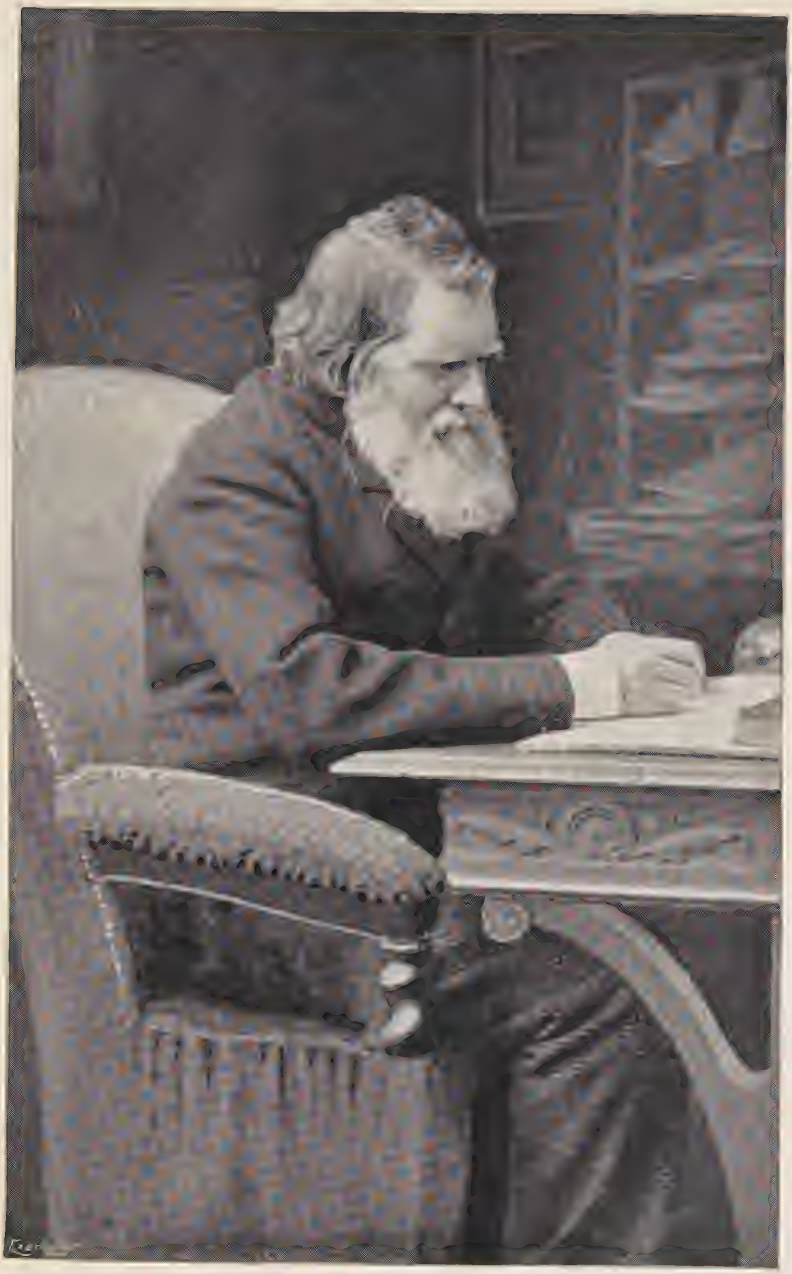
And although, in any special toil of the hero's life, the moral interpretation was rarely with definiteness attached to its event, yet in the whole course of the life, not only a symbolical meaning, but the warrant for the existence of a real spiritual power, was apprehended of all men. Hercules was no dead hero, to be remembered only as a victor over monsters of the past — harmless now as slain. He was the perpetual type and mirror of heroism, and its present and living aid against every ravenous form of human trial and pain.

5. But, if we seek to know more than this and to ascertain the manner in which the story first crystallized into its shape, we shall find ourselves led back generally to one or other of two sources — either to actual historical events, represented by the fancy under figures personifying them ; or else to natural phenomena similarly endowed with life by the imaginative power usually more or less under the influence of terror. The historical myths we must leave the masters of history to follow ; they, and the events they record, being yet involved in great, though attractive and penetrable, mystery. But the stars, and hills, and storms are with us now, as they were with others of old ; and it only needs that we look at them with the earnestness of those childish eyes to understand the first words spoken of them by the children of men, and then, in all the most beautiful and enduring myths, we shall find, not only a literal story of a real person, not only a parallel imagery of moral principle, but an underlying worship of natural phenomena, out of which both have sprung, and in which both forever remain rooted. Thus, from the real sun, rising and setting, — from the real atmosphere, calm in its dominion of unfading blue, and fierce in its descent of tempest, — the Greek forms first the idea of two entirely personal and corporeal gods, whose limbs are clothed in divine flesh, and whose brows are crowned with divine beauty ; yet so real that the quiver rattles at their shoulder, and

chariot bends beneath their weight. And, on the other hand, collaterally with these corporeal images, and never for one instant separated from them, he conceives also two omnipresent spiritual influences, of which one illuminates, as the sun, with a constant fire, whatever in humanity is skillful and wise; and the other, like the living air, breathes the calm of heavenly fortitude, and strength of righteous anger, into every human breast that is pure and brave.

6. Now, therefore, in nearly every myth of importance, you have to discern these three structural parts, — the root and the two branches: the root, in physical existence, sun, or sky, or cloud, or sea; then the personal incarnation of that, becoming a trusted and companionable deity, with whom you may walk hand in hand, as a child with its brother or its sister; and, lastly, the moral significance of the image, which is in all the great myths eternally and beneficently true.

7. The great myths; that is to say, myths made by great people. For the first plain fact about myth making is one which has been most strangely lost sight of, — that you cannot make a myth unless you have something to make it of. You cannot tell a secret which you don't know. If the myth is about the sky, it must have been made by somebody who had looked at the sky. If the myth is about justice and fortitude, it must have been made by some one who knew what it was to be just or patient. According to the quantity of understanding in the person will be the quantity of significance in his fable; and the myth of a simple and ignorant race must necessarily mean little, because a simple and ignorant race have little to mean. So the great question in reading a story is always, not what wild hunter dreamed, or what childish race first dreaded it; but what wise man first perfectly told, and what strong people first perfectly lived by it. And the real meaning of any myth is that which it has at the noblest age of the nation among whom it is current. The farther back you pierce, the less significance you will find, until you come to the first narrow thought, which, indeed, contains the germ of the accomplished tradition; but only as the seed contains the flower. As the intelligence and passion of the race develop, they cling to and nourish their beloved and sacred legend; leaf by leaf it expands under the touch of more pure affections, and more delicate imagination, until at last the perfect fable bourgeons out into symmetry of milky stem and honeyed bell.



RUSKIN IN HIS STUDY

8. But through whatever changes it may pass, remember that our right reading of it is wholly dependent on the materials we have in our own minds for an intelligent answering sympathy. If it first arose among a people who dwelt under stainless skies, and measured their journeys by ascending and declining stars, we certainly cannot read their story, if we have never seen anything above us in the day but smoke, nor anything around us in the night but candles. If the tale goes on to change clouds or planets into living creatures, — to invest them with fair forms and inflame them with mighty passions, — we can only understand the story of the human-hearted things, in so far as we ourselves take pleasure in the perfectness of visible form, or can sympathize, by an effort of imagination, with the strange people who had other loves than that of wealth, and other interests than those of commerce. And, lastly, if the myth complete itself to the fulfilled thoughts of the nation, by attributing to the gods, whom they have carved out of their fantasy, continual presence with their own souls; and their every effort for good is finally guided by the sense of the companionship, the praise, and the pure will of immortals, we shall be able to follow them into this last circle of their faith only in the degree in which the better parts of our own beings have been also stirred by the aspects of nature, or strengthened by her laws. It may be easy to prove that the ascent of Apollo in his chariot signifies nothing but the rising of the sun. But what does the sunrise itself signify to us? If only languid return to frivolous amusement, or fruitless labor, it will, indeed, not be easy for us to conceive the power, over a Greek, of the name of Apollo. But if, for us also, as for the Greek, the sunrise means daily restoration to the sense of passionate gladness and of perfect life, — if it means the thrilling of new strength through every nerve, — the shedding over us of a better peace than the peace of night, in the power of the dawn, — and the purging of evil vision and fear by the baptism of its dew; — if the sun itself is an influence, to us also, of spiritual good — and becomes thus in reality, not in imagination, to us also, a spiritual power, — we may then soon overpass the narrow limit of conception which kept that power impersonal, and rise with the Greek to the thought of an angel who rejoiced as a strong man to run his course, whose voice calling to life and to labor rang round the earth, and whose going forth was to the ends of heaven.

THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS.

By JOHN KEATS.

(From "Endymion.")

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping: in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping: what enamour'd bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy!
O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,
Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
I rush'd into the folly!

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
With sidelong laughing;
And little rills of crimson wine imbru'd
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
For Venus' pearly bite:
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
Tipsily quaffing.

"Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye!
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your bowers desolate;
Your lutes, and gentler fate?"—
"We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
A conquering!
Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
We dance before him through kingdoms wide:—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our wild minstrelsy!"

"Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye!
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?"—
"For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth!—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our mad minstrelsy!"

Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
With Asian elephants:
Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
Nor care for wind and tide.

Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
From rear to van they scour about the plains;
A three days' journey in a moment done:
And always, at the rising of the sun,
About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
On spleenful unicorn.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
Before the vine-wreath crown!

I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
To the silver cymbals' ring!
I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
Old Tartary the fierce!
The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearled hail;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans;
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.—
Into these regions came I following him,
Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
To stray away into these forests drear
Alone, without a peer:
And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

HORATIUS.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[Thomas Babington Macaulay: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

There can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some Consul or Prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honors and rewards.

These discrepancies are easily explained. Our own litera-

ture, indeed, will furnish an exact parallel to what may have taken place at Rome. It is highly probable that the memory of the war of Porsena was preserved by compositions much resembling the two ballads which stand first in the "Relics of Ancient English Poetry." In both those ballads the English, commanded by the Percy, fight with the Scots, commanded by the Douglas. In one of the ballads the Douglas is killed by a nameless English archer, and the Percy by a Scottish spearman: in the other, the Percy slays the Douglas in single combat, and is himself made prisoner. In the former, Sir Hugh Montgomery is shot through the heart by a Northumbrian bowman: in the latter he is taken, and exchanged for the Percy. Yet both the ballads relate to the same event, and that an event which probably took place within the memory of persons who were alive when both the ballads were made. One of the minstrels says: —

> Old men that knowen the grounde well yenoughe
> Call it the battell of Otterburn:
> At Otterburn began this spurne
> Upon a monnyn day.
> Ther was the dougghte Doglas slean:
> The Perse never went away.

The other poet sums up the event in the following lines: —

> Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
> Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
> Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
> And the Percy was lede away.

It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the defense of the bridge; and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favorite with the Horatian house.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian; and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with

which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

Niebuhr's supposition that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

I.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold

Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain tops
Fringing the southern sky;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the waterfowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

X.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

XI.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.

A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
With reaping hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith uprose the Consul,
Uprose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

XXVII.

Then outspake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII.

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

XXX.

Then outspake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three."

From a painting by Jacques Louis David

And outspake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
  Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
  The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
  Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
  Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns:
  Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
  Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
  No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
  Thy thrice accursed sail."

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
  Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
  From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
  Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
  To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
  And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
  Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
  Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
  Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,

And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;

Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome.
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX.

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,

With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

LXIII.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,

He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

VIRGINIA.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE Patricians, during more than a century after the expulsion of the Kings, held all the high military commands. A Plebeian, even though, like Lucius Siccius, he were distinguished by his valor and knowledge of war, could serve only in subordinate posts. A minstrel, therefore, who wished to celebrate the early triumphs of his country, could hardly take any but Patricians for his heroes. The warriors who are mentioned in the two preceding lays, Horatius, Lartius, Herminius, Aulus Posthumius, Æbutius Elva, Sempronius Atratinus, Valerius Poplicola, were all members of the dominant order; and a poet who was singing their praises, whatever his own political opinions might be, would naturally abstain from insulting the class to which they belonged, and from reflecting on the system which had placed such men at the head of the legions of the commonwealth.

But there was a class of compositions in which the great families were by no means so courteously treated. No parts

of early Roman history are richer with poetical coloring than those which relate to the long contest between the privileged houses and the commonalty. The population of Rome was, from a very early period, divided into hereditary castes, which, indeed, readily united to repel foreign enemies, but which regarded each other, during many years, with bitter animosity. Between those castes there was a barrier hardly less strong than that which, at Venice, parted the members of the Great Council from their countrymen. In some respects, indeed, the line which separated an Icilius or a Duilius from a Posthumius or a Fabius was even more deeply marked than that which separated the rower of a gondola from a Contarini or a Morosini. At Venice the distinction was merely civil. At Rome it was both civil and religious. Among the grievances under which the Plebeians suffered, three were felt as peculiarly severe. They were excluded from the highest magistracies; they were excluded from all share in the public lands; and they were ground down to the dust by partial and barbarous legislation touching pecuniary contracts. The ruling class in Rome was a moneyed class; and it made and administered the laws with a view solely to its own interest. Thus the relation between lender and borrower was mixed up with the relation between sovereign and subject. The great men held a large portion of the community in dependence by means of advances at enormous usury. The law of debt, framed by creditors, and for the protection of creditors, was the most horrible that has ever been known among men. The liberty, and even the life, of the insolvent were at the mercy of the Patrician money lenders. Children often became slaves in consequence of the misfortunes of their parents. The debtor was imprisoned, not in a public jail under the care of impartial public functionaries, but in a private workhouse belonging to the creditor. Frightful stories were told respecting these dungeons. It was said that torture and brutal violation were common; that tight stocks, heavy chains, scanty measures of food, were used to punish wretches guilty of nothing but poverty; and that brave soldiers, whose breasts were covered with honorable scars, were often marked still more deeply on the back by the scourges of high-born usurers.

The Plebeians were, however, not wholly without constitutional rights. From an early period they had been admitted to some share of political power. They were enrolled each in

his century, and were allowed a share, considerable though not proportioned to their numerical strength, in the disposal of those high dignities from which they were themselves excluded. Thus their position bore some resemblance to that of the Irish Catholics during the interval between the year 1792 and the year 1829. The Plebeians had also the privilege of annually appointing officers, named Tribunes, who had no active share in the government of the Commonwealth, but who, by degrees, acquired a power formidable even to the ablest and most resolute Consuls and Dictators. The person of the Tribune was inviolable; and, though he could directly effect little, he could obstruct everything.

During more than a century after the institution of the Tribuneship, the Commons struggled manfully for the removal of the grievances under which they labored; and, in spite of many checks and reverses, succeeded in wringing concession after concession from the stubborn aristocracy. At length, in the year of the city 378, both parties mustered their whole strength for their last and most desperate conflict. The popular and active Tribune, Caius Licinius, proposed the three memorable laws which are called by his name, and which were intended to redress the three great evils of which the Plebeians complained. He was supported, with eminent ability and firmness, by his colleague, Lucius Sextius. The struggle appears to have been the fiercest that ever in any community terminated without an appeal to arms. If such a contest had raged in any Greek city, the streets would have run with blood. But, even in the paroxysms of faction, the Roman retained his gravity, his respect for law, and his tenderness for the lives of his fellow-citizens. Year after year Licinius and Sextius were reëlected Tribunes. Year after year, if the narrative which has come down to us is to be trusted, they continued to exert, to the full extent, their power of stopping the whole machine of government. No curule magistrates could be chosen; no military muster could be held. We know too little of the state of Rome in those days to be able to conjecture how, during that long anarchy, the peace was kept, and ordinary justice administered between man and man. The animosity of both parties rose to the greatest height. The excitement, we may well suppose, would have been peculiarly intense at the annual election of Tribunes. On such occasions there can be little doubt that the great families did all that could be done, by

threats and caresses, to break the union of the Plebeians. That union, however, proved indissoluble. At length the good cause triumphed. The Licinian laws were carried. Lucius Sextius was the first Plebeian Consul, Caius Licinius the third.

The results of this great change were singularly happy and glorious. Two centuries of prosperity, harmony, and victory followed the reconciliation of the orders. Men who remembered Rome engaged in waging petty wars almost within sight of the Capitol lived to see her the mistress of Italy. While the disabilities of the Plebeians continued, she was scarcely able to maintain her ground against the Volscians and Hernicans. When those disabilities were removed, she rapidly became more than a match for Carthage and Macedon.

During the great Licinian contest the Plebeian poets were, doubtless, not silent. Even in modern times songs have been by no means without influence on public affairs; and we may therefore infer that, in a society where printing was unknown, and where books were rare, a pathetic or humorous party ballad must have produced effects such as we can but faintly conceive. It is certain that satirical poems were common at Rome from a very early period. The rustics, who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and took little part in the strife of factions, gave vent to their petty local animosities in coarse Fescennine verse. The lampoons of the city were doubtless of a higher order; and their sting was early felt by the nobility. For in the Twelve Tables, long before the time of the Licinian laws, a severe punishment was denounced against the citizen who should compose or recite verses reflecting on another. Satire is, indeed, the only sort of composition in which the Latin poets whose works have come down to us were not mere imitators of foreign models; and it is therefore the only sort of composition in which they have never been rivaled. It was not, like their tragedy, their comedy, their epic and lyric poetry, a hothouse plant which, in return for assiduous and skillful culture, gave only scanty and sickly fruits. It was hardy and full of sap; and in all the various juices which it yielded might be distinguished the flavor of the Ausonian soil. "Satire," says Quinctilian, with just pride, "is all our own." Satire sprang, in truth, naturally from the constitution of the Roman government and from the spirit of the Roman people; and, though at length subjected to metrical rules derived from Greece, retained to the last an essentially Roman character. Lucilius was the

earliest satirist whose works were held in esteem under the Cæsars. But many years before Lucilius was born, Nævius had been flung into a dungeon, and guarded there with circumstances of unusual rigor, on account of the bitter lines in which he had attacked the great Cæcilian family. The genius and spirit of the Roman satirists survived the liberty of their country, and were not extinguished by the cruel despotism of the Julian and Flavian Emperors. The great poet who told the story of Domitian's turbot, was the legitimate successor of those forgotten minstrels whose songs animated the factions of the infant Republic.

These minstrels, as Niebuhr has remarked, appear to have generally taken the popular side. We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that, at the great crisis of the civil conflict, they employed themselves in versifying all the most powerful and virulent speeches of the Tribunes, and in heaping abuse on the leaders of the aristocracy. Every personal defect, every domestic scandal, every tradition dishonorable to a noble house, would be sought out, brought into notice, and exaggerated. The illustrious head of the aristocratical party, Marcus Furius Camillus, might perhaps be, in some measure, protected by his venerable age and by the memory of his great services to the State. But Appius Claudius Crassus enjoyed no such immunity. He was descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished by their haughty demeanor, and by the inflexibility with which they had withstood all the demands of the Plebeian order. While the political conduct and the deportment of the Claudian nobles drew upon them the fiercest public hatred, they were accused of wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, a class of qualities which, in the military Commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offenses. The chiefs of the family appear to have been eloquent, versed in civil business, and learned after the fashion of their age; but in war they were not distinguished by skill or valor. Some of them, as if conscious where their weakness lay, had, when filling the highest magistracies, taken internal administration as their department of public business, and left the military command to their colleagues. One of them had been intrusted with an army, and had failed ignominiously. None of them had been honored with a triumph. None of them had achieved any martial exploit, such as those by which Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, Aulus

Cornelius Cossus, and, above all, the great Camillus, had extorted the reluctant esteem of the multitude. During the Licinian conflict, Appius Claudius Crassus signalized himself by the ability and severity with which he harangued against the two great agitators. He would naturally, therefore, be the favorite mark of the Plebeian satirists; nor would they have been at a loss to find a point on which he was open to attack.

His grandfather, called, like himself, Appius Claudius, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. This elder Appius had been Consul more than seventy years before the introduction of the Licinian laws. By availing himself of a singular crisis in public feeling, he had obtained the consent of the Commons to the abolition of the Tribuneship, and had been the chief of that Council of Ten to which the whole direction of the State had been committed. In a few months his administration had become universally odious. It had been swept away by an irresistible outbreak of popular fury; and its memory was still held in abhorrence by the whole city. The immediate cause of the downfall of this execrable government was said to have been an attempt made by Appius Claudius upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. The story ran that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependent of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonor by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the Tribuneship was reëstablished; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death.

It can hardly be doubted that a story so admirably adapted to the purposes both of the poet and of the demagogue would be eagerly seized upon by minstrels burning with hatred against the Patrician order, against the Claudian house, and especially against the grandson and namesake of the infamous Decemvir.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of these fragments of the lay of Virginia, he must imagine himself a Plebeian who has just voted for the reëlection of Sextius and Licinius. All the power of the Patricians has been exerted to throw out the

two great champions of the Commons. Every Posthumius, Æmilius, and Cornelius has used his influence to the utmost. Debtors have been let out of the workhouses on condition of voting against the men of the people: clients have been posted to hiss and interrupt the favorite candidates: Appius Claudius Crassus has spoken with more than his usual eloquence and asperity: all has been in vain; Licinius and Sextius have a fifth time carried all the tribes: work is suspended: the booths are closed: the Plebeians bear on their shoulders the two champions of liberty through the Forum. Just at this moment it is announced that a popular poet, a zealous adherent of the Tribunes, has made a new song which will cut the Claudian nobles to the heart. The crowd gathers round him, and calls on him to recite it. He takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia, more than seventy years ago, was seized by the pandar of Appius, and he begins his story.

Virginia.

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON THE DAY WHEREON LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS LATERANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES OF THE COMMONS THE FIFTH TIME, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLXXXII.

Ye good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his pride:
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred still;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill;
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,

With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.
Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying Greeks:
Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius speaks.
Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd;
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud;
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see;
And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man;
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gayly to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

* * * * * * *

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke:
The city gates were opened; the Forum all alive,
With buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile.

He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frighted maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
The money changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell tone,
"She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own:
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
'Twas in the sad September, the month of wail and fright,
Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the Consul died ere night.
I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire:
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of might,
Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor man's right.
There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then;
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three moldering helmets, three rusting swords, are hung,
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.

"Now, by your children's cradles, now by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be forever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile foxearth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?

Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!
Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian pride:
They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.
But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honors — 'twas in vain: for freedom — 'tis no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from wrong.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state — ye have them: — keep them still;
Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have won.
Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech craft may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor;
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for freeborn backs, and holes for freeborn feet.
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings?
Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street,
Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odors, and shine with Spanish gold?
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life —
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;
Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame,

Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched
dare."

* * * * * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child!
Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now, all those things are over — yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow —
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain:

THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA

From a painting by Benjamin West

Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high.
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing tide;
And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried: "What doth this rabble here?
Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market place, and fetch the corpse away!"
The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;
But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watchdog but half aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his ax and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,

Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill, beyond the Latin Gate.
But close around the body, where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day.
Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his cheek;
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak;
And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell;
"See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide thy shame in hell!
Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make slaves of men.
Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the wicked Ten!"
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the air
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair:
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came;
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame.
Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them right,
That the great houses, all save one, have borne them well in fight.
Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his wrongs,
His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire songs.
Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and Tuscan bowed;
And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud.
But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,
And changes color like a maid at sight of sword and shield.
The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city towers;
The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any necks but ours.
A Cossus, like a wild cat, springs ever at the face;
A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting chase;
But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish spite,
Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from those who smite.
So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote upon his thigh.
"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray!
Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home, the nearest way!"

LUCRETIA AND SEXTUS TARQUIN

From a painting by Alex. Cabanel

While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule chair;
And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins girt up for fight.
But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was the throng,
That scarce the train with might and main could bring their lord along.
Twelve times the crowd made at him; five times they seized his gown;
Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him down.
And sharper came the pelting; and evermore the yell —
"Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!" — rose with a louder swell:
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail
When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern gale,
When the Calabrian seamarks are lost in clouds of spume,
And the great Thunder Cape has donned his veil of inky gloom.
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the ear;
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with pain and fear.
His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with pride,
Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and swayed from side to side;
And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be!
God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see.

THE STORY OF LUCRETIA.

By LIVY.

[Titus Livius, Roman historian, was born near what is now Padua, B.C. 59. He lived at Rome under Augustus, making so splendid a literary reputation that one man went from Spain to Rome and back merely to look at him; but he retired to his native town, and died there B.C. 17. His enduring repute rests on his History of Rome from its foundation to the death of Drusus, in one hundred and forty-two books, of which only thirty-five are extant.]

As it commonly happens in standing camps, the war being rather tedious than violent, furloughs were easily obtained, more so by the officers, however, than the common soldiers. The young princes sometimes spent their leisure hours in feasting and entertainments. One day, as they were drinking in the tent of Sextus Tarquin, where Collatinus Tarquinius, the son of

Egerius, was also at supper, mention was made of wives. Every one commended his own in an extravagant manner, till a dispute arising about it, Collatinus said: "There was no occasion for words, that it might be known in a few hours how far his Lucretia excelled all the rest. If, then," added he, "we have any share of the vigor of youth, let us mount our horses and examine the behavior of our wives; that must be most satisfactory to every one, which shall meet his eyes on the unexpected arrival of the husband."

They were heated with wine: "Come on, then," say all. They immediately galloped to Rome, where they arrived in the dusk of the evening. From thence they went to Collatia, where they find Lucretia, not like the king's daughters-in-law, whom they had seen spending their time in luxurious entertainments with their equals, but, though at an advanced time of night, employed at her wool, sitting in the middle of the house amidst her maids working around her. The merit of the contest regarding the ladies was assigned to Lucretia. Her husband on his arrival, and the Tarquinii, were kindly received; the husband, proud of his victory, gives the young princes a polite invitation. There the villainous passion for violating Lucretia by force seizes Sextus Tarquin; both her beauty and her approved purity act as incentives. And then, after this youthful frolic of the night, they return to the camp.

A few days after, without the knowledge of Collatinus, Sextus came to Collatia with one attendant only; where, being kindly received by them, as not being aware of his intention, after he had been conducted after supper into the guests' chamber, burning with passion, when everything around seemed sufficiently secure, and all fast asleep, he comes to Lucretia, as she lay asleep, with a naked sword, and with his left hand pressing down the woman's breast, he says: "Be silent, Lucretia; I am Sextus Tarquin; I have a sword in my hand; you shall die, if you utter a word." When, awaking terrified from sleep, the woman beheld no aid, impending death nigh at hand; then Tarquin acknowledged his passion, entreated, mixed threats with entreaties, tried the female's mind in every possible way. When he saw her inflexible, and that she was not moved even by the terror of death, he added to terror the threat of dishonor: he says that he will lay a murdered slave naked by her side when dead, so that she may be said to have been slain in infamous adultery.

When by the terror of this disgrace his lust, as it were victorious, had overcome her inflexible chastity, and Tarquin had departed, exulting in having triumphed over a lady's honor, Lucretia, in melancholy distress at so dreadful a misfortune, dispatches the same messenger to Rome to her father, and to Ardea to her husband, that they would come each with one trusty friend; that it was necessary to do so, and that quickly. Sp. Lucretius comes with P. Valerius, the son of Volesus, Collatinus with L. Junius Brutus, with whom, as he was returning to Rome, he happened to be met by his wife's messenger. They find Lucretia sitting in her chamber in sorrowful dejection. On the arrival of her friends the tears burst from her eyes; and to her husband, on his inquiry "whether all was right," she says: "By no means, for what can be right with a woman who has lost her honor? The traces of another man are on your bed, Collatinus. But the body only has been violated, the mind is guiltless; death shall be my witness. But give me your right hands, and your honor, that the adulterer shall not come off unpunished. It is Sextus Tarquin who, an enemy in the guise of a guest, has borne away hence a triumph fatal to me and to himself, if you are men."

They all pledge their honor; they attempt to console her, distracted as she was in mind, by turning away the guilt from her, constrained by force, on the perpetrator of the crime; that it is the mind sins, not the body; and that where intention was wanting guilt could not be. "It is for you to see," says she, "what is due to him. As for me, though I acquit myself of guilt, from punishment I do not discharge myself; nor shall any woman survive her dishonor pleading the example of Lucretia." The knife, which she kept concealed beneath her garment, she plunges into her heart, and falling forward on the wound, she dropped down expiring. The husband and father shriek aloud.

Brutus, while they were overpowered with grief, having drawn the knife out of the wound, and holding it up before him reeking with blood, said: "By this blood, most pure before the pollution of royal villainy, I swear, and I call you, O gods, to witness my oath, that I shall pursue Lucius Tarquin the Proud, his wicked wife, and all their race, with fire, sword, and all other means in my power; nor shall I ever suffer them or any other to reign at Rome." Then he gave the knife to Collatinus, and after him to Lucretius and Valerius, who were

surprised at such extraordinary mind in the breast of Brutus. However, they all take the oath as they were directed, and, converting their sorrow into rage, follow Brutus as their leader, who from that time ceased not to solicit them to abolish the regal power. They carry Lucretia's body from her own house and convey it into the Forum, and assemble a number of persons, by the strangeness and atrocity of the extraordinary occurrence, as usually happens. They complain, each for himself, of the royal villainy and violence. Both the grief of the father moves them, as also Brutus, the reprover of their tears and unavailing complaints, and their adviser to take up arms against those who dared to treat them as enemies, as would become men and Romans. Each most spirited of the youth voluntarily presents himself in arms; the rest of the youth follow also. From thence, after leaving an adequate garrison at the gates at Collatia, and having appointed sentinels, so that no one might give intelligence of the disturbance to the king's party, the rest set out for Rome in arms under the conduct of Brutus.

When they arrived there, the armed multitude cause panic and confusion wherever they go. Again, when they see the principal men of the state placing themselves at their head, they think that, whatever it may be, it was not without good reason. Nor does the heinousness of the circumstance excite less violent emotions at Rome than it had done at Collatia; accordingly they run from all parts of the city into the Forum, whither, when they came, the public crier summoned them to attend the tribune of the celeres, with which office Brutus happened to be at that time vested. There a harangue was delivered by him, by no means of that feeling and capacity which had been counterfeited up to that day, concerning the violence and lust of Sextus Tarquin, the horrid violation of Lucretia, and her lamentable death, the bereavement of Tricipitinus, to whom the cause of his daughter's death was more exasperating and deplorable than the death itself. To this was added the haughty insolence of the king himself, and the sufferings and toils of the people, buried in the earth in cleansing sinks and sewers; that the Romans, the conquerors of all the surrounding states, instead of warriors had become laborers and stonecutters. The unnatural murder of King Servius Tullius was dwelt on, and his daughter's driving over the body of her father in her impious chariot, and the gods who avenge parents were invoked by him.

By stating these and other, I suppose, more exasperating circumstances, which, though by no means easily detailed by writers, the heinousness of the case suggested at the time, he persuaded the multitude, already incensed, to deprive the king of his authority, and to order the banishment of L. Tarquin, with his wife and children. He himself, having selected and armed some of the young men, who readily gave in their names, set out for Ardea to the camp, to excite the army against the king: the command in the city he leaves to Lucretius, who had been already appointed prefect of the city by the king. During this tumult Tullia fled from her house, both men and women cursing her wherever she went, and invoking on her the furies, the avengers of parents.

News of these transactions having reached the camp, when the king, alarmed at this sudden revolution, was going to Rome to quell the commotions, Brutus, for he had notice of his approach, turned out of the way, that he might not meet him; and much about the same time Brutus and Tarquin arrived by different routes, the one at Ardea, the other at Rome. The gates were shut against Tarquin, and an act of banishment passed against him; the deliverer of the state the camp received with great joy, and the king's sons were expelled. Two of them followed their father, and went into banishment to Cære, a city of Etruria. Sextus Tarquin, having gone to Gabii, as to his own kingdom, was slain by the avengers of the old feuds, which he had raised against himself by his rapines and murders. Lucius Tarquin the Proud reigned twenty-five years: the regal form of government continued from the building of the city to this period of its deliverance, two hundred and forty-four years. Two consuls, viz., Lucius Junius Brutus and Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus, were elected by the prefect of the city at the comitia by centuries, according to the commentaries of Servius Tullius.

THE WAR SONGS OF TYRTÆUS.

TRANSLATED BY POLWHELE.

[TYRTÆUS, Greek elegiac poet, was a native of Attica, and lived about B.C. 700 The Lacedæmonians applied to the Athenians for a commander to lead them in the second Messenian war. They were presented with Tyrtæus. The war

lyrics which he composed so animated the flagging spirits of the Spartan troops that they renewed the contest, and ultimately secured a complete triumph to their arms.]

If, fighting for his dear paternal soil,
The soldier in the front of battle fall;
'Tis not in fickle fortune to despoil
His store of fame, that shines the charge of all.

But if, opprest by penury, he rove
Far from his native town and fertile plain,
And lead the sharer of his fondest love,
In youth too tender, with her infant train;

And if his aged mother — his shrunk sire
Join the sad group; so many a bitter ill
Against the houseless family conspire,
And all the measure of the wretched fill.

Pale, shivering want, companion of his way,
He meets the luster of no pitying eye;
To hunger and dire infamy a prey —
Dark hatred scowls, and scorn quick passes by.

Alas! no traits of beauty or of birth —
No blush now lingers in his sunken face;
Dies every feeling (as he roams o'er earth)
Of shame transmitted to a wondering race.

But be it ours to guard this hallowed spot,
To shield the tender offspring and the wife;
Here steadily await our destined lot,
And, for their sakes, resign the gift of life.

Ye valorous youths, in squadrons close combined,
Rush with a noble impulse to the fight!
Let not a thought of life glance o'er your mind,
And not a momentary dream of flight.

Watch your hoar seniors, bent by feeble age,
Whose weak knees fail, though strong their ardor glows;
Nor leave such warriors to the battle's rage,
But round their awful spirits firmly close.

Base, base the sight, if, foremost on the plain,
In dust and carnage the fallen veteran roll;
And ah! while youths shrink back, unshielded, stain
His silver temples and breathe out his soul!

Thus, then, bold youth, the rules of valor learn:
Stand firm, and fix on earth thy rooted feet;
Bite with thy teeth thy eager lips; and stern,
In conscious strength, the rushing onset meet:

And shelter with thy broad and bossy shield
Thy thighs and shins, thy shoulders and thy breast;
The long spear ponderous in thy right hand wield,
And on thy head, high nod the dreadful crest.

Mark well the lessons of the warlike art,
That teach thee, if the shield with ample round
Protect thy bosom, to approach the dart,
Nor choose, with timid care, the distant ground.

But, for close combat with the fronting foe,
Elate, in valorous attitude draw near;
And aiming, hand to hand, the fatal blow,
Brandish thy tempered blade or massy spear.

Yes! for the rage of stubborn grapple steeled,
Grasp the sword's hilt, and couch the long-beat lance;
Foot to the foeman's foot, and shield to shield,
Crest even to crest, and helm to helm, advance.

Each mortal, though he boasts celestial fires,
Slave to the sovereign destiny of death,
Or mid the carnage of the plain expires,
Or yields, unwept, at home his coward breath.

Yet sympathy attends the brave man's bier;
Sees on each wound the balmy grief bestowed;
And, as in death the universal tear,
Through life inspires the homage of a god.

For like a turret his proud glories rise,
And stand, above the rival's reach, alone;
While millions hail, with fond, adoring eyes,
The deeds of many a hero meet in one.

OF FEMININE SUBTLETY.

(From the "Gesta Romanorum.")

KING DARIUS was a circumspect prince, and had three sons, whom he much loved. On his deathbed he bequeathed the kingdom to his firstborn; to the second, all his own personal acquisitions; and to the third a golden ring, a necklace, and a piece of valuable cloth. The ring had the power to render any one who bore it on his finger beloved; and, moreover, obtained for him whatsoever he sought. The necklace enabled the person who wore it upon his breast to accomplish his heart's desire; and the cloth had such virtue, that whosoever sat upon it and thought where he would be carried, there he instantly found himself. These three gifts the king conferred upon the younger son, for the purpose of aiding his studies; but the mother retained them until he was of a proper age. Soon after the bequests, the old monarch gave up the ghost, and was magnificently buried. The two elder sons then took possession of their legacies, and the mother of the younger delivered to him the ring, with the caution that he should beware of the artifices of women, or he would otherwise lose it. Jonathan (for that was his name) took the ring, and went zealously to his studies, in which he made himself a proficient. But walking on a certain day through the street, he observed a very beautiful woman, with whom he was so much struck, that he took her to him. He continued, however, to use the ring, and found favor with every one, insomuch that whatever he desired he had.

Now, the lady was greatly surprised that he lived so splendidly, having no possessions; and once, when he was particularly exhilarated, tenderly embraced him, and protested that there was not a creature under the sun whom she loved so much as she did him. He ought therefore, she thought, to tell her by what means he supported his magnificence. He, suspecting nothing, explained the virtues of the ring; and she begged that he would be careful of so invaluable a treasure. "But," added she, "in your daily intercourse with men you may lose it: place it in my custody, I beseech you." Overcome by her entreaties, he gave up the ring; and when his necessities came upon him, she asserted loudly that thieves had carried it off.

He lamented bitterly that now he had not any means of subsistence; and, hastening to his mother, stated how he had lost his ring. "My son," said she, "I forewarned you of what would happen, but you have paid no attention to my advice. Here is the necklace; preserve it more carefully. If it be lost, you will forever want a thing of the greatest honor and profit." Jonathan took the necklace, and returned to his studies. At the gate of the city his mistress met him, and received him with the appearance of great joy. He remained with her, wearing the necklace upon his breast; and whatever he thought, he possessed. As before, he lived so gloriously that the lady wondered, well knowing that he had neither gold nor silver. She guessed, therefore, that he carried another talisman; and cunningly drew from him the history of the wonder-working necklace. "Why," said the lady, "do you always take it with you? You may think in one moment more than can be made use of in a year. Let me keep it." "No," replied he, "you will lose the necklace, as you lost the ring; and thus I shall receive the greatest possible injury." "O my lord," replied she, "I have learnt, by having had the custody of the ring, how to secure the necklace; and I assure you no one can possibly get it from me." The silly youth confided in her words, and delivered the necklace.

Now, when all he possessed was expended, he sought his talisman; and she, as before, solemnly protested that it had been stolen. This threw Jonathan into the greatest distress. "Am I mad," cried he, "that after the loss of my ring I should give up the necklace?" Immediately hastening to his mother, he related to her the whole circumstance. Not a little afflicted, she said, "Oh, my dear child, why didst thou place confidence in the woman? People will believe thee a fool: but be wise, for I have nothing more for you than the valuable cloth which your father left: and if you lose that, it will be quite useless returning to me." Jonathan received the cloth, and again went to his studies. The harlot seemed very joyful; and he, spreading out the cloth, said, "My dear girl, my father bequeathed me this beautiful cloth; sit down upon it by my side." She complied, and Jonathan secretly wished that they were in a desert place, out of the reach of man. The talisman took effect; they were carried into a forest on the utmost boundary of the world, where there was not a trace of humanity. The lady wept bitterly, but Jonathan paid no regard to her tears. He solemnly

vowed to Heaven that he would leave her a prey to the wild beasts, unless she restored his ring and necklace; and this she promised to do. Presently, yielding to her request, the foolish Jonathan discovered the power of the cloth; and, in a little time being weary, placed his head in her lap and slept. In the interim, she contrived to draw away that part of the cloth upon which he reposed, and sitting upon it alone, wished herself where she had been in the morning. The cloth immediately executed her wishes, and left Jonathan slumbering in the forest. When he awoke, and found his cloth and his mistress departed, he burst into an agony of tears. Where to bend his steps he knew not; but arising, and fortifying himself with the sign of the cross, he walked along a certain path, until he reached a deep river, over which he must pass. But he found it so bitter and hot, that it even separated the flesh from the bones. Full of grief, he conveyed away a small quantity of that water, and when he had proceeded a little further, felt hungry. A tree upon which hung the most tempting fruit invited him to partake; he did so, and immediately became a leper. He gathered also a little of the fruit, and conveyed it with him. After traveling for some time, he arrived at another stream, of which the virtue was such, that it restored the flesh to his feet; and eating of a second tree, he was cleansed from his leprosy. Some of that fruit he likewise took along with him.

Walking in this manner day after day, he came at length to a castle, where he was met by two men, who inquired what he was. "I am a physician," answered he. "This is lucky," said the others; "the king of this country is a leper, and if you are able to cure him of his leprosy, vast rewards will be assigned you." He promised to try his skill; and they led him forward to the king. The result was fortunate; he supplied him with the fruit of the second tree, and the leprosy left him; and washing the flesh with the water, it was completely restored. Being rewarded most bountifully, he embarked on board a vessel for his native city. There he circulated a report that a great physician was arrived; and the lady who had cheated him of the talismans, being sick unto death, immediately sent for him. Jonathan was so much disguised that she retained no recollection of him, but he very well remembered her. As soon as he arrived, he declared that medicine would avail nothing, unless she first confessed her sins; and if she had defrauded

THE NYMPHS

From a painting by A. Rieger

any one, it must be restored. The lady, reduced to the very verge of the grave, in a low voice acknowledged that she had cheated Jonathan of the ring, necklace, and cloth; and had left him in a desert place to be devoured by wild beasts. When she had said this, the pretended physician exclaimed, "Tell me, lady, where these talismans are?" "In that chest," answered she, and delivered up the keys, by which he obtained possession of his treasures. Jonathan then gave her of the fruit which produced leprosy; and, after she had eaten, of the water which separated the flesh from the bones. The consequence was that she was excruciated with agony, and shortly died. Jonathan hastened to his mother, and the whole kingdom rejoiced at his return. He told by what means God had freed him from such various dangers; and, having lived many years, ended his days in peace.

Application.

My beloved, the king is Christ; the queen mother, the Church; and the three sons, men living in the world. The third son is any good Christian; the ring is faith; the necklace is grace or hope; and the cloth, charity. The concubine is the flesh; the bitter water is repentance, and the first fruit is remorse; the second water is confession, and the second fruit is prayer, fasting, and almsgiving. The leprous king is any sinful man; the ship in which Jonathan embarked is the divine command.

NYMPHS.

By THOMAS WADE.

[1805–1876.]

Beautiful Things of Old! why are ye gone forever
Out of the earth? O, why?
Dryad and Oread, and ye, Nereids blue!
Whose presence woods and hills and sea rocks knew.
Ye have passed from Faith's dim eye,
And save by poet's lip your names are honored never.

The sun on the calm sea sheddeth a golden glory,
The rippling waves break whitely,
The sands are level and the shingle bright,
The green cliffs wear the pomp of heaven's light,
And seaweeds idle lightly
Over the rocks; but ye appear not, Dreams of Story!

Nymphs of the Sea! Faith's heart hath fled from ye — hath fled;
Ye are her boasted scorn;
Save to the poet's soul, the sculptor's thought,
The painter's fancy, ye are now as naught:
Mute is old Triton's horn,
And with it half the voice of the Old World is dead.

Our creeds are not less vain; our sleeping life still dreams;
The present, like the past,
Passes in joy and sorrow, love and shame;
Truth dwells as deep; wisdom is yet a name;
Life still to death flies fast;
And the same shrouded light from the dark future gleams.

Oh, for a sweet lagoon guarded with coral walls,
Where, in the crystal sea,
Mermaid and singing siren shout and splash,
Nymph and peerless Nereid dive and dash,
Whose laughter would not be
Echoes of faiths long dead in Time's decaying halls.

But the old story told and men's souls thrilled once more
With that immortal throng
Of fabled forms that dwell in forests wide,
Of glorious shapes that breast the flowing tide,
The sirens and their song —
Oh, shall such happiness return to Earth's beclouded shore?

Spirits of vale and hill, of river and of ocean, —
Ye thousand deities!
Over the earth be president again;
And dance upon the mountain and the main
In view of mortal eyes:
Love us, and be beloved, with the Old Time's devotion!

THE GORGON'S HEAD.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: American story-writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. His official positions, in the custom house at Salem and as United States consul at Liverpool, furnished him with many opportunities for the study of human nature. His literary popularity was of slow growth, but was founded on the eternal verities. His most famous novels are "The Scarlet Letter," 1850; "The House of the Seven Gables," 1851; "The Blithedale Romance," 1852; "The Marble Faun," 1860; "Septimius Felton," posthumous. He wrote a great number of short stories, inimitable in style and full of weird imagination. "Twice-told Tales," first series, appeared in 1837; "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales," in 1852; "Tanglewood Tales," in 1853.]

THE story of Perseus, like the other classic legends that treat of the fundamental facts of human life, is marvelously independent of all temporary modes and circumstances. The origin of these immortal fables is lost in the depths of time, and as long as man exists they can never perish, for by their indestructibility itself, they are legitimate subjects for every age to clothe with its own garniture of manners and sentiments, and to imbue them with its own morality. No epoch of time can claim a copyright in these powerful interpretations of life.

Perseus was the son of Danaë, who was the daughter of a king, and when Perseus was a very little boy some wicked people put his mother and himself into a chest and set them afloat upon the sea. The wind blew freshly and drove the chest away from the shore, and the uneasy billows tossed it up and down, while Danaë clasped her child closely to her bosom, and dreaded that some big wave would dash its foamy crest over them both. The chest sailed on, however, and neither sank nor was upset, until, when night was coming, it floated so near an island that it got entangled in a fisherman's nets and was drawn out high and dry upon the sand. The island was called Seriphus, and it was reigned over by King Polydectes, who happened to be the fisherman's brother.

This fisherman, I am glad to tell you, was an exceedingly humane and upright man. He showed great kindness to Danaë and her little boy, and continued to befriend them until Perseus had grown to be a handsome youth, very strong and active and skillful in the use of arms. Long before this time King Polydectes had seen the two strangers — the mother and her

child — who had come to his dominions in a floating chest. As he was not good and kind like his brother the fisherman, but extremely wicked, he resolved to send Perseus on a dangerous enterprise in which he would probably be killed, and then to do some great mischief to Danaë herself. So this bad-hearted king spent a long while in considering what was the most dangerous thing that a young man could possibly undertake to perform. At last, having hit upon an enterprise that promised to turn out as fatally as he desired, he sent for the youthful Perseus.

The young man came to the palace, and found the king sitting upon his throne.

"Perseus," said King Polydectes, smiling craftily upon him, "you are grown up a fine young man. You and your good mother have received a great deal of kindness from myself, as well as from my worthy brother the fisherman, and I suppose you would not be sorry to repay some of it."

"Please, your majesty," answered Perseus, "I would willingly risk my life to do so."

"Well, then," continued the king, still with a cunning smile on his lips, "I have a little adventure to propose to you; and, as you are a brave and enterprising youth, you will doubtless look upon it as a great piece of good luck to have so rare an opportunity of distinguishing yourself. You must know, my good Perseus, I think of getting married to the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and it is customary on these occasions to make the bride a present of some far-fetched and elegant curiosity. I have been a little perplexed, I must honestly confess, where to obtain anything likely to please a princess of her exquisite taste. But this morning, I flatter myself, I have thought of precisely the article."

"And can I assist your majesty in obtaining it?" cried Perseus, eagerly.

"You can, if you are as brave a youth as I believe you to be," replied King Polydectes, with the utmost graciousness of manner. "The bridal gift which I have set my heart on presenting to the beautiful Hippodamia is the head of the Gorgon Medusa with the snaky locks, and I depend on you, my dear Perseus, to bring it to me. So, as I am anxious to settle affairs with the princess, the sooner you go in quest of the Gorgon the better I shall be pleased."

"I will set out to-morrow morning," answered Perseus.

"Pray do so, my gallant youth," rejoined the king. "And, Perseus, in cutting off the Gorgon's head be careful to make a clean stroke, so as not to injure its appearance. You must bring it home in the very best condition in order to suit the exquisite taste of the beautiful Princess Hippodamia."

Perseus left the palace, but was scarcely out of hearing before Polydectes burst into a laugh, being greatly amused, wicked king that he was, to find how readily the young man fell into the snare. The news quickly spread abroad that Perseus had undertaken to cut off the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. Everybody was rejoiced, for most of the inhabitants of the island were as wicked as the king himself, and would have liked nothing better than to see some enormous mischief happen to Danaë and her son. The only good man in this unfortunate island of Seriphus appears to have been the fisherman. As Perseus walked along, therefore, the people pointed after him, and made mouths, and winked to one another, and ridiculed him as loudly as they dared.

"Ho, ho!" cried they; "Medusa's snakes will sting him soundly!"

Now, there were three Gorgons alive at that period, and they were the most strange and terrible monsters that had ever been seen since the world was made, or that have been seen in after days, or that are likely to be seen in all time to come. I hardly know what sort of creature or hobgoblin to call them. They were three sisters, and seem to have borne some distant resemblance to woman, but were really a very frightful and mischievous species of dragon. It is indeed difficult to imagine what hideous beings these three sisters were. Why, instead of locks of hair, if you can believe me, they had each of them a hundred enormous snakes growing on their heads, all alive, twisting, wriggling, curling, and thrusting out their venomous tongues with forked stings at the end. The teeth of the Gorgons were terribly long tusks; their hands were made of brass; and their bodies were all over scales, which, if not iron, were something as hard and impenetrable. They had wings, too, and exceedingly splendid ones, I can assure you, for every feather in them was pure, bright, glittering, burnished gold, and they looked very dazzling, no doubt, when the Gorgons were flying about in the sunshine.

But when people happened to catch a glimpse of their glittering brightness aloft in the air, they seldom stopped to gaze,

but ran and hid themselves as speedily as they could. You will think, perhaps, that they were afraid of being stung by the serpents that served the Gorgons instead of hair, or of having their heads bitten off by their ugly tusks, or of being torn all to pieces by their brazen claws. Well, to be sure, these were some of the dangers, but by no means the greatest nor the most difficult to avoid. For the worst thing about these abominable Gorgons was that if once a poor mortal fixed his eyes full upon one of their faces, he was certain that very instant to be changed from warm flesh and blood into cold and lifeless stone.

Thus, as you will easily perceive, it was a very dangerous adventure that the wicked King Polydectes had contrived for this innocent young man. Perseus himself, when he had thought over the matter, could not help seeing that he had very little chance of coming safely through it, and that he was far more likely to become a stone image than to bring back the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. For, not to speak of other difficulties, there was one which it would have puzzled an older man than Perseus to get over. Not only must he fight with and slay this golden-winged, iron-scaled, long-tusked, brazen-clawed, snaky-haired monster, but he must do it with his eyes shut, or at least without so much as a glance at the enemy with whom he was contending. Else, while his arm was lifted to strike, he would stiffen into stone, and stand with that uplifted arm for centuries, until time and the wind and weather should crumble him quite away. This would be a very sad thing to befall a young man who wanted to perform a great many brave deeds and to enjoy a great deal of happiness in this bright and beautiful world.

So disconsolate did these thoughts make him that Perseus could not bear to tell his mother what he had undertaken to do. He therefore took his shield, girded on his sword, and crossed over from the island to the mainland, where he sat down in a solitary place and hardly refrained from shedding tears.

But while he was in this sorrowful mood he heard a voice close beside him.

"Perseus," said the voice, "why are you sad?"

He lifted his head from his hands, in which he had hidden it, and, behold! all alone as Perseus had supposed himself to be, there was a stranger in the solitary place. It was a brisk, intelligent, and remarkably shrewd-looking young man, with

a cloak over his shoulders, an odd sort of cap on his head, a strangely twisted staff in his hand, and a short and very crooked sword hanging by his side. He was exceeding light and active in his figure, like a person much accustomed to gymnastic exercises and well able to leap or run. Above all, the stranger had such a cheerful, knowing, and helpful aspect (though it was certainly a little mischievous into the bargain) that Perseus could not help feeling his spirits grow livelier as he gazed at him. Besides, being really a courageous youth, he felt greatly ashamed that anybody should have found him with tears in his eyes, like a timid little schoolboy, when, after all, there might be no occasion for despair. So Perseus wiped his eyes and answered the stranger pretty briskly, putting on as brave a look as he could.

"I am not so very sad," said he; "only thoughtful about an adventure that I have undertaken."

"Oho!" answered the stranger. "Well, tell me all about it, and possibly I may be of service to you. I have helped a good many young men through adventures that looked difficult enough beforehand. Perhaps you may have heard of me. I have more names than one, but the name of Quicksilver suits me as well as any other. Tell me what your trouble is, and we will talk the matter over and see what can be done."

The stranger's words and manner put Perseus into quite a different mood from his former one. He resolved to tell Quicksilver all his difficulties, since he could not easily be worse off than he already was, and very possibly his new friend might give him some advice that would turn out well in the end. So he let the stranger know, in few words, precisely what the case was — how that King Polydectes wanted the head of Medusa with the snaky locks as a bridal gift for the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and how that he had undertaken to get it for him, but was afraid of being turned into stone.

"And that would be a great pity," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile. "You would make a very handsome marble statue, it is true, and it would be a considerable number of centuries before you crumbled away, but, on the whole, one would rather be a young man for a few years than a stone image for a great many."

"Oh, far rather!" exclaimed Perseus, with the tears again standing in his eyes. "And, besides, what would my dear mother do if her beloved son were turned into a stone?"

"Well, well! let us hope that the affair will not turn out so very badly," replied Quicksilver in an encouraging tone. "I am the very person to help you, if anybody can. My sister and myself will do our utmost to bring you safe through the adventure, ugly as it now looks."

"Your sister?" repeated Perseus.

"Yes, my sister," said the stranger. "She is very wise, I promise you; and as for myself, I generally have all my wits about me, such as they are. If you show yourself bold and cautious and follow our advice, you need not fear being a stone image yet a while. But, first of all, you must polish your shield till you can see your face in it as distinctly as in a mirror."

This seemed to Perseus rather an odd beginning of the adventure, for he thought it of far more consequence that the shield should be strong enough to defend him from the Gorgons' brazen claws than that it should be bright enough to show him the reflection of his face. However, concluding that Quicksilver knew better than himself, he immediately set to work and scrubbed the shield with so much diligence and good will that it very quickly shone like the moon at harvest time. Quicksilver looked at it with a smile and nodded his approbation. Then, taking off his own short and crooked sword, he girded it about Perseus, instead of the one which he had before worn.

"No sword but mine will answer your purpose," observed he; "the blade has a most excellent temper, and will cut through iron and brass as easily as through the slenderest twig. And now we will set out. The next thing is to find the Three Gray Women, who will tell us where to find the Nymphs."

"The Three Gray Women!" cried Perseus, to whom this seemed only a new difficulty in the path of his adventure; "pray, who may the Three Gray Women be? I never heard of them before."

"They are three very strange old ladies," said Quicksilver, laughing. "They have but one eye among them, and only one tooth. Moreover, you must find them out by starlight or in the dusk of the evening, for they never show themselves by the light either of the sun or moon."

"But," said Perseus, "why should I waste my time with these Three Gray Women? Would it not be better to set out at once in search of the terrible Gorgons?"

"No, no," answered his friend. "There are other things to be done before you can find your way to the Gorgons. There is nothing for it but to hunt up these old ladies, and when we meet with them you may be sure that the Gorgons are not a great way off. Come, let us be stirring."

Perseus by this time felt so much confidence in his companion's sagacity that he made no more objections, and professed himself ready to begin the adventure immediately. They accordingly set out and walked at a pretty brisk pace — so brisk, indeed, that Perseus found it rather difficult to keep up with his nimble friend Quicksilver. To say the truth, he had a singular idea that Quicksilver was furnished with a pair of winged shoes, which of course helped him along marvelously. And then, too, when Perseus looked sideways at him out of the corner of his eye, he seemed to see wings on the side of his head, although, if he turned a full gaze, there were no such things to be perceived, but only an odd kind of cap. But, at all events, the twisted staff was evidently a great convenience to Quicksilver, and enabled him to proceed so fast that Perseus, though a remarkably active young man, began to be out of breath.

"Here!" cried Quicksilver at last — for he knew well enough, rogue that he was, how hard Perseus found it to keep pace with him — "take you the staff, for you need it a great deal more than I. Are there no better walkers than yourself in the island of Seriphus?"

"I could walk pretty well," said Perseus, glancing slyly at his companion's feet, "if I had only a pair of winged shoes."

"We must see about getting you a pair," answered Quicksilver.

But the staff helped Perseus along so bravely that he no longer felt the slightest weariness. In fact, the stick seemed to be alive in his hand, and to lend some of its life to Perseus. He and Quicksilver now walked onward at their ease, talking very sociably together, and Quicksilver told so many pleasant stories about his former adventures, and how well his wits had served him on various occasions, that Perseus began to think him a very wonderful person. He evidently knew the world, and nobody is so charming to a young man as a friend who has that kind of knowledge. Perseus listened the more eagerly in the hope of brightening his own wits by what he heard.

At last he happened to recollect that Quicksilver had spoken

of a sister who was to lend her assistance in the adventure which they were now bound upon.

"Where is she?" he inquired. "Shall we not meet her soon?"

"All at the proper time," said his companion. "But this sister of mine, you must understand, is quite a different sort of character from myself. She is very grave and prudent, seldom smiles, never laughs, and makes it a rule not to utter a word unless she has something particularly profound to say. Neither will she listen to any but the wisest conversation."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Perseus; "I shall be afraid to say a syllable."

"She is a very accomplished person, I assure you," continued Quicksilver, "and has all the arts and sciences at her fingers' ends. In short, she is so immoderately wise that many people call her wisdom personified. But, to tell you the truth, she has hardly vivacity enough for my taste, and I think you would scarcely find her so pleasant a traveling companion as myself. She has her good points, nevertheless, and you will find the benefit of them in your encounter with the Gorgons."

By this time it had grown quite dusk. They were now come to a very wild and desert place, overgrown with shaggy bushes, and so silent and solitary that nobody seemed ever to have dwelt or journeyed there. All was waste and desolate in the gray twilight, which grew every moment more obscure. Perseus looked about him rather disconsolately, and asked Quicksilver whether they had a great deal farther to go.

"Hist! hist!" whispered his companion. "Make no noise. This is just the time and place to meet the Three Gray Women. Be careful that they do not see you before you see them, for, though they have but a single eye among the three, it is as sharp-sighted as half a dozen common eyes."

"But what must I do," asked Perseus, "when we meet them?"

Quicksilver explained to Perseus how the Three Gray Women managed with their one eye. They were in the habit, it seems, of changing it from one to another, as if it had been a pair of spectacles or — which would have suited them better — a quizzing glass. When one of the three had kept the eye a certain time, she took it out of the socket and passed it to one of her sisters whose turn it might happen to be, and who im-

mediately clapped it into her own head and enjoyed a peep at the visible world. Thus it will easily be understood that only one of the Three Gray Women could see, while the other two were in utter darkness; and, moreover, at the instant when the eye was passing from hand to hand neither of the poor old ladies was able to see a wink. I have heard of a great many strange things in my day, and have witnessed not a few, but none, it seems to me, that can compare with the oddity of these Three Gray Women all peeping through a single eye.

So thought Perseus likewise, and was so astonished that he almost fancied his companion was joking with him, and that there were no such old women in the world.

"You will soon find whether I tell the truth or no," observed Quicksilver. "Hark! hush! hist! hist! There they come, now!"

Perseus looked earnestly through the dusk of the evening, and there, sure enough, at no great distance off, he descried the Three Gray Women. The light being so faint, he could not well make out what sort of figures they were, only he discovered that they had long gray hair, and as they came nearer he saw that two of them had but the empty socket of an eye in the middle of their foreheads. But in the middle of the third sister's forehead there was a very large, bright, and piercing eye, which sparkled like a great diamond in a ring; and so penetrating did it seem to be that Perseus could not help thinking it must possess the gift of seeing in the darkest midnight just as perfectly as at noonday. The sight of three persons' eyes was melted and collected into that single one.

Thus the three old dames got along about as comfortably, upon the whole, as if they could all see at once. She who chanced to have the eye in her forehead led the other two by the hands, peeping sharply about her all the while, insomuch that Perseus dreaded lest she should see right through the thick clump of bushes behind which he and Quicksilver had hidden themselves. My stars! it was positively terrible to be within reach of so very sharp an eye.

But before they reached the clump of bushes one of the Three Gray Women spoke.

"Sister! Sister Scarecrow!" cried she, "you have had the eye long enough. It is my turn now!"

"Let me keep it a moment longer, Sister Nightmare," an-

swered Scarecrow. "I thought I had a glimpse of something behind that thick bush."

"Well, and what of that?" retorted Nightmare, peevishly. "Can't I see into a thick bush as easily as yourself? The eye is mine as well as yours, and I know the use of it as well as you, or maybe a little better. I insist upon taking a peep immediately."

But here the third sister, whose name was Shakejoint, began to complain, and said that it was her turn to have the eye, and that Scarecrow and Nightmare wanted to keep it all to themselves. To end the dispute, old Dame Scarecrow took the eye out of her forehead and held it forth in her hand.

"Take it, one of you," cried she, "and quit this foolish quarreling. For my part, I shall be glad of a little thick darkness. Take it quickly, however, or I must clap it into my own head again."

Accordingly, both Nightmare and Shakejoint stretched out their hands, groping eagerly to snatch the eye out of the hand of Scarecrow. But, being both alike blind, they could not easily find where Scarecrow's hand was; and Scarecrow, being now just as much in the dark as Shakejoint and Nightmare, could not at once meet either of their hands in order to put the eye into it. Thus (as you will see with half an eye, my wise little auditors) these good old dames had fallen into a strange perplexity. For, though the eye shone and glistened like a star as Scarecrow held it out, yet the Gray Women caught not the least glimpse of its light, and were, all three, in utter darkness from too impatient a desire to see.

Quicksilver was so much tickled at beholding Shakejoint and Nightmare both groping for the eye, and each finding fault with Scarecrow and with one another, that he could scarcely help laughing aloud.

"Now is your time!" he whispered to Perseus. "Quick, quick! before they can clap the eye into either of their heads. Rush out upon the old ladies and snatch it from Scarecrow's hand."

In an instant, while the Three Gray Women were still scolding each other, Perseus leaped from behind the clump of bushes and made himself master of the prize. The marvelous eye, as he held it in his hand, shone very brightly, and seemed to look up into his face with a knowing air, and an expression as if it would have winked had it been provided with a pair of

eyelids for that purpose. But the Gray Women knew nothing of what had happened, and, each supposing that one of her sisters was in possession of the eye, they began their quarrel anew. At last, as Perseus did not wish to put these respectable dames to greater inconvenience than was really necessary, he thought it right to explain the matter.

"My good ladies," said he, "pray do not be angry with one another. If anybody is in fault, it is myself, for I have the honor to hold your very brilliant and excellent eye in my own hand."

"You! you have our eye? And who are you?" screamed the Three Gray Women all in a breath, for they were terribly frightened, of course, at hearing a strange voice and discovering that their eyesight had got into the hands of they could not guess whom. "Oh, what shall we do, sisters? what shall we do? We are all in the dark! Give us our eye! Give us our one precious, solitary eye! You have two of your own! Give us our eye!"

"Tell them," whispered Quicksilver to Perseus, "that they shall have back the eye as soon as they direct you where to find the Nymphs who have the flying slippers, the magic wallet, and the helmet of darkness."

"My dear, good, admirable old ladies," said Perseus, addressing the Gray Women, "there is no occasion for putting yourselves into such a fright. I am by no means a bad young man. You shall have back your eye, safe and sound and as bright as ever, the moment you tell me where to find the Nymphs."

"The Nymphs! Goodness me! sisters, what Nymphs does he mean?" screamed Scarecrow. "There are a great many Nymphs, people say — some that go a hunting in the woods, and some that live inside of trees, and some that have a comfortable home in fountains of water. We know nothing at all about them. We are three unfortunate old souls that go wandering about in the dusk, and never had but one eye among us, and that one you have stolen away. Oh, give it back, good stranger! whoever you are, give it back!"

All this while the Three Gray Women were groping with their outstretched hands and trying their utmost to get hold of Perseus, but he took good care to keep out of their reach.

"My respectable dames," said he — for his mother had taught him always to use the greatest civility — "I hold your eye fast in my hand, and shall keep it safely for you until you please to

tell me where to find these Nymphs — the Nymphs, I mean, who keep the enchanted wallet, the flying slippers, and the — what is it? — the helmet of invisibility."

"Mercy on us, sisters! what is the young man talking about?" exclaimed Scarecrow, Nightmare, and Shakejoint one to another, with great appearance of astonishment. "A pair of flying slippers, quoth he! His heels would quickly fly higher than his head if he were silly enough to put them on. And a helmet of invisibility! How could a helmet make him invisible unless it were big enough for him to hide under it? And the enchanted wallet! What sort of a contrivance may that be, I wonder? No, no, good stranger! we can tell you nothing of these marvelous things. You have two eyes of your own, and we but a single one among us three. You can find out such wonders better than three blind old creatures like us."

Perseus, hearing them talk in this way, began really to think that the Gray Women knew nothing of the matter, and, as it grieved him to have put them to so much trouble, he was just on the point of restoring their eye and asking pardon for his rudeness in snatching it away. But Quicksilver caught his hand.

"Don't let them make a fool of you," said he. "These Three Gray Women are the only persons in the world that can tell you where to find the Nymphs, and unless you get that information you will never succeed in cutting off the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. Keep fast hold of the eye and all will go well."

As it turned out, Quicksilver was in the right. There are but few things that people prize so much as they do their eyesight, and the Gray Women valued their single eye as highly as if it had been half a dozen, which was the number they ought to have had. Finding that there was no other way of recovering it, they at last told Perseus what he wanted to know. No sooner had they done so than he immediately and with the utmost respect clapped the eye into the vacant socket in one of their foreheads, thanked them for their kindness, and bade them farewell. Before the young man was out of hearing, however, they had got into a new dispute because he happened to have given the eye to Scarecrow, who had already taken her turn of it when their trouble with Perseus commenced.

It is greatly to be feared that the Three Gray Women were very much in the habit of disturbing their mutual harmony by

bickerings of this sort, which was the more pity as they could not conveniently do without one another, and were evidently intended to be inseparable companions. As a general rule, I would advise all people, whether sisters or brothers, old or young, who chance to have but one eye among them, to cultivate forbearance, and not all insist upon peeping through it at once.

Quicksilver and Perseus in the mean time were making the best of their way in quest of the Nymphs. The old dames had given them such particular directions that they were not long in finding them out. They proved to be very different persons from Nightmare, Shakejoint, and Scarecrow, for instead of being old they were young and beautiful, and instead of one eye among the sisterhood each Nymph had two exceedingly bright eyes of her own, with which she looked very kindly at Perseus. They seemed to be acquainted with Quicksilver, and when he told them the adventure which Perseus had undertaken they made no difficulty about giving him the valuable articles that were in their custody. In the first place, they brought out what appeared to be a small purse, made of deerskin and curiously embroidered, and bade him be sure and keep it safe. This was the magic wallet. The Nymphs next produced a pair of shoes or slippers or sandals with a nice little pair of wings at the heel of each.

"Put them on, Perseus," said Quicksilver. "You will find yourself as light-heeled as you can desire for the remainder of our journey."

So Perseus proceeded to put one of the slippers on, while he laid the other on the ground by his side. Unexpectedly, however, this other slipper spread its wings, fluttered up off the ground, and would probably have flown away if Quicksilver had not made a leap and luckily caught it in the air.

"Be more careful," said he as he gave it back to Perseus. "It would frighten the birds up aloft if they should see a flying slipper amongst them."

When Perseus had got on both of these wonderful slippers he was altogether too buoyant to tread on earth. Making a step or two, lo and behold! upward he popped into the air, high above the heads of Quicksilver and the Nymphs, and found it very difficult to clamber down again. Winged slippers and all such high-flying contrivances are seldom quite easy to manage until one grows a little accustomed to them. Quicksilver

laughed at his companion's involuntary activity, and told him that he must not be in so desperate a hurry, but must wait for the invisible helmet.

The good-natured Nymphs had the helmet with its dark tuft of waving plumes all in readiness to put upon his head. And now there happened about as wonderful an incident as anything that I have yet told you. The instant before the helmet was put on, there stood Perseus, a beautiful young man with golden ringlets and rosy cheeks, the crooked sword by his side, and the brightly polished shield upon his arm — a figure that seemed all made up of courage, sprightliness, and glorious light. But when the helmet had descended over his white brow there was no longer any Perseus to be seen! Nothing but empty air! Even the helmet that covered him with its invisibility had vanished!

"Where are you, Perseus?" asked Quicksilver.

"Why, here, to be sure!" answered Perseus, very quietly, although his voice seemed to come out of the transparent atmosphere. "Just where I was a moment ago. Don't you see me?"

"No, indeed!" answered his friend. "You are hidden under the helmet. But if I cannot see you, neither can the Gorgons. Follow me, therefore, and we will try your dexterity in using the winged slippers."

With these words Quicksilver's cap spread its wings, as if his head were about to fly away from his shoulders; but his whole figure rose lightly into the air, and Perseus followed. By the time they had ascended a few hundred feet the young man began to feel what a delightful thing it was to leave the dull earth so far beneath him and to be able to flit about like a bird.

It was now deep night. Perseus looked upward and saw the round, bright, silvery moon, and thought that he should desire nothing better than to soar up thither and spend his life there. Then he looked downward again and saw the earth, with its seas and lakes, and the silver courses of its rivers, and snowy mountain peaks, and the breadth of its fields, and the dark cluster of its woods, and its cities of white marble; and, with the moonshine sleeping over the whole scene, it was as beautiful as the moon or any star could be. And, among other objects, he saw the island of Seriphus, where his dear mother was. Sometimes he and Quicksilver approached a cloud that at a distance looked as if it were made of fleecy silver, although

when they plunged into it they found themselves chilled and moistened with gray mist. So swift was their flight, however, that in an instant they emerged from the cloud into the moonlight again. Once a high-soaring eagle flew right against the invisible Perseus. The bravest sights were the meteors that gleamed suddenly out as if a bonfire had been kindled in the sky, and made the sunshine pale for as much as a hundred miles around them.

As the two companions flew onward Perseus fancied that he could hear the rustle of a garment close by his side; and it was on the side opposite to the one where he beheld Quicksilver, yet only Quicksilver was visible.

"Whose garment is this," inquired Perseus, "that keeps rustling close beside me in the breeze?"

"Oh, it is my sister's!" answered Quicksilver. "She is coming along with us, as I told you she would. We could do nothing without the help of my sister. You have no idea how wise she is. She has such eyes, too! Why, she can see you at this moment just as distinctly as if you were not invisible, and I'll venture to say she will be the first to discover the Gorgons."

By this time, in their swift voyage through the air, they had come within sight of the great ocean, and were soon flying over it. Far beneath them the waves tossed themselves tumultuously in mid sea, or rolled a white surf line upon the long beaches, or foamed against the rocky cliffs with a roar that was thunderous in the lower world, although it became a gentle murmur, like the voice of a baby half asleep, before it reached the ears of Perseus. Just then a voice spoke in the air close by him. It seemed to be a woman's voice, and was melodious, though not exactly what might be called sweet, but grave and mild.

"Perseus," said the voice, "there are the Gorgons."

"Where?" exclaimed Perseus. "I cannot see them."

"On the shore of that island beneath you," replied the voice. "A pebble dropped from your hand would strike in the midst of them."

"I told you she would be the first to discover them," said Quicksilver to Perseus. "And there they are!"

Straight downward, two or three thousand feet below him, Perseus perceived a small island with the sea breaking into white foam all around its rocky shore except on one side, where there was a beach of snowy sand. He descended toward it,

and, looking earnestly at a cluster or heap of brightness at the foot of a precipice of black rocks, behold, there were the terrible Gorgons! They lay fast asleep, soothed by the thunder of the sea, for it required a tumult that would have deafened everybody else to lull such fierce creatures into slumber. The moonlight glistened on their steely scales and on their golden wings, which drooped idly over the sand. Their brazen claws, horrible to look at, were thrust out and clutched the wave-beaten fragments of rock, while the sleeping Gorgons dreamed of tearing some poor mortal all to pieces. The snakes that served them instead of hair seemed likewise to be asleep, although now and then one would writhe and lift its head and thrust out its forked tongue, emitting a drowsy hiss, and then let itself subside among its sister snakes.

The Gorgons were more like an awful gigantic kind of insect — immense golden-winged beetles or dragon flies or things of that sort, at once ugly and beautiful — than like anything else, only that they were a thousand and a million times as big. And, with all this, there was something partly human about them, too. Luckily for Perseus, their faces were completely hidden from him by the posture in which they lay, for had he but looked one instant at them he would have fallen heavily out of the air, an image of senseless stone.

"Now," whispered Quicksilver, as he hovered by the side of Perseus, — "now is your time to do the deed! Be quick, for if one of the Gorgons should awake, you are too late."

"Which shall I strike at?" asked Perseus, drawing his sword and descending a little lower. "They all three look alike. All three have snaky locks. Which of the three is Medusa?"

It must be understood that Medusa was the only one of these dragon monsters whose head Perseus could possibly cut off. As for the other two, let him have the sharpest sword that ever was forged, and he might have hacked away by the hour together without doing them the least harm.

"Be cautious," said the calm voice which had before spoken to him. "One of the Gorgons is stirring in her sleep, and is just about to turn over. That is Medusa. Do not look at her. The sight would turn you to stone. Look at the reflection of her face and figure in the bright mirror of your shield."

Perseus now understood Quicksilver's motive for so earnestly exhorting him to polish his shield. In its surface he could safely

look at the reflection of the Gorgon's face. And there it was, that terrible countenance, mirrored in the brightness of the shield, with the moonlight falling over it and displaying all its horror. The snakes, whose venomous natures could not altogether sleep, kept twisting themselves over the forehead. It was the fiercest and most horrible face that ever was seen or imagined, and yet with a strange, fearful, and savage kind of beauty in it. The eyes were closed and the Gorgon was still in a deep slumber, but there was an unquiet expression disturbing her features, as if the monster was troubled with an ugly dream. She gnashed her white tusks and dug into the sand with her brazen claws.

The snakes, too, seemed to feel Medusa's dream and to be made more restless by it. They twined themselves into tumultuous knots, writhed fiercely, and uplifted a hundred hissing heads without opening their eyes.

"Now, now!" whispered Quicksilver, who was growing impatient. "Make a dash at the monster!"

"But be calm," said the grave, melodious voice at the young man's side. "Look in your shield as you fly downward, and take care that you do not miss your first stroke."

Perseus flew cautiously downward, still keeping his eyes on Medusa's face as reflected in his shield. The nearer he came the more terrible did the snaky visage and metallic body of the monster grow. At last, when he found himself hovering over her within arm's length, Perseus uplifted his sword, while at the same instant each separate snake upon the Gorgon's head stretched threateningly upward and Medusa unclosed her eyes. But she awoke too late. The sword was sharp, the stroke fell like a lightning flash, and the head of the wicked Medusa tumbled from her body!

"Admirably done!" cried Quicksilver. "Make haste and clap the head into your magic wallet."

To the astonishment of Perseus, the small embroidered wallet which he had hung about his neck, and which had hitherto been no bigger than a purse, grew all at once large enough to contain Medusa's head. As quick as thought he snatched it up, with the snakes still writhing upon it, and thrust it in.

"Your task is done," said the calm voice. "Now fly, for the other Gorgons will do their utmost to take vengeance for Medusa's death."

It was indeed necessary to take flight, for Perseus had not done the deed so quietly but that the clash of his sword and the hissing of the snakes and the thump of Medusa's head as it tumbled upon the sea-beaten sand awoke the other two monsters. There they sat for an instant, sleepily rubbing their eyes with their brazen fingers, while all the snakes on their heads reared themselves on end with surprise and with venomous malice against they knew not what. But when the Gorgons saw the scaly carcass of Medusa headless, and her golden wings all ruffled and half spread out on the sand, it was really awful to hear what yells and screeches they set up. And then the snakes! They sent forth a hundredfold hiss with one consent, and Medusa's snakes answered them out of the magic wallet.

No sooner were the Gorgons broad awake than they hurtled upward into the air, brandishing their brass talons, gnashing their horrible tusks, and flapping their huge wings so wildly that some of the golden feathers were shaken out and floated down upon the shore. And there, perhaps, those very feathers lie scattered till this day. Up rose the Gorgons, as I tell you, staring horribly about in hopes of turning somebody to stone. Had Perseus looked them in the face, or had he fallen into their clutches, his poor mother would never have kissed her boy again. But he took good care to turn his eyes another way, and as he wore the helmet of invisibility, the Gorgons knew not in what direction to follow him; nor did he fail to make the best use of the winged slippers by soaring upward a perpendicular mile or so. At that height, when the screams of those abominable creatures sounded faintly beneath him, he made a straight course for the island of Seriphus, in order to carry Medusa's head to King Polydectes.

I have no time to tell you of several marvelous things that befell Perseus on his way homeward, such as his killing a hideous sea monster just as it was on the point of devouring a beautiful maiden, nor how he changed an enormous giant into a mountain of stone merely by showing him the head of the Gorgon. If you doubt this latter story, you may make a voyage to Africa some day or other and see the very mountain, which is still known by the ancient giant's name.

Finally, our brave Perseus arrived at the island, where he expected to see his dear mother. But during his absence the wicked king had treated Danaë so very ill that she was compelled to make her escape, and had taken refuge in a temple,

where some good old priests were extremely kind to her. These praiseworthy priests, and the kind-hearted fisherman who had first shown hospitality to Danaë and little Perseus when he found them afloat in the chest, seem to have been the only persons on the island who cared about doing right. All the rest of the people, as well as King Polydectes himself, were remarkably ill-behaved, and deserved no better destiny than that which was now to happen.

Not finding his mother at home, Perseus went straight to the palace, and was immediately ushered into the presence of the king. Polydectes was by no means rejoiced to see him, for he had felt almost certain in his own evil mind that the Gorgons would have torn the poor young man to pieces and have eaten him up out of the way. However, seeing him safely returned, he put the best face he could upon the matter and asked Perseus how he had succeeded.

"Have you performed your promise?" inquired he. "Have you brought me the head of Medusa with the snaky locks? If not, young man, it will cost you dear, for I must have a bridal present for the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and there is nothing else that she would admire so much."

"Yes, please your majesty," answered Perseus in a quiet way, as if it were no very wonderful deed for such a young man as he to perform. "I have brought you the Gorgon's head, snaky locks, and all."

"Indeed! Pray let me see it," quoth King Polydectes. "It must be a very curious spectacle, if all that travelers tell about it be true."

"Your majesty is in the right," replied Perseus. "It is really an object that will be pretty certain to fix the regards of all who look at it. And, if your majesty think fit, I would suggest that a holiday be proclaimed, and that all your majesty's subjects be summoned to behold this wonderful curiosity. Few of them, I imagine, have seen a Gorgon's head before, and perhaps never may again."

The king well knew that his subjects were an idle set of reprobates, and very fond of sight-seeing, as idle persons usually are. So he took the young man's advice, and sent out heralds and messengers in all directions to blow the trumpet at the street corners and in the market places and wherever two roads met, and summon everybody to court. Thither, accordingly, came a great multitude of good-for-nothing vagabonds, all of

whom, out of pure love of mischief, would have been glad if Perseus had met with some ill hap in his encounter with the Gorgons. If there were any better people in the island (as I really hope there may have been, although the story tells nothing about any such), they stayed quietly at home, minding their own business and taking care of their little children. Most of the inhabitants, at all events, ran as fast as they could to the palace, and shoved and pushed and elbowed one another in their eagerness to get near a balcony on which Perseus showed himself holding the embroidered wallet in his hand.

On a platform within full view of the balcony sat the mighty King Polydectes, amid his evil counselors and with his flattering courtiers in a semicircle round about him. Monarch, counselors, courtiers, and subjects all gazed eagerly toward Perseus.

"Show us the head! Show us the head!" shouted the people; and there was a fierceness in their cry, as if they would tear Perseus to pieces unless he should satisfy them with what he had to show. "Show us the head of Medusa with the snaky locks!"

A feeling of sorrow and pity came over the youthful Perseus.

"O King Polydectes," cried he, "and ye many people, I am very loath to show you the Gorgon's head."

"Ah, the villain and coward!" yelled the people, more fiercely than before. "He is making game of us! He has no Gorgon's head! Show us the head if you have it, or we will take your own head for a football!"

The evil counselors whispered bad advice in the king's ear; the courtiers murmured, with one consent, that Perseus had shown disrespect to their royal lord and master; and the great King Polydectes himself waved his hand and ordered him, with the stern, deep voice of authority, on his peril to produce the head: —

"Show me the Gorgon's head or I will cut off your own!"

And Perseus sighed.

"This instant," repeated Polydectes, "or you die!"

"Behold it, then!" cried Perseus, in a voice like the blast of a trumpet.

And suddenly holding up the head, not an eyelid had time to wink before the wicked King Polydectes, his evil counselors, and all his fierce subjects were no longer anything but the mere images of a monarch and his people. They were all fixed forever in the look and attitude of that moment. At the first

glimpse of the terrible head of Medusa they whitened into marble. And Perseus thrust the head back into his wallet, and went to tell his dear mother that she need no longer be afraid of the wicked King Polydectes.

THE PRAYER OF THE SWINE TO CIRCE.[1]

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[Henry Austin Dobson: English poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc.]

Huddling they came, with shag sides caked of mire,—
With hoofs fresh sullied from the troughs o'erturned,—
With wrinkling snouts,—yet eyes in which desire
Of some strange thing unutterably burned,
Unquenchable; and still where'er She turned
They rose about her, striving each o'er each,
With restless, fierce impórtuning that yearned
Through those brute masks some piteous tale to teach,
Yet lacked the words thereto, denied the power of speech.

For these—Eurylochus alone escaping—
In truth, that small exploring band had been,
Whom wise Odysseus, dim precaution shaping,
Ever at heart, of peril unforeseen,
Had sent inland;—whom then the islet Queen,—
The fair disastrous daughter of the Sun,—
Had turned to likeness of the beast unclean,
With evil wand transforming one by one,
To shapes of loathly swine, imbruted and undone.

But "the men's minds remained," and these forever
Made hungry suppliance through the fire-red eyes;
Still searching aye, with impotent endeavor,
To find, if yet, in any look, there lies
A saving hope, or if they might surprise

[1] From "Collected Poems." By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 8vo., price 6s.

In that cold face soft pity's spark concealed,
Which she, still scorning, evermore denies;
Nor was there in her any ruth revealed
To whom with such mute speech and dumb words they appealed.

What hope is ours — what hope! To find no mercy
After much war, and many travails done? —
Ah, kinder far than thy fell philters, Circe,
The ravening Cyclops and the Lœstrigon!
And O, thrice cursèd be Laertes' son,
By whom, at last, we watch the days decline
With no fair ending of the quest begun,
Condemned in stics to weary and to pine
And with men's hearts to beat through this foul front of swine!

For us not now, — for us, alas! no more
The old green glamour of the glancing sea;
For us not now the laughter of the oar, —
The strong-ribbed keel wherein our comrades be;
Not now, at even, any more shall we,
By low-browed banks and reedy river places,
Watch the beast hurry and the wild fowl flee;
Or steering shoreward, in the upland spaces,
Have sight of curling smoke and fair-skinned foreign faces.

Alas for us! — for whom the columned houses
We left aforetime, cheerless must abide;
Cheerless the hearth where now no guest carouses, —
No minstrel raises song at eventide;
And O, more cheerless than aught else beside,
The wistful hearts with heavy longing full; —
The wife that watched us on the waning tide, —
The sire whose eyes with weariness are dull, —
The mother whose slow tears fall on the carded wool.

If swine we be, — if we indeed be swine,
Daughter of Persé, make us swine indeed,
Well-pleased on litter straw to lie supine, —
Well-pleased on mast and acorn shales to feed,
Stirred by all instincts of the bestial breed;
But O Unmerciful! O Pitiless!
Leave us not thus with sick men's hearts to bleed! —
To waste long days in yearning, dumb distress
And memory of things gone, and utter hopelessness!

Leave us at least, if not the things we were,
At least consentient to the thing we be;
Not hapless doomed to loathe the forms we bear,
And senseful roll in senseless savagery;
For surely cursed above all cursed are we,
And surely this the bitterest of ill;—
To feel the old aspirings fair and free,
Become blind motions of a powerless will
Through swinelike frames dispersed to swinelike issues still.

But make us men again, for that thou mayst!
Yea, make us men, Enchantress, and restore
These groveling shapes, degraded and debased,
To fair embodiments of men once more;—
Yea, by all men that ever woman bore;—
Yea, e'en by him hereafter born in pain,
Shall draw sustainment from thy bosom's core,
O'er whom thy face yet kindly shall remain,
And find its like therein,—make thou us men again!

Make thou us men again,—if men but groping
That dark Hereafter which th' Olympians keep,
Make thou us men again,—if men but hoping
Behind death's doors security of sleep;—
For yet to laugh is somewhat, and to weep;—
To feel delight of living, and to plow
The salt-blown acres of the shoreless deep;—
Better,—yea better far all these than bow
Foul faces to foul earth, and yearn—as we do now!

So they in speech unsyllabled. But She,
The fair-tressed Goddess, born to be their bane,
Uplifting straight her wand of ivory,
Compelled them groaning to the sties again;
Where they in hopeless bitterness were fain
To rend the oaken woodwork as before,
And tear the troughs in impotence of pain,—
Not knowing, they, that even at the door
Divine Odysseus stood,—as Hermes told of yore.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.[1]

By GEORG EBERS.

(From "An Egyptian Princess.")

[Georg Moritz Ebers: German Egyptologist and novelist; born at Berlin, March 1, 1837. He was educated at Göttingen and Berlin, and lectured for a while at Jena. In 1870 he became professor of Egyptian archæology at Leipsic, resigning in 1889 on account of ill health. Besides several important works on Egyptology, he has published a series of historical novels treating of ancient Egyptian life, which have enjoyed extraordinary popularity not only in Germany but in other countries. The best known are: "An Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "Serapis," "The Bride of the Nile," and "Cleopatra." Also popular are: "In the Fire of the Forge," "The Burgomaster's Wife," and "Gred."]

Here Aristomachus interrupted the Athenian, and cried: "Enough of praise, friend Phanes. Spartan tongues are awkward, but if you need my help, I will answer you with deeds, that will hit the right nail on the head."

Rhodopis smiled approvingly at the two men. Then she gave her hand to each, and said: "Unfortunately, dear Phanes, your story has shown me that you can no longer remain in this land. I will not reproach you for your folly, but you might have known that you were braving great dangers for small results. A really prudent and courageous man will undertake a bold deed only when the benefit which might accrue to him is greater than the disadvantages. Rashness is just as foolish, though not, perhaps, as reprehensible, as cowardice, for though both may injure a man, the latter alone disgraces him. This time your carelessness nearly cost you your life, a life which is dear to many, and which you ought to preserve for a better end than to fall a victim to folly. We may not try to keep you with us, for we could not help you, and should certainly harm ourselves. This noble Spartan shall in future take your place, and as captain of the Greeks represent our nation at court, protect it from the encroachments of the priests, and try to preserve the king's favor for it. I hold your hand, Aristomachus, and will not let it go, till you promise to act as Phanes did before you, and to protect, as far as it is in your power, even the lowest Greek from the arrogance of the Egyptians; to resign your post rather than let the most trivial crime against a Greek escape punishment. We are but a few thousands among

[1] By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. (Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

as many millions, all hostile to us, but we are great in courage, and must strive to remain strong in unity. Till to-day, the Greeks in Egypt have acted as brothers. One sacrificed himself for all, all for one, and it was this very unity that made us powerful, that will keep us strong in the future. Would that we could give the same unity to our native land and its colonies; would that all the races of our home, forgetful of their Dorian, Ionic, or Æolian descent, would content themselves with the name of Greeks, and live together like children of one house, like the sheep of one flock; then the whole world would not be able to resist us. Hellas would be recognized by all nations as their queen."

Rhodopis' eyes flashed as she spoke; the Spartan pressed her hand, impetuously stamped on the floor with his wooden leg, and cried: "By Zeus, no one shall touch a Greek while I can prevent it. But you, Rhodopis, you ought to have been a Spartan."

"An Athenian," cried Phanes.

"An Ionian," said the Milesian.

"A daughter of a Samian geomore," cried the sculptor.

"But I am more than all this," cried Rhodopis, with enthusiasm, "I am a Greek!"

All were carried away by her words. Even the Syrian and the Hebrew could not resist the general enthusiasm. The Sybarite alone remained unmoved, and said, with his mouth full: —

"You also deserve to be a Sybarite, for your beef is the best that I have tasted since I left Italy, and your wine of Anthylla tastes just as good as that of Vesuvius and Chios."

All laughed, but the Spartan looked contemptuously at the Sybarite.

"Hail! friends," suddenly cried a deep voice through the open window.

"Welcome," answered the chorus of guests, while they wondered who the late arrival was.

They had not long to wait for the stranger; before the Sybarite had found time carefully to taste another sip of wine, a tall thin man, of about sixty, with a long, well-shaped, intelligent head, stood beside Rhodopis. It was Callias, son of Phænippus of Athens.

The late visitor was one of the wealthiest exiles of Athens, who had twice bought the property of Pisistratus from the

state, and twice lost it when the despot returned; he looked at his friends with bright, keen eyes, and cried, after he had exchanged friendly greetings with all: —

"If you are not very grateful for my presence to-day, I shall declare that all gratitude has vanished from the world."

"We have long expected you," interrupted one of the Milesians. "You are the first to bring us news of the result of the Olympic games."

"And we could not wish for a better messenger than the former victor," added Rhodopis.

"Sit down," cried Phanes, full of impatience; "tell us briefly and concisely what you know, friend Callias."

"Directly, countrymen," answered Callias; "it is some time since I left Olympia, and embarked at Cenchreæ on a Samian fifty-oared ship, the best vessel that was ever built. I am not surprised that no Greek has reached Naucratis before me, for we encountered frightful storms, and would scarcely have escaped with our lives, if these Samian boats, with their fat stomachs, thin beaks, and fish tails, were not so splendidly built and manned. Who knows whither the other homeward-bound travelers may have been driven; we were able to take refuge in the harbor of Samos, and to depart again after sixteen days.

"When we entered the Nile early this morning, I at once took boat and was speeded on my way by Boreas, who wished to show that he still loved his old Callias, so that a few minutes ago I saw the most hospitable of houses; I saw the flag fly, I saw the open windows illuminated, and hesitated as to whether or no I should enter; but I could not resist your charms, Rhodopis, and besides I should have been suffocated by all the untold news, which I bear with me, if I had not landed, in order to enjoy a slice of meat and a glass of wine, while I tell events of which you do not dream."

Callias sank down comfortably on a couch, and before he began his meal handed Rhodopis a splendid golden bracelet in the shape of a serpent, which he had bought at a high price, in the workshop of that very Theodorus who sat at table with him.

"That is for you," he said, turning to his delighted hostess. "But I have something still better for you, friend Phanes. Guess who won the prize in the race with the quadriga?"

"An Athenian?" asked Phanes, with glowing cheeks, for

was not every Olympic victory a triumph for the whole community to which the victor belonged, and was not the Olympic olive branch the highest honor and greatest happiness which could fall to the lot of a Greek, or even to a whole Greek race?

"Well guessed, Phanes," cried the messenger of joy. "An Athenian has won the first prize of all, and what is more, it is your cousin Cimon, son of Cypselos, and brother of that Miltiades who, nine Olympiads ago, gained the same honor for us; this year he was victorious for the second time with the very horses which obtained him the prize at the last festival. Truly, the Philædæ obscure more and more the fame of the Alcmæonidæ. Does the fame of your family make you proud and happy, friend Phanes?"

Phanes had risen in great joy; he seemed suddenly to have increased in stature.

Full of intense pride, he gave his hand to the messenger of victory, who embraced his countryman, and continued: —

"We may indeed feel proud and happy, Phanes, and you may rejoice above all; for after the judges had unanimously awarded the prize to Cimon, he bade the heralds proclaim the despot Pisistratus as the owner of the splendid horses, and therefore as victor. Pisistratus at once announced that your family might now return to Athens, and so the long-wished-for hour of return has come to you at last."

At these words the glow of pleasure faded from the face of the officer, and the conscious pride of his glances changed to anger, as he cried: —

"I am to rejoice, foolish Callias! I could rather weep when I think that a descendant of Ajax is capable of ignominiously laying his well-merited fame at the feet of a tyrant. I am to return? I swear by Athene, by Father Zeus, and Apollo, that I will rather starve in exile, than turn my steps towards home while Pisistratus tyrannizes over my native land. I am free as the eagle in the clouds, now that I have left the service of Amasis, but I would rather be the hungry slave of a peasant, in a strange land, than at home, the first servant of Pisistratus. The power in Athens belongs to us, the nobles, but Cimon, when he laid his wreath at the feet of Pisistratus, kissed the scepter of the tyrant, and stamped himself with the seal of slavery. I will tell Cimon that to me, to Phanes, the favor of the despot is of little consequence. I *will* remain an exile till

my country is free, and nobles and people again govern themselves and dictate their own laws. Phanes will not do homage to the oppressor, though a thousand Cimons, though each of the Alcmæonidæ, though the whole of your race, Callias, the wealthy Daduchis, throw themselves at Pisistratus' feet."

He surveyed the assembly with flaming eyes, and old Callias, too, looked at the guests with pride. It was as if he wished to say to each one: "See, my friends, such are the men my glorious home produces."

Then he again took Phanes' hand, and said: —

"My friend, the oppressor is as hateful to me as to you; but I cannot close my eyes to the fact that as long as Pisistratus lives, tyranny cannot be destroyed. His allies, Lygadamus of Naxos, and Polycrates of Samos, are powerful, but the wisdom and moderation of Pisistratus are more dangerous for our freedom. I saw with terror, during my late stay in Hellas, that the people of Athens love the oppressor like a father. In spite of his power, he leaves the spirit of Solon's constitution unaltered. He adorns the town with most beautiful works of art. The new temple of Zeus, which is being built of marble, by Callæschrus, Antistates, and Porinus, whom you know, Theodorus, is to surpass all buildings which the Greeks have ever erected. He knows how to attract artists and poets of every description to Athens; he has Homer's songs written down, and the sayings of Musæus of Onomacritus are collected by his orders. He is having new streets built, and introduces new festivals; trade flourishes under his rule, and in spite of the heavy taxes imposed on the people, their prosperity seems not to diminish but to increase. But what is the people? A common herd that flies, like a moth, towards everything that glitters; though it scorches its wings, it still flutters round the candle while it burns. Let Pisistratus' torch be extinguished, Phanes, and I swear to you, the changeable crowd will greet the new light, the returning nobles, as eagerly as it greeted the tyrant but a short time ago. Give me your hand again, true son of Ajax; but, my friends, I have still much to tell you. Cimon, as I said, won the chariot race, and gave his olive branch to Pisistratus. I never saw four more splendid horses. Arcesilaus of Cyrene, Cleosthenes of Epidamnus, Aster of Sybaris, Hecatæus of Miletus, and many others, sent beautiful horses to Olympia. Altogether the games were unusually brilliant this year. All Greece sent representatives, Rhoda, the

Ardeate town in distant Iberia, wealthy Tartessus, Sinope, in the far east, on the shores of the Pontus, in short, every race which boasts of Greek origin was well represented. The Sybarites sent messengers to the festival, whose appearance was simply dazzling, the Spartans simple men, with the beauty of Achilles and the stature of Hercules; the Athenians distinguished themselves by supple limbs and graceful movements; the Crotonians were led by Milo, the strongest man of human origin; the Samians and Milesians vied with the Corinthians and Mitylenians in splendor and magnificence. The flower of the youth of Greece was assembled there, and many beautiful maidens, chiefly from Sparta, sat beside men of every rank and nation; they had come to Olympia to encourage the men by their applause. The market was on the other side of the Alphæus, and there you could see merchants from all parts of the world. Greeks, Carchedonians, Lydians, Phrygians, and bargaining Phœnicians from Palestine concluded important affairs, and exposed their wares in tents and booths. Why should I describe to you the surging crowds, the resounding choruses, the smoking hecatombs, the gay dresses, the valuable chariots and horses, the confusion of many tongues, the joyous cries of old friends who met again after years of separation, the splendor of the ambassadors sent to the festival, the swarms of spectators and merchants, the excitement as to the result of the games, the splendid spectacle presented by the crowded audience, the endless delight whenever a victory was decided, the solemn presentation of the branch which a boy of Elis, both of whose parents must still be living, cut with a golden knife from the sacred olive tree, in the Altis, which Hercules himself planted many centuries ago? Why should I describe the never-ending shouts of joy which thundered through the Stadium when Milo of Crotona appeared and bore the bronze statue of himself by Dameas through the Stadium to the Altis without stumbling? A giant would have been bowed to the ground by the weight of metal, but Milo carried it as a Lacedæmonian nurse carries a little boy. The finest wreaths after Cimon's were won by two Spartan brothers, Lysander and Maro, sons of a banished noble, Aristomachus. Maro was victor in the running match. Lysander, to the delight of all present, challenged Milo, the irresistible victor of Pisa, and the Pythian and Isthmian games, to a wrestling match. Milo was taller and stronger than the Spartan, whose

figure resembled Apollo's, and whose great youth proved that he had scarcely outgrown the Pædanomos.

"The youth and the man stood opposite each other in their nude beauty, glistening with golden oil, like a panther and a lion preparing for combat. Young Lysander raised his hands before the first attack, adjured the gods, and cried, 'For my father, my honor, and Sparta's fame!' The Crotonian gave the youth a condescending smile, like that of a dainty eater before he begins to open the shell of a langusta.

"Now the wrestling began. For a long while neither could take hold of the other. The Crotonian tried with his powerful, almost irresistible, arms to seize his adversary, who eluded the terrible grasp of the athlete's clawlike hands. The struggle for the embrace lasted long, and the immense audience looked on, silent and breathless. Not a sound was heard, save the panting of the combatants, and the singing of the birds in the Altis. At last — at last, with the most beautiful movement I ever saw, the youth was able to clasp his adversary. For a long while Milo exerted himself in vain to free himself from the firm hold of the youth. The perspiration caused by the terrible contest amply watered the sand of the Stadium.

"The excitement of the spectators increased more and more, the silence became deeper and deeper, the encouraging cries grew rarer, the groans of the two combatants waxed more and more audible. At last the youth's strength gave way. An encouraging cry from thousands of throats cheered him on; he collected his strength with a superhuman effort, and tried to throw himself again on his adversary, but the Crotonian had noticed his momentary exhaustion, and pressed the youth in an irresistible embrace. A stream of black blood gushed from the beautiful lips of the youth, who sank lifeless to the earth from the wearied arms of the giant. Democedes, the most celebrated physician of our days, you Samians must have seen him at Polycrates' court, hurried up, but no art could help the happy youth, for he was dead.

"Milo was obliged to resign the wreath, and the fame of the youth will resound through all Greece. Truly, I would rather be dead like Lysander, son of Aristomachus, than live like Callias, to know an inactive old age in a strange land. All Greece, represented by its best men, accompanied the body of the beautiful youth to the funeral pyre, and his statue is to be

placed in the Altis, beside those of Milo of Croton, and Praxidamas of Ægina.

"Finally, the heralds proclaimed the award of the judges. 'Sparta shall receive a victor's wreath for the dead man, for it was not Milo but death who conquered noble Lysander, and he who goes forth unconquered after a two hours' struggle with the strongest of the Greeks, is well deserving of the olive branch.'"

Callias was silent for a minute. In the excitement of describing these events, more precious than aught else to the Greek heart, he had paid no attention to those present, but had stared straight before him while the images of the combatants passed before his mind's eye. Now he looked round, and saw, to his surprise, that the gray-haired man with the wooden leg, who had already attracted his attention, although he did not know him, had hidden his face in his hands, and was shedding scalding tears.

Rhodopis stood on his right, Phanes on his left, and everyone looked at the Spartan as though he were the hero of the story.

The quick Athenian saw at once that the old man was closely related to one of the Olympic victors; but when he heard that Aristomachus was the father of those two glorious Spartan brothers, whose beautiful forms still haunted him like visions from the world of the gods, he looked with envious admiration on the sobbing old man, and his clear eyes filled with tears, which he did not try to keep back. In those days men wept whenever they hoped that the solace of tears would relieve them. In anger, in great joy, in every affliction, we find strong heroes weeping, while, on the other hand, the Spartan boy would let himself be severely scourged, even to death, at the altar of Artemis Orthia, in order to gain the praise of the men.

For a time all the guests remained silent and respected the old man's emotion. At length Jeshua, the Israelite, who had abstained from all food which was prepared in Greek fashion, broke the silence and said in broken Greek: —

"Weep your fill, Spartan. I know what it is to lose a son. Was I not forced, eleven years ago, to lay a beautiful boy in the grave in a strange land, by the waters of Babylon where my people pined in captivity? If my beautiful child had lived but one year longer, he would have died at home, and we could have laid him in the grave of his fathers. But Cyrus the

Persian, may Jehovah bless his descendants, freed us a year too late and I must grieve doubly for my beloved child, because his grave is dug in the land of Israel's foes. Is anything more terrible than to see our children, our best treasures, sink in the grave before us? Adonai have mercy on me; to lose such an excellent child as your son, just when he had become a famous man, must be the greatest of griefs."

The Spartan removed his hands from his stern face and said, smiling amidst his tears: "You are mistaken, Phœnician, I weep with joy and I would gladly have lost my second son, had he died like Lysander."

The Israelite, horrified at this statement, which seemed wicked and unnatural to him, contented himself with shaking his head in disapproval; the Greeks overwhelmed the old man, whom they all envied, with congratulations. Intense joy seemed to have made Aristomachus many years younger, and he said to Rhodopis: "Truly, friend, your house is a blessed one for me; this is the second gift I have received from the gods since I entered it."

"And what was the first?" asked the matron.

"A favorable oracle."

"You forget the third gift," cried Phanes. "The gods permitted you to become acquainted with Rhodopis to-day. But what about the oracle?"

"May I tell our friends?" asked the Delphian.

Aristomachus nodded consent, and Phryxus again read the answer of the oracle: —

"When from the snow-clad heights descend the men in their armor,
Down to the shores of the winding stream which waters the valley,
Then the delaying boat shall conduct you unto the meadows
Where the peace of home is to the wanderer given.
When from the snow-clad heights descend the men in their armor,
Then what the judging five have long refused shall be granted."

Scarcely had Phryxus read the last word, when Callias, the Athenian, rose gracefully from his seat and cried: "The fourth gift, the fourth gift of the gods, you shall also receive from me in this house. Know, then, that I kept my strangest tidings till last. The Persians are coming to Egypt."

All the guests sprang from their seats except the Sybarite, and Callias could scarcely answer all their questions.

"Patience, patience, friends," he cried at last; "let me tell

THROWING THE DISCUS

everything in order, else I shall never finish. It is not an army, as you think, Phanes, but an embassy from Cambyses, the present king of powerful Persia, which is on its way hither. I heard at Samos that they have already reached Miletus. They will arrive here in a few days. Relations of the king, and even old Crœsus of Lydia, are with them. We shall see rare splendor. No one knows the reason of their coming, but it is thought that King Cambyses will propose an alliance to Amasis; it is even said that the king wishes to woo the daughter of the Pharaohs."

"An alliance," said Phanes, with an incredulous shrug; "the Persians already rule half the world. All the chief powers of Asia bow to their scepter. Only Egypt and our Greece have remained safe from the conqueror."

"You forget golden India, and the great nomadic races of Asia," returned Callias. "You also forget that an empire which consists of seventy races, possessing different languages and customs, always bears in it the seeds of rebellion, and must be on its guard against foreign wars, lest some of the provinces seize the favorable moment for revolt when the main body of the army is absent. Ask the Milesians whether they would keep quiet, if they heard that the chief forces of their oppressor had been defeated in battle."

Theopompus, the merchant of Miletus, interrupted the speaker and cried eagerly: "If the Persians are defeated in war, they will be attacked by a hundred foes, and my countrymen will not be the last to rise against the weakened tyrant."

"Whatever the intentions of the Persians may be," continued Callias, "I maintain that they will be here in three days."

"And so your oracle will be fulfilled, happy Aristomachus," cried Rhodopis. "The horsemen from the mountains can be none other than the Persians. When they reach the shores of the Nile, the five ephors will have changed their minds and you, the father of two Olympic victors, will be recalled. Fill the goblets again, Cnacias. Let us drink the last cup to the manes of famous Lysander, and then, though unwillingly, I must warn you of the approach of day. The host who loves his guests rises from table when the joy reaches its climax. The pleasant memory of this untroubled evening will soon bring you back to this house, whereas you would be less willing to return if

you were forced to think of the hours of depression which followed your enjoyment."

All the guests agreed with Rhodopis, and Ibycus praised the festive and pleasurable excitement of the evening and called her a true disciple of Pythagoras.

Every one prepared for departure; even the Sybarite, who to drown the emotion, which annoyed him, had drunk immoderately, raised himself from his comfortable position with the assistance of his slaves, who had been summoned, and muttered something about violated hospitality.

When Rhodopis held out her hand to him on bidding him farewell he cried, overcome by the wine: "By Hercules, Rhodopis, you turn us out of doors as if we were importunate creditors. I am not accustomed to leave the table as long as I can stand, and I am still less accustomed to be shown the door like a parasite."

"Do you not understand, you immoderate drinker——?" began Rhodopis, trying to excuse herself and smiling; but Philoinus who, in his present mood, was irritated by this retort, laughed scornfully and cried, staggering to the door: "You call me an immoderate drinker; well, I call you an insolent slave. By Dionysus, it is easy to see what you were in your youth. Farewell, slave of Iadmon and Xanthus, freed slave of Charaxus."

He had not finished, when the Spartan threw himself on him, gave him a violent blow with his fist, and carried the unconscious man, like a child, to the boat which, with his slaves, awaited him at the gate of the garden.

ARION.[1]

By GEORGE ELIOT.

(Herodotus i. 24.)

[George Eliot, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola,"

[1] By permission of the executors and W. Blackwood & Sons.

"Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armgart."]

ARION, whose melodic soul
Taught the dithyramb to roll
Like forest fires, and sing
Olympian suffering,

Had carried his diviner lore
From Corinth to the sister shore
Where Greece could largelier be,
Branching o'er Italy.

Then weighted with his glorious name
And bags of gold, aboard he came
'Mid harsh seafaring men
To Corinth bound again.

The sailors eyed the bags and thought:
"The gold is good, the man is naught—
And who shall track the wave
That opens for his grave?"

With brawny arms and cruel eyes
They press around him where he lies
In sleep beside his lyre,
Hearing the Muses quire.

He waked and saw this wolf-faced Death
Breaking the dream that filled his breath
With the inspiration strong
Of yet unchanted song.

"Take, take my gold and let me live!"
He prayed, as kings do when they give
Their all with royal will,
Holding born kingship still.

To rob the living they refuse,
One death or other he must choose,
Either the watery pall
Or wounds and burial.

"My solemn robe then let me don,
Give me high space to stand upon,
That dying I may pour
A song unsung before."

It pleased them well to grant this prayer,
To hear for naught how it might fare
With men who paid their gold
For what a poet sold.

In flowing stole, his eyes aglow
With inward fire, he neared the prow
And took his godlike stand,
The cithara in hand.

The wolfish men all shrank aloof,
And feared this singer might be proof
Against their murderous power,
After his lyric hour.

But he, in liberty of song,
Fearless of death or other wrong,
With full spondaic toll
Poured forth his mighty soul:

Poured forth the strain his dream had taught,
A nome with lofty passion fraught
Such as makes battles won
On fields of Marathon.

The last long vowels trembled then
As awe within those wolfish men:
They said, with mutual stare,
Some god was present there.

But lo! Arion leaped on high,
Ready, his descant done, to die;
Not asking, "Is it well?"
Like a pierced eagle fell.

1873.

THE STORY OF CRŒSUS.

By HERODOTUS.

[Herodotus: A celebrated Greek historian, surnamed "The Father of History"; born between B.C. 490 and B.C. 480 at Halicarnassus in Asia Minor. While his country was being oppressed by the tyrant Lygdamis, he withdrew to Samos, and subsequently traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Having later assisted in the expulsion of Lygdamis, he took part in the colonization

of Thurii in southern Italy, and gave public readings from his writings. He died about B.C. 426. His monumental work, "The Histories," consists of nine books, named from the nine Muses, and treats of the history of the Greeks and barbarians from the Persian invasion of Greece down to B.C. 479. It marks the beginning of historical writing among the Greeks.]

CRŒSUS was a Lydian by birth; son of Alyattes, and sovereign of the nations on this side the river Halys. He was the first barbarian we know of that subjected some of the Greeks to the payment of tribute, and formed alliances with others. He subdued the Ionians and Æolians, and the Dorians in Asia, and formed an alliance with the Lacedæmonians. Before the reign of Crœsus all the Greeks were free; for the incursion of the Cimmerians into Ionia was not for the purpose of subjecting states, but an irruption for plunder.

The government, which formerly belonged to the Heraclidæ, passed in the following manner to the family of Crœsus, who were called Mermnadæ. Candaules was tyrant of Sardis, and a descendant of Hercules. He was enamored of his own wife, and thought her by far the most beautiful of women. Gyges, one of his bodyguard, happened to be his especial favorite; and to him Candaules confided his most important affairs, and moreover extolled the beauty of his wife in exaggerated terms. At last (for he was fated to be miserable) he addressed Gyges as follows: "Gyges, as I think you do not believe me when I speak of my wife's beauty (for the ears of men are naturally more incredulous than their eyes), you must contrive to see her naked."

But he, exclaiming loudly, answered: "Sire, what a shocking proposal do you make, bidding me behold my queen naked! With her clothes a woman puts off her modesty. Wise maxims have been of old laid down by men; from these it is our duty to learn: among them is the following: —

"'Let every man look to the things that concern himself.' I am persuaded that she is the most beautiful of her sex, but I entreat of you not to require what is wicked."

Saying thus, Gyges fought off the proposal, dreading lest some harm should befall himself; but the king answered: "Gyges, take courage, and be not afraid of me, as if I desired to make trial of you by speaking thus; nor of my wife, lest any harm should befall you from her: for I will so contrive that she shall not know she has been seen by you. I will place you behind the open door of the apartment in which we

sleep : as soon as I enter, my wife will come to bed. There stands by the entrance a chair ; on this she will lay her garments one by one as she takes them off, and then she will give you an opportunity to look at her at your leisure : but when she steps from the chair to the bed, and you are at her back, be careful that she does not see you as you are going out by the door."

Gyges therefore, finding he could not escape, prepared to obey. And Candaules, when it seemed to be time to go to bed, led him to the chamber, and the lady soon afterward appeared, and Gyges saw her enter and lay her clothes on the chair : when he was at her back, as the lady was going to the bed, he crept secretly out, but she saw him as he was going away. Perceiving what her husband had done, she neither cried out through modesty, nor appeared to notice it, purposing to take vengeance on Candaules ; for among the Lydians and almost all the barbarians, it is deemed a great disgrace even for a man to be seen naked.

At the time, therefore, having shown no consciousness of what had occurred, she held her peace ; and as soon as it was day, having prepared such of her domestics as she knew were most to be trusted, she sent for Gyges. He, supposing that she knew nothing of what had happened, came when he was sent for, for he had been before used to attend whenever the queen sent for him. When Gyges came, the lady thus addressed him : "Gyges, I submit two proposals to your choice : either kill Candaules and take possession of me and of the Lydian kingdom, or expect immediate death, so that you may not, from your obedience to Candaules in all things, again see what you ought not. It is necessary that he who planned this, or that you who have seen me naked, and have done what is not decorous, should die."

Gyges for a time was stunned at what he heard ; but afterward he implored her not to compel him to make such a choice. He could not persuade her, however, but saw the necessity imposed on him either to kill his master Candaules or die himself by the hands of others ; he therefore chose to survive, and made the following inquiry : "Since you compel me to kill my master against my will, tell me how we shall lay hands on him."

She answered : "The assault shall be made from the very spot whence he showed me naked ; the attack shall be made on him while asleep."

When they had concerted their plan, on the approach of night he followed the lady to the chamber; then (for Gyges was not suffered to depart, nor was there any possibility of escape, but either he or Candaules must needs perish) she, having given him a dagger, concealed him behind the same door; and after this, when Candaules was asleep, Gyges crept stealthily up and slew him, possessing himself both of the woman and the kingdom.

Thus Gyges obtained the kingdom, and was confirmed in it by the oracle at Delphi. For when the Lydians resented the murder of Candaules, and were up in arms, the partisans of Gyges and the other Lydians came to the following agreement: that if the oracle should pronounce him king of the Lydians, he should reign; if not, he should restore the power to the Heraclidæ. The oracle, however, answered accordingly, and so Gyges became king. But the Pythian added this, "that the Heraclidæ should be avenged on the fifth descendant of Gyges." Of this prediction neither the Lydians nor their kings took any notice until it was actually accomplished.

Thus the Mermnadæ, having deprived the Heraclidæ, possessed themselves of the supreme power. Gyges, when he obtained the sovereignty, led an army against Miletus and Smyrna, and took the city of Colophon; but as he performed no other great action during his reign of eight and thirty years, we will pass him over, having made this mention of him.

I will proceed to mention Ardys, the son and successor of Gyges. He took Priene, and invaded Miletus. During the time that he reigned at Sardis, the Cimmerians, being driven from their seats by the Scythian nomades, passed into Asia, and possessed themselves of all Sardis except the citadel.

When Ardys had reigned forty-nine years, his son Sadyattes succeeded him, and reigned twelve years; and Alyattes succeeded Sadyattes. He made war upon Cyaxares, a descendant of Deioces, and upon the Medes. He drove the Cimmerians out of Asia; took Smyrna, which was founded from Colophon, and invaded Clazomenæ. From this place he departed, not as he could wish, but signally defeated.

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Periander was king of Corinth, and the Corinthians say (and the Lesbians confirm their account) that a wonderful prodigy occurred in his lifetime. They say that Arion of Methymna,

who was second to none of his time in accompanying the harp, and who was the first, that we are acquainted with, who composed, named, and represented the dithyrambus at Corinth, was carried to Tænarus on the back of a dolphin.

They say that this Arion, having continued a long time with Periander, was desirous of making a voyage to Italy and Sicily; and that having acquired great wealth, he determined to return to Corinth: that he set out from Tarentum, and hired a ship of certain Corinthians, because he put more confidence in them than in any other nation; but that these men, when they were in the open sea, conspired together to throw him overboard and seize his money, and he, being aware of this, offered them his money, and entreated them to spare his life. However, he could not prevail on them; but the sailors ordered him either to kill himself, that he might be buried ashore, or to leap immediately into the sea. Arion, reduced to this strait, entreated them, since such was their determination, to permit him to stand on the poop in his full dress and sing, and he promised when he had sung to make away with himself. The seamen, pleased that they should hear the best singer in the world, retired from the stern to the middle of the vessel. Arion, having put on all his robes, and taken his harp, stood on the rowing benches and went through the Orthian strain; when the strain was ended he leaped into the sea as he was, in his full dress; and the sailors continued their voyage to Corinth: but they say that a dolphin received him on his back, and carried him to Tænarus; and that he, having landed, proceeded to Corinth in his full dress, and upon his arrival there, related all that had happened; but that Periander, giving no credit to his relation, put Arion under close confinement, and watched anxiously for the seamen: that when they appeared, he summoned them, and inquired if they could give any account of Arion; but when they answered that he was safe in Italy, and that they had left him flourishing at Tarentum, Arion in that instant appeared before them just as he was when he leaped into the sea; at which they were so astonished, that being fully convicted, they could no longer deny the fact. These things are reported by the Corinthians and Lesbians; and there is a small brazen statue of Arion at Tænarus, representing a man sitting on a dolphin.

Alyattes died when he had reigned fifty-seven years. After his death his son Crœsus, who was then thirty-five years of age, succeeded to the kingdom. He attacked the Ephesians before

any other Grecian people, and afterward the several cities of the Ionians and Æolians one after another, alleging different pretenses against different states, imputing graver charges against those in whom he was able to discover greater causes of blame, and against some of them alleging frivolous pretenses.

After he had reduced the Grecians in Asia to the payment of tribute, he formed a design to build ships and attack the Islanders. But when all things were ready for the building of ships, Bias of Priene (or, as others say, Pittacus of Mitylene), arriving at Sardis, put a stop to his shipbuilding by making this reply, when Crœsus inquired if he had any news from Greece: "O king, the Islanders are enlisting a large body of cavalry, with intention to make war upon you and Sardis."

Crœsus, thinking he had spoken the truth, said: "May the gods put such a thought into the Islanders as to attack the sons of the Lydians with horse." The other, answering, said: "Sire, you appear to wish above all things to see the Islanders on horseback upon the continent; and not without reason. But what can you imagine the Islanders more earnestly desire, after having heard of your resolution to build a fleet in order to attack them, than to catch the Lydians at sea, that they may revenge on you the cause of those Greeks who dwell on the continent, whom you hold in subjection?" Crœsus was much pleased with the retort, put a stop to the shipbuilding, and made an alliance with the Ionians that inhabit the islands.

In course of time, when nearly all the nations that dwell within the river Halys, except the Cilicians and Lycians, were subdued, and Crœsus had added them to the Lydians, all the other wise men of that time, as each had opportunity, came from Greece to Sardis, which had then attained to the highest degree of prosperity: and among them Solon, an Athenian, who, having made laws for the Athenians at their request, absented himself for ten years, having sailed away under pretense of seeing the world, that he might not be compelled to abrogate any of the laws he had established; for the Athenians could not do it themselves, since they were bound by solemn oaths to observe for ten years whatever laws Solon should enact for them.

Solon therefore, having gone abroad for these reasons, and for the purposes of observation, arrived in Egypt at the court of Amasis, and afterward at that of Crœsus at Sardis. On his

arrival he was hospitably entertained by Crœsus, and on the third or fourth day, by order of the king, the attendants conducted him round the treasury, and showed him all their grand and costly contents; and when he had seen and examined everything sufficiently, Crœsus asked him this question: "My Athenian guest, your great fame has reached even to us, as well of your wisdom as of your travels, how that as a philosopher you have traveled through various countries for the purpose of observation; I am therefore desirous of asking you, who is the most happy man you have seen?"

He asked this question, because he thought himself the most happy of men. But Solon, speaking the truth freely, without any flattery, answered, "Tellus the Athenian."

Crœsus, astonished at his answer, eagerly asked him, "On what account do you deem Tellus the happiest?"

He replied: "Tellus, in the first place, lived in a well-governed commonwealth; had sons who were virtuous and good; and he saw children born to them all, and all surviving: in the next place, when he had lived as happily as the condition of human affairs will permit, he ended his life in a most glorious manner; for, coming to the assistance of the Athenians in a battle with their neighbors of Eleusis, he put the enemy to flight, and died nobly. The Athenians buried him at the public charge in the place where he fell, and honored him greatly."

When Solon had roused the attention of Crœsus by relating many and happy circumstances concerning Tellus, Crœsus, expecting at least to obtain the second place, asked whom he had seen next to him. "Cleobis," said he, "and Biton; for they, being natives of Argos, possessed a sufficient fortune, and had withal such strength of body, that they were both alike victorious in the public games. Moreover, the following story is told of them: when the Argives were celebrating a festival of Juno, it was necessary that their mother should be drawn to the temple in a chariot; but the oxen did not come from the field in time: the young men therefore, being pressed for time, put themselves beneath the yoke, and drew the car in which their mother sat; and having conveyed it forty-five stadia [eight miles], they reached the temple. After they had done this in sight of the assembled people, a most happy termination was put to their lives; and in them the Deity clearly showed that it is better for a man to die than to live. For the men of

Argos, who stood round, commended the strength of the youths, and the women blessed her as the mother of such sons; but the mother herself, transported with joy both on account of the action and its renown, stood before the image, and prayed that the goddess would grant to Cleobis and Biton, her own sons, who had so highly honored her, the greatest blessing man could receive. After this prayer, when they had sacrificed and partaken of the feast, the youths fell asleep in the temple itself, and never awoke more, but met with such a termination of life. Upon this the Argives, in commemoration of their piety, caused their statues to be made and dedicated at Delphi."

Thus Solon adjudged the second place of felicity to these youths. But Crœsus, being enraged, said: "My Athenian friend, is my happiness, then, so slighted by you as nothing worth, that you do not think me of so much value as private men?"

He answered: "Crœsus, do you inquire of me concerning human affairs — of me, who know that the Divinity is always jealous, and delights in confusion? For in lapse of time men are constrained to see many things they would not willingly see, and to suffer many things. Now I put the term of man's life at seventy years; these seventy years, then, give twenty-five thousand two hundred days [360 to a year], without including the intercalary month; and if we add that month to every other year, in order that the seasons arriving at the proper time may agree, the intercalary months will be thirty-five more in the seventy years, and the days of these months will be one thousand and fifty. Yet in all this number of twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty days that compose these seventy years, one day produces nothing exactly the same as another. Thus, then, Crœsus, man is altogether the sport of fortune. You appear to me to be master of immense treasures, and king of many nations; but as relates to what you inquire of me, I cannot say till I hear you have ended your life happily. For the richest of men is not more happy than he that has a sufficiency for a day, unless good fortune attend him to the grave, so that he ends his life in happiness. Many men who abound in wealth are unhappy; and many who have only a moderate competency, are fortunate. He that abounds in wealth, and is yet unhappy, surpasses the other only in two things; but the other surpasses the wealthy and the miserable in many things. The former indeed is better able to gratify desire, and

to bear the blow of adversity. But the latter surpasses him in this: he is not indeed equally able to bear misfortune or satisfy desire, but his good fortune wards off these things from him; and he enjoys the full use of his limbs, he is free from disease and misfortune, he is blessed with good children and a fine form, and if, in addition to all these things, he shall end his life well, he is the man you seek, and may justly be called happy: but before one dies we ought to suspend our judgment, and not pronounce him happy, but fortunate. Now it is impossible for any one man to comprehend all these advantages: as no one country suffices to produce everything for itself, but affords some and wants others, and that which affords the most is the best; so no human being is in all respects self-sufficient, but possesses one advantage, and is in need of another: he therefore who has constantly enjoyed the most of these, and then ends his life tranquilly, this man, in my judgment, O king, deserves the name of happy. We ought therefore to consider the end of everything, in what way it will terminate; for the Deity having shown a glimpse of happiness to many, has afterward utterly overthrown them."

When he spoke thus to Crœsus, Crœsus did not confer any favor on him, and holding him in no account, dismissed him; since he considered him a very ignorant man, because he overlooked present prosperity, and bade men look to the end of everything.

After the departure of Solon, the indignation of the gods fell heavy upon Crœsus, probably because he thought himself the most happy of all men. A dream soon after visited him while sleeping, which pointed out to him the truth of the misfortunes that were about to befall him in the person of one of his sons. For Crœsus had two sons, of whom one was grievously afflicted, for he was a mute; but the other, whose name was Atys, far surpassed all the young men of his age. Now the dream intimated to Crœsus that he would lose this Atys by a wound inflicted by the point of an iron weapon: he, when he awoke, and had considered the matter with himself, dreading the dream, provided a wife for his son; and though he was accustomed to command the Lydian troops, he did not ever after send him out on that business; and causing all spears, lances, and such other weapons as men use in war, to be removed from the men's apartments, he had them laid up in private chambers, that none of them, being suspended, might fall upon his son.

While Crœsus was engaged with his son's nuptials, a man oppressed by misfortune and whose hands were polluted, a Phrygian by birth and of royal family, arrived at Sardis. This man, having come to the palace of Crœsus, sought permission to obtain purification according to the custom of the country. Crœsus purified him (the manner of expiation is nearly the same among the Lydians and the Greeks); and when he had performed the usual ceremonies, inquired whence he came, and who he was; speaking to him as follows: "Stranger, who art thou, and from what part of Phrygia hast thou come as a suppliant to my hearth? and what man or woman hast thou slain?"

The stranger answered: "Sire, I am the son of Gordius, son of Midas, and am called Adrastus; having unwittingly slain my own brother, and being banished by my father and deprived of everything, I am come hither."

Crœsus answered as follows: "You are born of parents who are our friends, and you are come to friends among whom, if you will stay, you shall want nothing; and by bearing your misfortune as lightly as possible, you will be the greatest gainer." So Adrastus took up his abode in the palace of Crœsus.

At this same time a boar of enormous size appeared in Mysian Olympus, and rushing down from that mountain, ravaged the fields of the Mysians. The Mysians, though they often went out against him, could not hurt him, but suffered much from him. At last deputies from the Mysians having come to Crœsus, spoke as follows: "O king, a boar of enormous size has appeared in our country, and ravages our fields: though we have often endeavored to take him, we cannot. We therefore earnestly beg that you would send with us your son, and some chosen youths with dogs, that we may drive him from the country."

Such was their entreaty; but Crœsus, remembering the warning of his dream, answered: "Make no further mention of my son; for I shall not send him with you, because he is lately married, and that now occupies his attention: but I will send with you chosen Lydians, and the whole hunting train, and will order them to assist you with their best endeavors in driving the monster from your country."

Such was his answer; and when the Mysians were content with this, the son of Crœsus, who had heard of their request, came in; and when Crœsus refused to send him with them,

the youth thus addressed him: "Father, in time past I was permitted to signalize myself in the two most noble and becoming exercises of war and hunting; but now you keep me excluded from both, without having observed in me either cowardice or want of spirit. How will men look on me when I go or return from the forum? What kind of man shall I appear to my fellow-citizens? What to my newly married wife? What kind of man will she think she has for a partner? Either suffer me, then, to go to this hunt, or convince me that it is better for me to do as you would have me."

"My son," answered Crœsus, "I act thus, not because I have seen any cowardice, or anything else unbecoming in you; but a vision in a dream appearing to me in my sleep warned me that you would be short-lived, and would die by the point of an iron weapon. On account of this vision, therefore, I hastened your marriage, and now refuse to send you on this expedition; taking care to preserve you, if by any means I can, as long as I live: for you are my only son; the other, who is deprived of his hearing, I consider as lost."

The youth answered: "You are not to blame, my father, if after such a dream you take so much care of me; but it is right for me to explain that which you do not comprehend, and which has escaped your notice in the dream. You say the dream signified that I should die by the point of an iron weapon. But what hand or what pointed iron weapon has a boar, to occasion such fears in you? Had it said I should lose my life by a tusk, or something of like nature, you ought then to have done as you now do; whereas it said by the point of a weapon: since, then, we have not to contend against men, let me go."

"You have surpassed me," replied Crœsus, "in explaining the import of the dream; therefore, being overcome by you, I change my resolution, and permit you to go to the chase."

Crœsus, having thus spoken, sent for the Phrygian Adrastus, and, when he came, addressed him as follows: "Adrastus, I purified you when smitten by a grievous misfortune, which I do not upbraid you with, and have received you into my house, and supplied you with everything necessary. Now, therefore (for it is your duty to requite me with kindness, since I have first conferred a kindness on you), I beg you would be my son's guardian, when he goes to the chase, and take care that no skulking villains show themselves in the way

to do him harm. Besides, you ought to go for your own sake, where you may signalize yourself by your exploits; for this was the glory of your ancestors, and you are, besides, in full vigor."

Adrastus answered: "On no other account, sire, would I have taken part in this enterprise; for it is not fitting that one in my unfortunate circumstances should join with his prosperous compeers, nor do I desire to do so; and indeed I have often restrained myself. Now, however, since you urge me, and I ought to oblige you (for I am bound to requite the benefits you have conferred on me), I am ready to do as you desire; and rest assured that your son, whom you bid me take care of, shall, as far as his guardian is concerned, return to you uninjured."

When Adrastus had made this answer to Crœsus, they went away, well provided with chosen youths and dogs; and having arrived at Mount Olympus, they sought the wild beast, and having found him and encircled him around, they hurled their javelins at him. Among the rest, the stranger, the same that had been purified of murder, named Adrastus, throwing his javelin at the boar, missed him, and struck the son of Crœsus; thus he, being pierced by the point of the lance, fulfilled the warning of the dream. Upon this, some one ran off to tell Crœsus what had happened, and having arrived at Sardis, gave him an account of the action, and of his son's fate.

Crœsus, exceedingly distressed by the death of his son, lamented it the more bitterly because he fell by the hand of one whom he himself had purified from blood; and vehemently deploring his misfortune, he invoked Jove the Expiator, attesting what he had suffered by this stranger. He invoked also the same deity, by the name of the god of hospitality and private friendship: as the god of hospitality, because, by receiving a stranger into his house, he had unawares fostered the murderer of his son; as the god of private friendship, because, having sent him as a guardian, he found him his greatest enemy.

After this, the Lydians approached, bearing the corpse, and behind it followed the slayer. He, having advanced in front of the corpse, delivered himself up to Crœsus, stretching forth his hands and begging of him to kill him upon it; then relating his former misfortune, and how, in addition to that, he had destroyed his purifier, and that he ought to live no longer. When Crœsus heard this, though his own affliction was so

great, he pitied Adrastus, and said to him: "You have made me full satisfaction by condemning yourself to die. But you are not the author of this misfortune, except as far as you were the involuntary agent, but that god, whoever he was, that long since foreshadowed what was about to happen."

Crœsus therefore buried his son as the dignity of his birth required; but Adrastus, son of Gordius, son of Midas, who had been the slayer of his own brother, and the slayer of his purifier, when all was silent round the tomb, judging himself the most heavily afflicted of all men, killed himself on the tomb. But Crœsus, bereaved of his son, continued disconsolate for two years.

Some time after, the overthrow of the kingdom of Astyages son of Cyaxares, by Cyrus son of Cambyses, and the growing power of the Persians, put an end to the grief of Crœsus; and it entered into his thoughts whether he could by any means check the growing power of the Persians before they became formidable. After he had formed this purpose, he determined to make trial as well of the oracles in Greece as of that in Libya; and sent different persons to different places, with the following orders: that, computing the days from the time of their departure from Sardis, they should consult the oracles on the hundredth day, by asking what Crœsus, son of Alyattes and king of the Lydians, was then doing; and that they should bring him the answer of each oracle in writing. Now, what were the answers given by the other oracles is mentioned by none; but no sooner had the Lydians entered the temple of Delphi to consult the god, and asked the question enjoined them, than the Pythian thus spoke in hexameter verse: "I know the number of the sands, and the measure of the sea; I understand the dumb, and hear him that does not speak; the savor of the hard-shelled tortoise boiled in brass with the flesh of lamb strikes on my senses; brass is laid beneath it, and brass is put over it."

The Lydians, having written down this answer of the Pythian, returned to Sardis. And when the rest, who had been sent to other places, arrived bringing the answers, Crœsus, having opened each of them, examined their contents; but none of them pleased him. When, however, he heard that from Delphi, he immediately adored it and approved of it, being convinced that the oracle at Delphi alone was a real oracle, because it had discovered what he had done.

For when he had sent persons to consult the different oracles, watching the appointed day, he had recourse to the following contrivance : having thought of what it was impossible to discover or guess at, he cut up a tortoise and a lamb, and boiled them himself together in a brazen caldron, and put on it a cover of brass.

Such, then, was the answer given to Crœsus from Delphi : as regards the answer of the oracle of Amphiaraus, I cannot say what answer it gave to the Lydians, who performed the accustomed rites at the temple ; for nothing else is related than that he considered this also to be a true oracle.

After this he endeavored to propitiate the god at Delphi by magnificent sacrifices ; for he offered three thousand head of cattle of every kind fit for sacrifice, and having heaped up a great pile, he burned on it beds of gold and silver, vials of gold, and robes of purple and garments, hoping by that means more completely to conciliate the god ; he also ordered all the Lydians to offer to the god whatever he was able. When the sacrifice was ended, having melted down a vast quantity of gold, he cast half-bricks from it ; of which the longest were six palms in length, the shortest three, and in thickness one palm : their number was one hundred and seventeen : four of these, of pure gold, weighed each two talents and a half ; the other half-bricks of pale gold weighed two talents each. He made also the figure of a lion of fine gold, weighing ten talents.

Crœsus, having finished these things, sent them to Delphi, and with them two large bowls, one of gold, the other of silver, and four casks of silver ; and he dedicated two lustral vases, one of gold, the other of silver ; at the same time he sent many other offerings : among them some round silver covers ; and moreover, a statue of a woman in gold three cubits high, which the Delphians say is the image of Crœsus' baking woman ; and to all these things he added the necklaces and girdles of his wife.

These were the offerings he sent to Delphi ; and to Amphiaraus, having ascertained his virtue and sufferings, he dedicated a shield all of gold, and a lance of solid gold, the shaft as well as the points being of gold ; and these are at Thebes, in the temple of Ismenian Apollo.

To the Lydians appointed to convey these presents to the temples, Crœsus gave it in charge to inquire of the oracles whether he should make war on the Persians, and if he should unite any other nation as an ally. Accordingly, when the

Lydians arrived at the places to which they were sent, and had dedicated the offerings, they consulted the oracles, saying: "Crœsus, king of the Lydians and of other nations, esteeming these to be the only oracles among men, sends these presents in acknowledgment of your discoveries; and now asks whether he should lead an army against the Persians, and whether he should join any auxiliary forces with his own." Such were their questions: and the opinions of both oracles concurred, foretelling "that if Crœsus should make war on the Persians, he would destroy a mighty empire;" and they advised him to engage the most powerful of the Grecians in his alliance.

When Crœsus heard the answers that were brought back, he was beyond measure delighted with the oracles; and fully expecting that he should destroy the kingdom of Cyrus, he again sent to Delphi, and having ascertained the number of the inhabitants, presented each of them with two staters of gold. In return for this, the Delphians gave Crœsus and the Lydians the right to consult the oracle before any others, and exemption from tribute, and the first seats in the temple, and the privilege of being made citizens of Delphi to as many as should desire it in all future time.

Crœsus, having made these presents to the Delphians, sent a third time to consult the oracle; for after he had ascertained the veracity of the oracle, he had frequent recourse to it. His demand now was, whether he should long enjoy the kingdom? to which the Pythian gave this answer: "When a mule shall become king of the Medes, then, tenderfooted Lydian, flee over pebbly Hermus, nor tarry, nor blush to be a coward."

With this answer, when reported to him, Crœsus was more than ever delighted, thinking that a mule should never be king of the Medes instead of a man, and consequently that neither he nor his posterity should ever be deprived of the kingdom. In the next place, he began to inquire carefully who were the most powerful of the Greeks whom he might gain over as allies; and on inquiry, found that the Lacedæmonians and Athenians excelled the rest, the former being of Dorian, the latter of Ionic descent; for these were in ancient time the most distinguished, the latter being a Pelasgian, the other an Hellenic nation.

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Crœsus then prepared to invade Cappadocia, hoping to overthrow Cyrus and the power of the Persians. While Crœsus

was preparing for his expedition against the Persians, a certain Lydian, who before that time was esteemed a wise man, and on this occasion acquired a very great name in Lydia, gave him advice in these words (the name of this person was Sandanis) : "O king, you are preparing to make war against a people who wear leather trousers, and the rest of their garments of leather ; who inhabit a barren country, and feed not on such things as they choose, but such as they can get. Besides, they do not habitually use wine, but drink water ; nor have they figs to eat, nor anything that is good. In the first place, then, if you should conquer, what will you take from them, since they have nothing? On the other hand, if you should be conquered, consider what good things you will lose ; for when they have tasted of our good things, they will become fond of them, nor will they be driven from them. As for me, I thank the gods that they have not put it into the thoughts of the Persians to make war on the Lydians." In saying this, he did not persuade Crœsus.

Crœsus invaded Cappadocia for the following reasons : as well from a desire of adding it to his own dominions, as, especially, from his confidence in the oracle, and a wish to punish Cyrus on account of Astyages ; for Cyrus son of Cambyses had subjugated Astyages son of Cyaxares, who was brother-in-law of Crœsus and king of the Medes. He had become brother-in-law to Crœsus in the following manner : —

A band of Scythian nomads having risen in rebellion, withdrew into Media. At that time Cyaxares son of Phraortes, grandson of Deioces, ruled over the Medes ; he at first received these Scythians kindly, as being suppliants ; so much so that, esteeming them very highly, he intrusted some youths to them to learn their language and the use of the bow. In course of time, it happened that these Scythians, who were constantly going out to hunt, and who always brought home something, on one occasion took nothing. On their returning empty-handed, Cyaxares (for he was, as he proved, of a violent temper) treated them with most opprobrious language. The Scythians, having met with this treatment from Cyaxares, and considering it undeserved by them, determined to kill one of the youths that were being educated under their care ; and having prepared the flesh as they used to dress the beasts taken in hunting, to serve it up to Cyaxares as if it were game, and then to make their escape immediately to Alyattes son of Sadyattes,

at Sardis. This was accordingly done, and Cyaxares and his guests tasted of this flesh; and the Scythians, having done this, became suppliants to Alyattes.

After this (for Alyattes refused to deliver up the Scythians to Cyaxares when he demanded them), war lasted between the Lydians and the Medes for five years; during this period the Medes often defeated the Lydians, and often the Lydians defeated the Medes; and during this time they had a kind of nocturnal engagement. In the sixth year, when they were carrying on the war with nearly equal success, on occasion of an engagement, it happened that in the heat of the battle day was suddenly turned into night. This change of the day Thales the Milesian had foretold to the Ionians, fixing beforehand this year as the very period in which the change actually took place. The Lydians and Medes seeing night succeeding in the place of day, desisted from fighting, and both showed a great anxiety to make peace. Syennesis the Cilician, and Labynetus the Babylonian, were the mediators of their reconciliation: these were they who hastened the treaty between them, and made a matrimonial connection; for they persuaded Alyattes to give his daughter Aryenis in marriage to Astyages son of Cyaxares: for without strong necessity, agreements are not wont to remain firm. These nations in their federal contracts observe the same ceremonies as the Greeks; and in addition, when they have cut their arms to the outer skin, they lick up one another's blood.

Cyrus had subdued this same Astyages, his grandfather by the mother's side, for reasons which I shall hereafter relate. Crœsus, alleging this against him, sent to consult the oracle if he should make war on the Persians; and when an ambiguous answer came back, he, interpreting it to his own advantage, led his army against the territory of the Persians. When he arrived at the river Halys, Crœsus transported his forces, as I believe, by the bridges which are now there. But the common opinion of the Grecians is, that Thales the Milesian procured him a passage; for, while Crœsus was in doubt how his army should pass over the river (for they say that these bridges were not at that time in existence), Thales, who was in the camp, caused the stream, which flowed along the left of the army, to flow likewise on the right; and he contrived it thus: having begun above the camp, he dug a deep trench, in the shape of a half-moon, so that the river, being turned into this from its old

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channel, might pass in the rear of the camp pitched where it then was, and afterward, having passed by the camp, might fall into its former course; so that as soon as the river was divided into two streams, it became fordable in both. Some say that the ancient channel of the river was entirely dried up: but this I cannot assent to; for how then could they have crossed it on their return?

However, Crœsus, having passed the river with his army, came to a place called Pteria, in Cappadocia. (Now Pteria is the strongest position of the whole of this country, and is situated over against Sinope, a city on the Euxine Sea.) Here he encamped, and ravaged the lands of the Syrians, and took the city of the Pterians, and enslaved the inhabitants; he also took all the adjacent places, and expelled the inhabitants, who had given him no cause for blame. But Cyrus, having assembled his own army, and having taken with him all who inhabited the intermediate country, went to meet Crœsus. But before he began to advance, he sent heralds to the Ionians, to persuade them to revolt from Crœsus: the Ionians, however, refused. When Cyrus had come up and encamped opposite Crœsus, they made trial of each other's strength on the plains of Pteria; but when an obstinate battle took place, and many fell on both sides, they at last parted on the approach of night, neither having been victorious. In this manner did the two armies engage.

But Crœsus laying the blame on his own army on account of the smallness of its numbers, for his forces that engaged were far fewer than those of Cyrus — laying the blame on this, when on the following day Cyrus did not attempt to attack him, he marched back to Sardis, designing to summon the Egyptians according to treaty, for he had made an alliance with Amasis, king of Egypt, before he had with the Lacedæmonians; and to send for the Babylonians (for he had made an alliance with them also, and Labynetus at this time reigned over the Babylonians), and to require the presence of the Lacedæmonians at a fixed time: having collected these together, and assembled his own army, he purposed, when winter was over, to attack the Persians in the beginning of the spring. With this design, when he reached Sardis, he dispatched ambassadors to his different allies, requiring them to meet at Sardis before the end of five months; but the army that was with him, and that had fought with the Persians, which was composed of mercenary

troops, he entirely disbanded, not imagining that Cyrus, who had come off on such equal terms, would venture to advance upon Sardis.

While Crœsus was forming these plans, the whole suburbs were filled with serpents; and when they appeared, the horses, forsaking their pastures, came and devoured them. When Crœsus beheld this, he considered it to be, as it really was, a prodigy, and sent immediately to consult the interpreters at Telmessus: but the messengers having arrived there, and learned from the Telmessians what the prodigy portended, were unable to report it to Crœsus; for before they sailed back to Sardis, Crœsus had been taken prisoner. The Telmessians had pronounced as follows: "That Crœsus must expect a foreign army to invade his country, which, on its arrival, would subdue the natives; because, they said, the serpent is a son of the earth, but the horse is an enemy and a stranger." This answer the Telmessians gave to Crœsus when he had been already taken, yet without knowing what had happened with respect to Sardis or Crœsus himself.

But Cyrus, as soon as Crœsus had retreated after the battle at Pteria, having discovered that it was the intention of Crœsus to disband his army, found, upon deliberation, that it would be to his advantage to march with all possible expedition on Sardis, before the forces of the Lydians could be a second time assembled; and when he had thus determined, he put his plan into practice with all possible expedition; for having marched his army into Lydia, he brought this news of his own enterprise to Crœsus. Thereupon Crœsus, being thrown into great perplexity, seeing that matters had turned out contrary to his expectations, nevertheless drew out the Lydians to battle; and at that time no nation in Asia was more valiant and warlike than the Lydians. Their mode of fighting was from on horseback; they were armed with long lances, and managed their horses with admirable address.

Cyrus, alarmed at the cavalry, had recourse to the following stratagem: having collected together all the camels that followed his army with provisions and baggage, and caused their burdens to be taken off, he mounted men upon them equipped in cavalry accouterments; and having furnished them, he ordered them to go in advance of the rest of his army against the Lydian horse, commanded his infantry to follow the camels, and placed the whole of his cavalry behind the infantry. When all were drawn

up in order, he charged them not to spare any of the Lydians, but to kill every one they met; but on no account to kill Crœsus, even if he should offer resistance when taken. He drew up the camels in the front of the cavalry for this reason: a horse is afraid of a camel, and cannot endure either to see its form or to scent its smell. Accordingly, when they joined battle, the horses no sooner smelt the camels and saw them, than they wheeled round, and the hopes of Crœsus were destroyed. Nevertheless, the Lydians were not therefore discouraged, but when they perceived what had happened, leaped from their horses and engaged with the Persians on foot; at last, when many had fallen on both sides, the Lydians were put to flight, and being shut up within the walls, were besieged by the Persians.

On the fourteenth day after Crœsus had been besieged, Cyrus sent horsemen throughout his army, and proclaimed that he would liberally reward the man who should first mount the wall: upon this, several attempts were made, and as often failed; till, after the rest had desisted, a Mardian, whose name was Hyrœades, endeavored to climb up on that part of the citadel where no guard was stationed, because there did not appear to be any danger that it would be taken on that part, for on that side the citadel was precipitous and impracticable. This is the quarter of the city that faces Mount Tmolus. Now this Hyrœades the Mardian, having seen a Lydian come down this precipice the day before for a helmet that was rolled down, and carry it up again, noticed it carefully, and reflected on it in his mind: he thereupon ascended the same way, followed by divers Persians; and when great numbers had gone up, Sardis was thus taken, and the whole town plundered.

The following incidents befell Crœsus himself. He had a son, of whom I have before made mention, who was in other respects proper enough, but dumb. Now, in the time of his former prosperity, Crœsus had done everything he could for him, and among other expedients had sent to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning him; but the Pythian gave him this answer: "O Lydian born, king of many, very foolish Crœsus, wish not to hear the longed-for voice of thy son speaking within thy palace: it were better for thee that this should be far off; for he will first speak in an unhappy day."

When the city was taken, one of the Persians, not knowing Crœsus, was about to kill him. Crœsus, though he saw him

approach, from his present misfortune took no heed of him, nor did he care about dying by the blow; but this speechless son of his, when he saw the Persian advancing against him, through dread and anguish burst into speech, and said, "Man, kill not Crœsus." These were the first words he ever uttered; but from that time he continued to speak during the remainder of his life.

So the Persians got possession of Sardis, and made Crœsus prisoner, after he had reigned fourteen years, been besieged fourteen days, and lost his great empire, as the oracle had predicted. The Persians, having taken him, conducted him to Cyrus; and he, having heaped up a great pile, placed Crœsus upon it, bound with fetters, and with him fourteen young Lydians, designing either to offer this sacrifice to some god as the first fruits of his victory, or wishing to perform a vow; or perhaps, having heard that Crœsus was a religious person, he placed him on the pile for the purpose of discovering whether any deity would save him from being burned alive. When Crœsus stood upon the pile, notwithstanding the weight of his misfortunes, the words of Solon recurred to him, as spoken by inspiration of the Deity, that "no living man could be justly called happy." When this occurred to him, after a long silence he recovered himself, and uttering a groan, thrice pronounced the name of Solon. When Cyrus heard him, he commanded his interpreters to ask Crœsus whom it was he called upon: they drew near and asked him, but Crœsus for some time kept silence; but at last, being constrained to speak, said, "I named a man whose discourses I more desire all tyrants might hear, than to be possessor of the greatest riches."

When he gave them this obscure answer, they again inquired what he said; and when they persisted in their inquiries, and were very importunate, he at length told them that Solon, an Athenian, formerly visited him, and having viewed all his treasures, made no account of them; telling, in a word, how everything had befallen him as Solon had warned him, though his discourse related to all mankind as much as to himself, and especially to those who imagine themselves happy. The pile being now kindled, the outer parts began to burn: but Cyrus, informed by the interpreters of what Crœsus had said, relented, and considering that being but a man, he was yet going to burn another man alive who had been no way inferior to himself in prosperity; and moreover fearing retribution, and reflecting

that nothing human is constant, commanded the fire to be instantly extinguished and Crœsus, with those who were about him, to be taken down; but they, with all their endeavors, were unable to master the fire.

Crœsus, perceiving that Cyrus had altered his resolution, when he saw every man endeavoring to put out the fire but unable to get the better of it, shouted aloud, invoking Apollo, and besought him, if ever any of his offerings had been agreeable to him, to protect and deliver him from the present danger: he with tears invoked the god, and on a sudden clouds were seen gathering in the air, which before was serene, and a violent storm burst forth and vehement rain fell and extinguished the flames; by which Cyrus perceiving that Crœsus was beloved by the gods, and a good man, when he had had him taken down from the pile, asked him the following question: "Who persuaded you, Crœsus, to invade my territories, and to become my enemy instead of my friend?"

He answered: "O king, I have done this for your good but my own evil fortune, and the god of the Greeks who encouraged me to make war is the cause of all. For no man is so void of understanding as to prefer war before peace: for in the latter, children bury their fathers; in the former, fathers bury their children. But I suppose it pleased the gods that these things should be so."

He then thus spoke: but Cyrus, having set him at liberty, placed him by his own side, and showed him great respect; and both he and all those that were with him were astonished at what they saw. But Crœsus, absorbed in thought, remained silent; and presently turning round and beholding the Persians sacking the city of the Lydians, he said: "Does it become me, O king, to tell you what is passing through my mind, or to keep silent on the present occasion?"

Cyrus bade him say with confidence whatever he wished; upon which Crœsus asked him, saying, "What is this vast crowd so earnestly employed about?"

He answered, "They are sacking your city and plundering your riches."

"Not so," Crœsus replied; "they are neither sacking my city nor plundering my riches, for they no longer belong to me, but they are ravaging what belongs to you."

The reply of Crœsus attracted the attention of Cyrus; he therefore ordered all the rest to withdraw, and asked Crœsus

what he thought should be done in the present conjuncture. He answered: "Since the gods have made me your servant, I think it my duty to acquaint you if I perceive anything deserving of remark. The Persians, who are by nature overbearing, are poor. If therefore you permit them to plunder and possess great riches, you may expect the following results: whoso acquires the greatest possessions, be assured will be ready to rebel. Therefore, if you approve what I say, adopt the following plan: place some of your bodyguard as sentinels at every gate, with orders to take the booty from all those who would go out, and to acquaint them that the tenth must of necessity be consecrated to Jupiter: thus you will not incur the odium of taking away their property; and they, acknowledging your intention to be just, will readily obey."

Cyrus, when he heard this, was exceedingly delighted, as he thought the suggestion a very good one. Having therefore commended it highly, and ordered his guards to do what Crœsus suggested, he addressed Crœsus as follows: "Crœsus, since you are resolved to display the deeds and words of a true king, ask whatever boon you desire on the instant."

"Sir," he answered, "the most acceptable favor you can bestow upon me is to let me send my fetters to the god of the Grecians, whom I have honored more than any other deity, and to ask him if it be his custom to deceive those who deserve well of him."

Cyrus asked him what cause he had to complain, that induced him to make this request: upon which Crœsus recounted to him all his projects, and the answers of the oracles, and particularly the offerings he had presented; and how he was incited by the oracle to make war against the Persians. When he had said this, he again besought him to grant him leave to reproach the god with these things. But Cyrus, smiling, said, "You shall not only receive this boon from me, but whatever else you may at any time desire."

When Crœsus heard this, he sent certain Lydians to Delphi, with orders to lay his fetters at the entrance of the temple, and to ask the god if he were not ashamed to have encouraged Crœsus by his oracles to make war on the Persians, as he would put an end to the power of Cyrus, of which war such were the first fruits (showing the fetters), and at the same time to ask if it were the custom of the Grecian gods to be ungrateful.

When the Lydians arrived at Delphi, and had delivered

their message, the Pythian is reported to have made this answer: "The god himself even cannot avoid the decrees of fate; and Crœsus has atoned the crime of his ancestor in the fifth generation, who, being one of the bodyguard of the Heraclidæ, was induced by the artifice of a woman to murder his master, and to usurp his dignity, to which he had no right. But although Apollo was desirous that the fall of Sardis might happen in the time of the sons of Crœsus, and not during his reign, yet it was not in his power to avert the fates: but so far as he allowed they accomplished, and conferred the boon on him; for he delayed the capture of Sardis for the space of three years. Let Crœsus know, therefore, that he was taken prisoner three years later than the fates had ordained; and in the next place, he came to his relief when he was upon the point of being burned alive. Then, as to the prediction of the oracle, Crœsus has no right to complain: for Apollo foretold him that if he made war on the Persians, he would subvert a great empire; and had he desired to be truly informed, he ought to have sent again to inquire whether his own or that of Cyrus was meant. But since he neither understood the oracle, nor inquired again, let him lay the blame on himself. And when he last consulted the oracle, he did not understand the answer concerning the mule: for Cyrus was that mule; inasmuch as he was born of parents of different nations, the mother superior, but the father inferior. For she was a Mede, and daughter of Astyages, king of Media; but he was a Persian, subject to the Medes; and though in every respect inferior, he married his own mistress."

The Pythian gave this answer to the Lydians, and they carried it back to Sardis, and reported it to Crœsus, and he, when he heard it, acknowledged the fault to be his, and not the gods. Such is the account of the kingdom of Crœsus, and the first subjection of Ionia.

THE LAST TWO ORACLES OF GREECE.[1]

TRANSLATED BY F. W. H. MYERS.

I.

AN ORACLE CONCERNING THE ETERNAL GOD.

O GOD ineffable eternal Sire,
Throned on the whirling spheres, the astral fire,
Hid in whose heart thy whole creation lies, —
The whole world's wonder mirrored in thine eyes, —
List thou thy children's voice, who draw anear,
Thou hast begotten us, thou too must hear!
Each life thy life her Fount, her Ocean knows,
Fed while it fosters, filling as it flows;
Wrapt in thy light the star-set cycles roll,
And worlds within thee stir into a soul;
But stars and souls shall keep their watch and way,
Nor change the going of thy lonely day.
Some sons of thine, our Father, King of kings,
Rest in the sheen and shelter of thy wings, —
Some to strange hearts the unspoken message bear,
Sped on thy strength through the haunts and homes of air, —
Some where thine honor dwelleth hope and wait,
Sigh for thy courts and gather at thy gate;
These from afar to thee their praises bring,
Of thee, albeit they have not seen thee, sing;
Of thee the Father wise, the Mother mild,
Thee in all children the eternal Child,
Thee the first Number and harmonious Whole,
Form in all forms, and of all souls the Soul.

II.

TO AMELIUS, WHO INQUIRED, "WHERE IS NOW PLOTINUS' SOUL?"

PURE spirit — once a man — pure spirits now
Greet thee rejoicing, and of these art thou;
Not vainly was thy whole soul alway bent
With one same battle and one the same intent
Through eddying cloud and earth's bewildering roar
To win her bright way to that stainless shore.
Ay, 'mid the salt spume of this troublous sea,
This death in life, this sick perplexity,

[1] From "Hellenica," a collection of Essays edited by E. Abbott. By permission of the editor and the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co.

Oft on thy struggle through the obscure unrest
A revelation opened from the Blest—
Showed close at hand the goal thy hope would win,
Heaven's kingdom round thee and thy God within.
So sure a help the eternal Guardians gave,
From Life's confusion so were strong to save,
Upheld thy wandering steps that sought the day
And set them steadfast on the heavenly way.
Nor quite even here on thy broad brows was shed
The sleep which shrouds the living, who are dead;
Once by God's grace was from thine eyes unfurled
This veil that screens the immense and whirling world,
Once, while the spheres around thee in music ran,
Was very Beauty manifest to man;—
Ah, once to have seen her, once to have known her there,
For speech too sweet, for earth too heavenly fair!
But now the tomb where long thy soul had lain
Bursts, and thy tabernacle is rent in twain;
Now from about thee, in thy new home above,
Has perished all but life, and all but love,—
And on all lives and on all loves outpoured
Free grace and full, a Spirit from the Lord,
High in that heaven whose windless vaults enfold
Just men made perfect, and an age all gold.
Thine own Pythagoras is with thee there,
And sacred Plato in that sacred air,
And whoso followed, and all high hearts that knew
In death's despite what deathless Love can do.
To God's right hand they have scaled the starry way—
Pure spirits these, thy spirit pure as they.
Ah saint! how many and many an anguish past,
To how fair haven art thou come at last!
On thy meek head what Powers their blessing pour,
Filled full with life, and rich for evermore!

WIT AND SATIRE OF THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Translated by LORD NEAVES, Senator of the College of Justice Scotland.

It would not have been conformable either to human nature in general, or to Greek nature in particular, if the country and the literature that produced Aristophanes should not in its less

[1] By permission of W. Blackwood and Sons.

serious compositions have given some place for wit and sarcasm. We find, accordingly, that these elements are not wanting. A great many epigrams both of a jocular and of a satirical kind are well deserving of notice, of which specimens shall now be given.

Nowhere, perhaps, are the proper objects of ridicule better set forth than in the Introduction to one of Foote's farces. He refuses to bring on the stage mere bodily defects or natural misfortunes; and when asked to say at what things we may laugh with propriety, answers thus: "At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen and your mirth."

We do not say that the Greek epigrammatist always abstained from making merry at mere bodily defects; but we shall avoid as much as possible those that have no other recommendation. The proper object of ridicule is surely Folly, and the proper object of satire, Vice. Within the present section, however, will be included not merely the ridicule of sarcasm and the attacks of satire, but any also of those merry or witty views of nature and things that tend to produce sympathetic laughter.

Of bodily peculiarities there are some at which it is difficult not to smile; and if it is done good-humoredly, and rather as a warning to abstain from vanity or conceit, there is no harm in it. Many of such epigrams were probably written upon merely imaginary persons: —

A New Use of a Human Face.

(Attributed to the Emperor Trajan: the translation old.)

With nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sundial.

Some of the critics are greatly delighted to find that in this epigram the Emperor's knowledge of Greek was not such as to prevent him committing a false quantity.

A Counterpart to Narcissus.

(By Lucilius: translated by Cowper.)

Beware, my friend! of crystal brook
Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
  Thy nose, thou chance to see;
Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
And self-detested thou wouldst pine,
  As self-enamored he.

Long and Short.

(Anonymous: translated by Merivale.)

Dick cannot blow his nose whene'er he pleases,
  His nose so long is, and his arm so short;
Nor ever cries, God bless me! when he sneezes —
  He cannot hear so distant a report.

A variety of trades and professions have been traditional objects of ridicule. Schoolmasters and professors come in for their share.

On a Schoolmaster who had a Gay Wife.

(By Lucilius.)

You in your school forever flog and flay us,
Teaching what Paris did to Menelaus;
But all the while, within your private dwelling,
There's many a Paris courting of your Helen.

On a Professor who had a Small Class.

Hail, Aristides, Rhetoric's great professor!
Of wondrous words we own thee the possessor.
Hail ye, his pupils seven, that mutely hear him —
His room's four walls, and the three benches near him!

This that follows is on Cadmus, without whom there might have been no grammar, and little rhetoric. It is said to be by Zeno — not the philosopher, we presume. We give first a translation by Wellesley: —

Take it not ill that Cadmus, Phœnician though he be,
Can say that Greece was taught by him to write her A, B, C.

This is good; but even "English readers" may know that A, B, C, is not the right name of the Greek alphabet. Let us respectfully propose a slight change: —

> Cadmus am I: then grudge me not the boast, that, though I am a Phœnician born, I taught you Greeks your Alpha, Beta, Gamma.

The medical profession as usual comes in for some of those touches which we are ready enough to give or to enjoy when we are not actually in their hands.

A Convenient Partnership.

(Anonymous.)

> Damon, who plied the Undertaker's trade,
> With Doctor Crateas an agreement made.
> What linens Damon from the dead could seize,
> He to the doctor sent for bandages;
> While the good Doctor, here no promise breaker,
> Sent all his patients to the Undertaker.

Grammar and Medicine.

(By Agathias.)

> A thriving doctor sent his son to school
> To gain some knowledge, should he prove no fool;
> But took him soon away with little warning,
> On finding out the lesson he was learning —
> How great Pelides' wrath, in Homer's rhyme,
> Sent many souls to Hades ere their time.
> "No need for this my boy should hither come;
> That lesson he can better learn at home —
> For I myself, now, I make bold to say,
> Send many souls to Hades ere their day,
> Nor e'er find want of Grammar stop my way."

Musical attempts, when unsuccessful, are a fruitful and fair subject of ridicule. The following is by Nicarchus: —

> Men die when the night raven sings or cries:
> But when Dick sings, e'en the night raven dies.

Compensation.

(By Leonidas.)

The harper Simylus, the whole night through,
Harped till his music all the neighbors slew:
All but deaf Origen, for whose dull *ears*
Nature atoned by giving length of *years*.

The Musical Doctor.

(By Ammianus: the translation altered from Wellesley.)

Nicias, a doctor and musician,
Lies under very foul suspicion.
He sings, and without any shame
He murders all the finest music:
Does he prescribe? our fate's the same,
If he shall e'er find me or you sick.

Unsuccessful painters, too, are sneered at. This is by Lucilius: —

Eutychus many portraits made, and many sons begot;
But, strange to say! none ever saw a likeness in the lot.

Compliments to the fair sex are often paid by the epigrammatists in a manner at once witty and graceful.

We have seen how Sappho was described as a tenth Muse; but this epigram by an unknown author goes further. The translation is old and anonymous, though borrowed apparently from one by Swift, on which it has improved. It has been slightly altered: —

The world must now two Venuses adore;
Ten are the Muses, and the Graces four.
Such Dora's wit, so fair her form and face,
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace.

We find an adaptation of this to an accomplished Cornish lady, in an old magazine: —

Now the Graces are four and the Venuses two,
And ten is the number of Muses;
For a Muse and a Grace and a Venus are you,
My dear little Molly Trefusis.

Finally, we have another edition of this idea with a bit of satire at the end, which has been maliciously added by the translator: —

Of Graces four, of Muses ten,
Of Venuses now two are seen;
Doris shines forth to dazzled men,
A Grace, a Muse, and Beauty's Queen; —
But let me whisper one thing more;
The Furies now are likewise four.

The faults and foibles of women, springing often so naturally from their innate wish to please, have not escaped such of the epigrammatists as were inclined to satire, and some of them are bitter enough. The first we give must have been occasioned by some irritating disappointment, or have sprung from an unworthy opinion of the sex. It is by our friend Palladas: —

All wives are plagues; yet two blest times have they, —
Their bridal first, and then their burial day.

The others we give are less sweeping, and more directed against individual failings, particularly the desire to appear more beautiful or more youthful than the facts warranted. This is by Lucilius: —

Chloe, those locks of raven hair, —
Some people say you dye them black;
But that's a libel, I can swear,
For I know where you buy them black.

Our next deals with a very systematic dyer and getter-up of artificial juvenility, who seems to have been her own Madame Rachel. The Greek is Lucian's, and the translation by Merivale. There is also one by Cowper, which will be found among his works: —

Yes, you may dye your hair, but not your age,
Nor smooth, alas! the wrinkles of your face:
Yes, you may varnish o'er the telltale page,
And wear a mask for every vanished grace.
But there's an end. No Hecuba, by aid
Of rouge and ceruse, is a Helen made."

The inactive habits of most of the Greek women are thought to have created a temptation to the use of these artificial modes of heightening the complexion, which would have been better

effected by the natural pigments laid on by fresh air and exercise.

This is by Nicarchus, upon an old woman wishing to be married at rather an advanced period of life: —

> Niconoè has doubtless reached her prime:
> Yes, for she did so in Deucalion's time.
> We don't know as to that, but think her doom
> Less fitted for a husband than a tomb.

This also is upon an old, or at least a plain woman, by Lucilius: —

> Gellia, your mirror's false; you could not bear,
> If it were true, to see your image there.

On a Woman scornful in Youth playing the Coquette when Old.

(By Rufinus.)

> You now salute me graciously, when gone
> Your beauty's power, that once like marble shone;
> You now look sweet, though forced to hide away
> Those locks that o'er your proud neck used to stray.
> Vain are your arts: your faded charms I scorn;
> The rose now past, I care not for the thorn.

Upon a Lady's Coy, Reluctant, "Unamorous" Delay.

(By Rufinus.)

> How long, hard Prodicè, am I to kneel,
> And pray and whine, to move that breast of steel?
> You e'en are getting gray, as much as I am;
> We soon shall be — just Hecuba and Priam.

Deafness is an infirmity which is a proper object, not of ridicule, but of pity; but then the deaf person should not pretend to hear when he or she cannot, as was the case with the old lady now to be noticed: —

On a Deaf Housekeeper.

(Paraphrased.)

> Of all life's plagues I recommend to no man
> To hire as a domestic a deaf woman.

I've got one who my orders does not hear,
Mishears them rather, and keeps blundering **near.**
Thirsty and hot, I asked her for a *drink ;*
She bustled out, and brought me back some *ink.*
Eating a good rump steak, I called for *mustard;*
Away she went, and whipped me up a *custard.*
I wanted with my chicken to have *ham;*
Blundering once more, she brought a pot of *jam.*
I wished in season for a cut of *salmon,*
And what she bought me was a huge fat *gammon.*
I can't my voice raise higher and still higher,
As if I were a herald or town-crier.
'Twould better be if she were deaf outright;
But anyhow she quits my house this night.

Those ladies — generally, of course, such as were advanced in life — who unblushingly betook themselves to the bottle, are an inevitable subject of satire. It has already been mentioned that even men were considered intemperate who drank wine without a large admixture of water; but apparently the female topers, having once broken bounds, took their wine unmixed.

Epitaph on Maronis.

This rudely sculptured Cup will show
Where gray Maronis lies below.
She talked, and drank strong unmixed **stuff,**
Both of them more than *quantum suff.*
She does not for her children grieve,
Nor their poor father grudge to leave;
It only vexes her to think
This drinking cup's not filled with drink.

The last couplet might be more literally translated thus : —

But in the grave she scarcely can lie still,
To think, what Bacchus owns, she can't with Bacchus fill.

Love is sometimes treated of in a vein of pleasantry, very different from the deep and impassioned tone in which it is exhibited in more serious compositions. Take some examples : —

Is a *Black* Woman one of the *Fair* Sex?

(By Meleager.)

By Didyma's beauty I'm carried away;
I melt, when I see it, like wax before fire:
She is black, it is true: so are coals; but even they,
When they're warmed, a bright glow like the rose cup acquire.

This is by Archias, Cicero's friend and client, written perhaps to illustrate some piece of art: —

What! fly from Love? vain hope: there's no retreat,
When he has wings and I have only feet.

This is by Crates, translated by Sayers, Southey's friend: —

Cures for Love.

Hunger, perhaps, may cure your love
  Or time your passion greatly alter:
If both should unsuccessful prove,
  I strongly recommend a halter.

Venus and the Muses.

(By some said to be Plato's.)

To the Muses said Venus: "Maids, mind what you do;
Honor me, or I'll set my boy Cupid on you."
Then to Venus the Muses: "To Mars chatter thus:
Your urchin ne'er ventures to fly upon us."

The light and cheerful way in which poor men speak of their poverty is often pleasant. Here are some examples: —

Want a Good Watchdog.

(By Julian: the translation by Wellesley.)

Seek a more profitable job,
  Good housebreakers, elsewhere:
These premises you cannot rob,
  Want guards them with such care.

The Poor Scholar's Admonition to the Mice.

(By Aristo.)

O mice! if here you come for food, you'd better go elsewhere,
For in this cabin, small and rude, you'll find but slender fare.

Go where you'll meet with good fat cheese, and sweet dried figs in plenty,
Where even the scraps will yield with ease a banquet rich and dainty:
If to devour my books you come, you'll rue it without question,
And find them all, as I find some, of very hard digestion.

The folly of fools is a fair subject of ridicule. This is by Lucian: —

A blockhead bit by fleas put out the light,
And chuckling cried, Now you can't see to bite.

Here is something which the Greeks considered folly, by Lucian: —

While others tippled, Sam from drinking shrunk,
Which made the rest think Sam alone was drunk.

Without recommending excess, there are a good many invitations to jollity. Here is one: —

Sober Eubulus, friends, lies here below:
So then, let's drink: to Hades all must go.

What follows is a favorite sentiment — perhaps too much so — with the old poets: —

Wine to the poet is a wingèd steed;
Those who drink water come but little speed.

One great poet has existed in our day who was a signal exception to this alleged rule.

The following is by the Emperor Julian, and refers to that substitute for wine which the Germans discovered by fermenting, or, as Tacitus calls it, *corrupting*, grain. It does not seem to have pleased the imperial wine drinker. The translation is necessarily paraphrastic: —

Who? whence this, Bacchus? for by Bacchus' self,
The son of Jove, I kn w not this strange elf.
The other smells like nectar: but thou here
Like the he-goat. Those wr tched Celts, I fear,
For want of grapes made thee of ears of corn.
Demetrius art thou, of Demeter born,
Not Bacchus, Dionysus, nor yet wine —
Those names but fit the products of the vine;
Beer thou mayst be from Barley; or, that failing,
We'll call thee Ale, for thou wilt keep us ailing.

A bath to the Greeks, as we might expect — at least, in their later development — was a great enjoyment, if not a necessity of life. The epigrammatists supply us with many pleasant and playful inscriptions for baths or bathing places, illustrating their virtues and attractions. The purity and freshness of the water are natural themes of eulogium, and the patronage of divine beings is readily supposed. Here is a selection, all of them apparently anonymous : —

This bath may boast the Graces' own to be, —
And for that reason it holds only three.

Here bathed the Graces, and at leaving gave
Their choicest splendors to requite the wave.

Or thus, which we may suppose written of the draped Graces : —

Here bathed the Graces, and, by way of payment,
Left half their charms when they resumed their raiment.

Here Venus bathed, ere she to Paris' eyes
Displayed the immortal form that gained the prize

Or thus : —

Straight from this bath went Venus, wet and dripping;
To Paris showed herself — and won the pippin.

Either these waves gave Venus birth, or she,
Her form here bathing, made them what we see.

On a Small-sized Bath.

Blame not things little: Grace may on them wait.
Cupid is little; but his godhead's great.

We are warned, however, that excess in the use of the warm bath, as in other indulgences, may be injurious : —

Wine and the bath, and lawless love for ladies,
Just send us quicker down the hill to Hades.

Some vices are particularly obnoxious to the satirical epigrammatist, especially avarice and envy : —

Stinginess in Hospitality.

(By Pallas: translation altered from Wellesley.)

Most people dine but once, but when we've dined
With our friend Salaminus,
We dine again at home, for faith! we find
He did not truly dine us.

Board or Lodging.

(By Lucilius: translation altered from Cowper.)

Asclépiades, the Miser, in his house
Espied one day, with some surprise, a mouse:
"Tell me, dear mouse," he cried, "to what cause is it
I owe this pleasant but unlooked-for visit?"
The mouse said, smiling: "Fear not for your hoard:
I come, my friend, to lodge, and not to board."

There are several vigorous denunciations of the vice of envy. This is anonymous: —

Envy is vile, but plays a useful part,
Torturing in envious men both eyes and heart.

This is in that exaggerated style which the epigrams sometimes exhibit. It is by Lucilius — the translation from Wellesley: —

Poor Diophon of envy died,
His brother thief to see
Nailed near him, to be crucified,
Upon a higher tree.

But the best epigram on this subject is to be found in one which seems to describe a picture of Momus the fault-finder, the impersonation of Envy, perhaps also, some will say, of Criticism, — the Power who could produce nothing excellent himself, and who never saw unmixed excellence in the works of others. The picture is supposed to have been by Apelles. The epigram is anonymous; the translation partly from Hay: —

Who here has formed, with faultless hand and skill,
Fault-finding Momus, source of endless ill?
On the bare earth his aged limbs are thrown,

As if in life, to lie and sigh and groan.
His frame is wasted, and his scanty hairs
One trembling hand from his thin temple tears:
With his old staff the other strikes the ground,
Which all insensate to the blows is found.
In double row his gnashing teeth declare
How much his neighbor's weal o'erwhelms him with despair.

Swift made a well-known epitaph upon Vanbrugh as an architect: —

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

This is nearly the counterpart of the following Greek epigram: —

Hail, Mother Earth! lie light on him
Whose tombstone here we see:
Æsigenes, his form was slim,
And light his weight on thee.

A similar request is made in another epigram by Ammianus, but with a very different feeling. The translation is by Merivale: —

Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay, —
That so the dogs may easier find their prey.

This anonymous epigram is upon a matricide, who does not deserve burial: —

Bury him not! no burial is for him:
Let hungry dogs devour him limb by limb.
Our general Mother, Earth, on her kind breast
Will ne'er allow a matricide to rest.

The satirical epigrammatists indulge often in national invective, and indeed the Greeks were too fond of abusing some of their neighbors. Here are specimens: —

A viper bit a Cappadocian's hide;
But 'twas the viper, not the man, that died.

The natives of many other countries besides Cappadocia were called *bad:* among the rest the Lerians; thus: —

Lerians are bad: not *some* bad, and some *not,*
But all; there's not a Lerian in the lot,
Save Procles, that you could a good man call; —
And Procles — is a Lerian after all.

Our readers will here recognize the original of a well-known epigram by Porson, which exists both in a Greek and English shape, and where the satirist, after denouncing the Germans as *all* ignorant of Greek meters, concludes : —

> All, save only Hermann; —
> And Hermann's a German.

It was unfortunate for poor Hermann that his name and his nationality rhymed so well together.

An epigram may here be given in conclusion on this head, as tending, perhaps, to illustrate the transition by which the satirical Greek epigram came to resemble the favorite style of Martial, which has been so much adopted in modern times.

The epigram we refer to is by Lucilius : —

On a Declamatory Pleader.

A little pig, an ox, a goat (my only one), I lost,
And Menecles, to plead my cause, I fee'd at some small cost.
I only wanted back my beasts, which seemed my simple due;
Then, Menecles, what had I with Othryades to do?
I never thought in this affair to charge with any theft
The men who, at Thermopylæ, their lives and bodies left.
My suit is with Eutychides; and if I get decree,
Leonidas and Xerxes both are welcome to go free.
Plead my true case: lest I cry out (I can't my feelings smother),
"The little pig one story tells, and Menecles another."

This satire upon a certain class of lawyers agrees completely with an epigram of Martial's; and as Lucilius and he lived nearly about the same time, it would be interesting to know if the one was borrowed from the other, and which. The preponderance of evidence rather is that Lucilius, as Lessing thinks, was a century, or at least half a century, later than Martial, and is probably, therefore, the imitator in this matter, though his imitation is not slavish. Martial's epigram has been translated into French by La Monnoye.

This chapter may be concluded with a mild satire upon the condition of the times, with reference to the two ancient worthies, Heraclitus and Democritus, the weeping and the laughing philosopher. The translation is mainly from Prior : —

"The isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung"

From a painting by Alma-Tadema

Sad Heraclitus, with thy tears return;
Life more than ever gives us cause to mourn.
Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth:
Life more than ever gives us cause for mirth.
Between you both I stand in thoughtful pother,
How I should weep with one, how laugh with t'other

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

By LORD BYRON.

[Lord George Noel Gordon Byron: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
  Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,—
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
  Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds that echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
  That looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships by thousands lay below,
  And men in nations — all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
  Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blessed?
  Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet —
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such claims as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine:
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Samian's marbled steep —
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swanlike, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

SOLON.

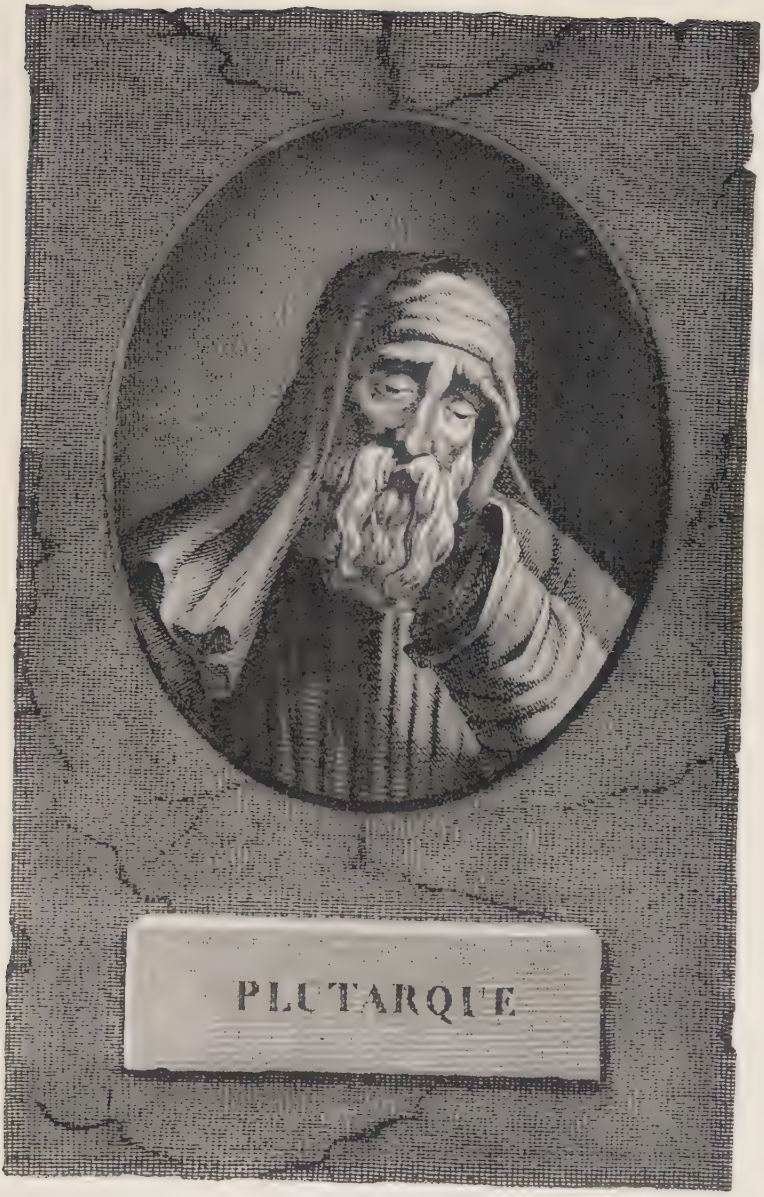
By PLUTARCH.

[PLUTARCH: A Greek writer of biographies and miscellaneous works; born about A.D. 50. He came of a wealthy and distinguished family and received a careful philosophical training at Athens under the Peripatetic philosopher Ammonius. After this he made several journeys, and stayed a considerable time in Rome, where he enjoyed friendly intercourse with persons of distinction, and conducted the education of the future Emperor Hadrian. He died about A.D. 120 in his native town, in which he held the office of archon and priest of the Pythian Apollo. His fame as an author is founded upon the celebrated "Parallel Lives," consisting of the biographies of forty-six Greeks and Romans, divided into pairs. Each pair contains the life of a Greek and a Roman, and generally ends with a comparison of the two. Plutarch's other writings, more than sixty short treatises on a great variety of subjects, are grouped under the title of "Morals."]

IT is perfectly possible for a good man and a statesman, without being solicitous for superfluities, to show some concern for competent necessaries. In his time, as Hesiod says, — "Work was a shame to none," nor was distinction made with respect to trade, but merchandise was a noble calling, which brought home the good things which the barbarous nations enjoyed, was the occasion of friendship with their kings, and a great source of experience. Some merchants have built great cities, as Protis, the founder of Massilia, to whom the Gauls, near the Rhone, were much attached. Some report also, that Thales and Hippocrates the mathematician traded; and that Plato defrayed the charges of his travels by selling oil in Egypt. Solon's softness and profuseness, his popular rather than philosophical tone about pleasure in his poems, have been ascribed to his trading life; for, having suffered a thousand dangers, it was natural they should be recompensed with some gratifications and enjoyments; but that he accounted himself rather poor than rich is evident from the lines, —

> Some wicked men are rich, some good are poor —
> We will not change our virtue for their store:
> Virtue's a thing that none can take away;
> But money changes owners all the day,

At first he used his poetry only in trifles, not for any serious purpose, but simply to pass away his idle hours; but afterwards he introduced moral sentences and state matters, which he did,



PLUTARCH

From a rare old print

not to record them merely as an historian, but to justify his own actions, and sometimes to correct, chastise, and stir up the Athenians to noble performances. Some report that he designed to put his laws into heroic verse, and that they began thus, —

> We humbly beg a blessing on our laws
> From mighty Jove, and honor, and applause.

In philosophy, as most of the wise men then, he chiefly esteemed the political part of morals; in physics, he was very plain and antiquated, as appears by this, —

> It is the clouds that make the snow and hail,
> And thunder comes from lightning without fail;
> The sea is stormy when the winds have blown,
> But it deals fairly when 'tis left alone.

And, indeed, it is probable that at that time Thales alone had raised philosophy above mere practice into speculation; and the rest of the wise men were so called from prudence in political concerns. . . . It is stated that Anacharsis and Solon, and Solon and Thales, were familiarly acquainted, and some have delivered parts of their discourse; for, they say, Anacharsis, coming to Athens, knocked at Solon's door, and told him, that he, being a stranger, was come to be his guest, and contract a friendship with him; and Solon replying, "It is better to make friends at home," Anacharsis replied, "Then you that are at home make friendship with me." Solon, somewhat surprised at the readiness of the repartee, received him kindly, and kept him some time with him, being already engaged in public business and the compilation of his laws; which, when Anacharsis understood, he laughed at him for imagining the dishonesty and covetousness of his countrymen could be restrained by written laws, which were like spiders' webs, and would catch, it is true, the weak and poor, but easily be broken by the mighty and rich. To this Solon rejoined that men keep their promises when neither side can get anything by the breaking of them; and he would so fit his laws to the citizens, that all should understand it was more eligible to be just than to break the laws. But the event rather agreed with the conjecture of Anacharsis than Solon's hope. Anacharsis, being once at the Assembly, expressed his wonder at the fact that in Greece wise men spoke and fools decided.

Solon went, they say, to Thales, at Miletus, and wondered that Thales took no care to get him a wife and children. To this, Thales made no answer for the present; but a few days after procured a stranger to pretend that he had left Athens ten days ago; and Solon inquiring what news there, the man, according to his instructions, replied, "None but a young man's funeral, which the whole city attended; for he was the son, they said, of an honorable man, the most virtuous of the citizens, who was not then at home, but had been traveling a long time." Solon replied, "What a miserable man is he! But what was his name?" "I have heard it," says the man, "but have now forgotten it, only there was a great talk of his wisdom and his justice." Thus Solon was drawn on by every answer, and his fears heightened, till at last, being extremely concerned, he mentioned his own name, and asked the stranger if that young man was called Solon's son; and the stranger assenting, he began to beat his head, and to do and say all that is usual with men in transports of grief. But Thales took his hand, and, with a smile, said, "These things, Solon, keep me from marriage and rearing children, which are too great for even your constancy to support; however, be not concerned at the report, for it is a fiction." This Hermippus relates, from Pațæcus, who boasted that he had Æsop's soul.

However, it is irrational and poor-spirited not to seek conveniences for fear of losing them, for upon the same account we should not allow ourselves to like wealth, glory, or wisdom, since we may fear to be deprived of all these; nay, even virtue itself, than which there is no greater nor more desirable possession, is often suspended by sickness or drugs. Now Thales, though unmarried, could not be free from solicitude, unless he likewise felt no care for his friends, his kinsmen, or his country; yet we are told he adopted Cybisthus, his sister's son. For the soul, having a principle of kindness in itself, and being born to love, as well as perceive, think, or remember, inclines and fixes upon some stranger, when a man has none of his own to embrace. And alien or illegitimate objects insinuate themselves into his affections, as into some estate that lacks lawful heirs; and with affection come anxiety and care; insomuch that you may see men that use the strongest language against the marriage bed and the fruit of it, when some servant's or concubine's child is sick or dies, almost killed with grief, and abjectly lamenting. Some have given way to shameful and

desperate sorrow at the loss of a dog or horse; others have borne the death of virtuous children without any extravagant or unbecoming grief, have passed the rest of their lives like men, and according to the principles of reason. It is not affection, it is weakness that brings men, unarmed against fortune by reason, into these endless pains and terrors; and they indeed have not even the present enjoyment of what they dote upon, the possibility of the future loss causing them continual pangs, tremors, and distresses. We must not provide against the loss of wealth by poverty, or of friends by refusing all acquaintance, or of children by having none, but by morality and reason. But of this too much.

Now, when the Athenians were tired with a tedious and difficult war that they conducted against the Megarians for the island Salamis, and made a law that it should be death for any man, by writing or speaking, to assert that the city ought to endeavor to recover it, Solon, vexed at the disgrace, and perceiving thousands of the youth wished for somebody to begin, but did not dare to stir first for fear of the law, counterfeited a distraction, and by his own family it was spread about the city that he was mad. He then secretly composed some elegiac verses, and getting them by heart, that it might seem extempore, ran out into the market place with a cap upon his head, and, the people gathering about him, got upon the herald's stand, and sang that elegy which begins thus: —

> I am a herald come from Salamis the fair,
> My news from thence my verses shall declare.

The poem is called Salamis; it contains an hundred verses very elegantly written; when it had been sung, his friends commended it, and especially Pisistratus exhorted the citizens to obey his directions; insomuch that they recalled the law, and renewed the war under Solon's conduct.

The Megarians, however, still contending, and both sides having received considerable losses, they chose the Spartans for arbitrators. Some of Apollo's oracles, where he calls Salamis Ionian, made much for Solon. This matter was determined by five Spartans, Critolaidas, Amompharetus, Hypsechidas, Anaxilas, and Cleomenes.

For this, Solon grew famed and powerful; but his advice in favor of defending the oracle at Delphi, to give aid, and not to suffer the Cirrhæans to profane it, but to maintain the honor

of the god, got him most repute among the Greeks; for upon his persuasion the Amphictyons undertook the war.

Now the Cylonian pollution had a long while disturbed the commonwealth, ever since the time when Megacles the archon persuaded the conspirators with Cylon that took sanctuary in Minerva's temple to come down and stand to a fair trial. And they, tying a thread to the image, and holding one end of it, went down to the tribunal; but when they came to the temple of the Furies, the thread broke of its own accord, upon which, as if the goddess had refused them protection, they were seized by Megacles and the other magistrates; as many as were without the temples were stoned, those that fled for sanctuary were butchered at the altar, and only those escaped who made supplication to the wives of the magistrates. But they from that time were considered under pollution, and regarded with hatred. The remainder of the faction of Cylon grew strong again, and had continual quarrels with the family of Megacles; and now the quarrel being at its height, and the people divided, Solon, being in reputation, interposed with the chiefest of the Athenians, and by entreaty and admonition persuaded the polluted to submit to a trial and the decision of three hundred noble citizens. And Myron of Phlya being their accuser, they were found guilty, and as many as were then alive were banished, and the bodies of the dead were dug up, and scattered beyond the confines of the country.

In the midst of these distractions, the Megarians falling upon them, they lost Nisæa and Salamis again; besides, the city was disturbed with superstitious fears and strange appearances, and the priests declared that the sacrifices intimated some villainies and pollutions that were to be expiated. Upon this, they sent for Epimenides the Phæstian from Crete, who is counted the seventh wise man by those that will not admit Periander into the number. He seems to have been thought a favorite of heaven, possessed of knowledge in all the supernatural and ritual parts of religion; and, therefore, the men of his age called him a new Cures, and son of a nymph named Balte. When he came to Athens, and grew acquainted with Solon, he served him in many instances, and prepared the way for his legislation. He made them moderate in their forms of worship, and abated their mourning by ordering some sacrifices presently after the funeral, and taking off those severe and barbarous ceremonies which the women usually practiced; but

the greatest benefit was his purifying and sanctifying the city, by certain propitiatory and expiatory lustrations, and foundations of sacred buildings, by that means making them more submissive to justice, and more inclined to harmony. It is reported that, looking upon Munychia, and considering a long while, he said to those that stood by, "How blind is man in future things! for did the Athenians foresee what mischief this would do their city, they would even eat it with their own teeth to be rid of it." A similar anticipation is ascribed to Thales; they say he commanded his friends to bury him in an obscure and contemned quarter of the territory of Miletus, saying that it should some day be the market place of the Milesians. Epimenides, being much honored, and receiving from the city rich offers of large gifts and privileges, requested but one branch of the sacred olive, and, on that being granted, returned.

The Athenians, now the Cylonian sedition was over and the polluted gone into banishment, fell into their old quarrels about the government, there being as many different parties as there were diversities in the country. The Hill quarter favored democracy, the Plain, oligarchy, and those that lived by the Seaside stood for a mixed sort of government, and so hindered either of the other parties from prevailing. And the disparity of fortune between the rich and the poor at that time also reached its height; so that the city seemed to be in a truly dangerous condition, and no other means for freeing it from disturbances and settling it to be possible but a despotic power. All the people were indebted to the rich; and either they tilled their land for their creditors, paying them a sixth part of the increase, and were, therefore, called Hectemorii and Thetes, or else they engaged their body for the debt, and might be seized, and either sent into slavery at home, or sold to strangers; some (for no law forbade it) were forced to sell their children, or fly their country to avoid the cruelty of their creditors; but the most part and the bravest of them began to combine together and encourage one another to stand to it, to choose a leader, to liberate the condemned debtors, divide the land, and change the government.

Then the wisest of the Athenians, perceiving Solon was of all men the only one not implicated in the troubles, that he had not joined in the exactions of the rich, and was not involved in the necessities of the poor, pressed him to succor the common-

wealth and compose the differences. Though Phanias the Lesbian affirms that Solon, to save his country, put a trick upon both parties, and privately promised the poor a division of the lands, and the rich security for their debts. Solon, however, himself says that it was reluctantly at first that he engaged in state affairs, being afraid of the pride of one party and the greediness of the other; he was chosen archon, however, after Philombrotus, and empowered to be an arbitrator and lawgiver, the rich consenting because he was wealthy, the poor because he was honest. There was a saying of his current before the election, that when things are *even* there never can be war, and this pleased both parties, the wealthy and the poor, — the one conceiving him to mean, when all have their fair proportion; the others, when all are absolutely equal.

Thus, there being great hopes on both sides, the chief men pressed Solon to take the government into his own hands, and, when he was once settled, manage the business freely and according to his pleasure; and many of the commons, perceiving it would be a difficult change to be effected by law and reason, were willing to have one wise and just man set over the affairs; and some say that Solon had this oracle from Apollo —

> Take the mid seat, and be the vessel's guide;
> Many in Athens are upon your side.

But chiefly his familiar friends chid him for disaffecting monarchy only because of the name, as if the virtue of the ruler could not make it a lawful form; Eubœa had made this experiment when it chose Tynnondas, and Mitylene, which had made Pittacus its prince; yet this could not shake Solon's resolution; but, as they say, he replied to his friends, that it was true a tyranny was a very fair spot, but it had no way down from it; and in a copy of verses to Phocus he writes —

> — that I spared my land,
> And withheld from usurpation and from violence my hand,
> And forbore to fix a stain and a disgrace on my good name,
> I regret not; I believe that it will be my chiefest fame.

From which it is manifest that he was a man of great reputation before he gave his laws. The several mocks that were put upon him for refusing the power, he records in these words, —

Solon surely was a dreamer, and a man of simple mind;
When the gods would give him fortune, he of his own will declined;
When the net was full of fishes, overheavy thinking it,
He declined to haul it up, through want of heart and want of wit.
Had but I that chance of riches and of kingship, for one day,
I would give my skin for flaying, and my house to die away.

Thus he makes the many and the low people speak of him. Yet, though he refused the government, he was not too mild in the affair; he did not show himself mean and submissive to the powerful, nor make his laws to pleasure those that chose him. For where it was well before, he applied no remedy, nor altered anything, for fear lest,

Overthrowing altogether and disordering the state,

he should be too weak to new-model and recompose it to a tolerable condition; but what he thought he could effect by persuasion upon the pliable, and by force upon the stubborn, this he did, as he himself says,

With force and justice working both in one.

And, therefore, when he was afterwards asked if he had left the Athenians the best laws that could be given, he replied, "The best they could receive."

The way which, the moderns say, the Athenians have of softening the badness of a thing, by ingeniously giving it some pretty and innocent appellation, — calling harlots, for example, mistresses, tributes customs, a garrison a guard, and the jail the chamber, — seems originally to have been Solon's contrivance, who called canceling debts Seisacthea, a relief, or disencumbrance. For the first thing which he settled was that what debts remained should be forgiven, and no man, for the future, should engage the body of his debtor for security. Though some, as Androtion, affirm that the debts were not canceled, but the interest only lessened, which sufficiently pleased the people; so that they named this benefit the Seisacthea, together with the enlarging their measures, and raising the value of their money; for he made a pound, which before passed for seventy-three drachmas, go for a hundred; so that, though the number of pieces in the payment was equal, the value was less;

which proved a considerable benefit to those that were to discharge great debts, and no loss to the creditors. But most agree that it was the taking off the debts that was called Seisacthea, which is confirmed by some places in his poem, where he takes honor to himself, that

> The mortgage stones that covered her, by me
> Removed, — the land that was a slave is free;

that some who had been seized for their debts he had brought back from other countries, where

> — so far their lot to roam,
> They had forgot the language of their home;

and some he had set at liberty,

> Who here in shameful servitude were held.

While he was designing this, a most vexatious thing happened; for when he had resolved to take off the debts, and was considering the proper form and fit beginning for it, he told some of his friends, Conon, Clinias, and Hipponicus, in whom he had a great deal of confidence, that he would not meddle with the lands, but only free the people from their debts; upon which they, using their advantage, made haste and borrowed some considerable sums of money, and purchased some large farms; and when the law was enacted, they kept the possessions, and would not return the money; which brought Solon into great suspicion and dislike, as if he himself had not been abused, but was concerned in the contrivance. But he presently stopped this suspicion, by releasing his debtors of five talents (for he had lent so much), according to the law; others, as Polyzelus the Rhodian, say fifteen; his friends, however, were ever afterward called Chreocopidæ, repudiators.

In this he pleased neither party, for the rich were angry for their money, and the poor that the land was not divided, and, as Lycurgus ordered in his commonwealth, all men reduced to equality. He, it is true, being the eleventh from Hercules, and having reigned many years in Lacedæmon, had got a great reputation and friends and power, which he could use in modeling his state; and applying force more than persuasion, insomuch that he lost his eye in the scuffle, was able to employ the most effectual means for the safety and harmony of a state, by not permitting any to be poor or rich in his commonwealth.

Solon could not rise to that in his polity, being but a citizen of the middle classes; yet he acted fully up to the height of his power, having nothing but the good will and good opinion of his citizens to rely on; and that he offended the most part, who looked for another result, he declares in the words—

> Formerly they boasted of me vainly; with averted eyes
> Now they look askance upon me; friends no more, but enemies.

And yet had any other man, he says, received the same power,

> He would not have forborne, nor let alone,
> But made the fattest of the milk his own.

Soon, however, becoming sensible of the good that was done, they laid by their grudges, made a public sacrifice, calling it Seisacthea, and chose Solon to new-model and make laws for the commonwealth, giving him the entire power over everything, their magistracies, their assemblies, courts, and councils; that he should appoint the number, times of meeting, and what estate they must have that could be capable of these, and dissolve or continue any of the present constitutions, according to his pleasure.

First, then, he repealed all Draco's laws, except those concerning homicide, because they were too severe, and the punishments too great; for death was appointed for almost all offenses, insomuch that those that were convicted of idleness were to die, and those that stole a cabbage or an apple to suffer even as villains that committed sacrilege or murder. So that Demades, in after time, was thought to have said very happily, that Draco's laws were written not with ink but blood; and he himself, being once asked why he made death the punishment of most offenses, replied, "Small ones deserve that, and I have no higher for the greater crimes."

Next, Solon, being willing to continue the magistracies in the hands of the rich men, and yet receive the people into the other part of the government, took an account of the citizens' estates, and those that were worth five hundred measures of fruit, dry and liquid, he placed in the first rank, calling them Pentacosiomedimni; those that could keep a horse, or were worth three hundred measures, were named Hippada Teluntes, and made the second class; the Zeugitæ, that had two hundred measures, were in the third; and all the others were called

Thetes, who were not admitted to any office, but could come to the assembly, and act as jurors; which at first seemed nothing, but afterwards was found an enormous privilege, as almost every matter of dispute came before them in this latter capacity. Even in the cases which he assigned to the archon's cognizance, he allowed an appeal to the courts. Besides, it is said that he was obscure and ambiguous in the wording of his laws, on purpose to increase the honor of his courts; for since their differences could not be adjusted by the letter, they would have to bring all their causes to the judges, who thus were in a manner masters of the laws. Of this equalization he himself makes mention in this manner :—

> Such power I gave the people as might do,
> Abridged not what they had, now lavished new,
> Those that were great in wealth and high in place
> My counsel likewise kept from all disgrace.
> Before them both I held my shield of might,
> And let not either touch the other's right.

And for the greater security of the weak commons, he gave general liberty of indicting for an act of injury; if any one was beaten, maimed, or suffered any violence, any man that would and was able might prosecute the wrongdoer; intending by this to accustom the citizens, like members of the same body, to resent and be sensible of one another's injuries. And there is a saying of his agreeable to his law, for, being asked what city was best modeled, "That," said he, "where those that are not injured try and punish the unjust as much as those that are."

When he had constituted the Areopagus of those who had been yearly archons, of which he himself was a member therefore, observing that the people, now free from their debts, were unsettled and imperious, he formed another council of four hundred, a hundred out of each of the four tribes, which was to inspect all matters before they were propounded to the people, and to take care that nothing but what had been first examined should be brought before the general assembly. The upper council, or Areopagus, he made inspectors and keepers of the laws, conceiving that the commonwealth, held by these two councils, like anchors, would be less liable to be tossed by tumults, and the people be more quiet. Such is the general statement, that Solon instituted the Areopagus; which seems

to be confirmed, because Draco makes no mention of the Areopagites, but in all causes of blood refers to the Ephetæ; yet Solon's thirteenth table contains the eighth law set down in these very words: "Whoever before Solon's archonship were disfranchised, let them be restored, except those that, being condemned by the Areopagus, Ephetæ, or in the Prytaneum by the kings, for homicide, murder, or designs against the government, were in banishment when this law was made;" and these words seem to show that the Areopagus existed before Solon's laws, for who could be condemned by that council before his time, if he was the first that instituted the court? unless, which is probable, there is some ellipsis, or want of precision in the language, and it should run thus: "Those that are convicted of such offenses as belong to the cognizance of the Areopagites, Ephetæ, or the Prytanes, when this law was made," shall remain still in disgrace, whilst others are restored; of this the reader must judge.

Amongst his other laws, one is very peculiar and surprising, which disfranchises all who stand neuter in a sedition; for it seems he would not have any one remain insensible and regardless of the public good, and, securing his private affairs, glory that he has no feeling of the distempers of his country; but at once join with the good party and those that have the right upon their side, assist and venture with them, rather than keep out of harm's way and watch who would get the better. It seems an absurd and foolish law which permits an heiress, if her lawful husband fail her, to take his nearest kinsman; yet some say this law was well contrived against those who, conscious of their own unfitness, yet, for the sake of the portion, would match with heiresses, and make use of law to put a violence upon nature; for now, since she can quit him for whom she pleases, they would either abstain from such marriages, or continue them with disgrace, and suffer for their covetousness and designed affront; it is well done, moreover, to confine her to her husband's nearest kinsman, that the children may be of the same family. Agreeable to this is the law that the bride and bridegroom shall be shut into a chamber, and eat a quince together; and that the husband of an heiress shall consort with her thrice a month: for though there be no children, yet it is an honor and due affection which an husband ought to pay to a virtuous, chaste wife; it takes off all petty differences, and will not permit their little quarrels to proceed to a rupture.

In all other marriages he forbade dowries to be given; the wife was to have three suits of clothes, a little inconsiderable household stuff, and that was all; for he would not have marriages contracted for gain or an estate, but for pure love, kind affection, and birth of children. When the mother of Dionysus desired him to marry her to one of his citizens, "Indeed," said he, "by my tyranny I have broken my country's laws, but cannot put a violence upon those of nature by an unseasonable marriage." Such disorder is never to be suffered in a commonwealth, nor such unseasonable and unloving and unperforming marriages, which attain no due end or fruit; any provident governor or lawgiver might say to an old man that takes a young wife what is said to Philoctetes in the tragedy,—

Truly, in a fit state thou to marry!

and if he find a young man, with a rich and elderly wife, growing fat in his place, like the partridges, remove him to a young woman of proper age. And of this enough.

Another commendable law of Solon's is that which forbids men to speak evil of the dead; for it is pious to think the deceased sacred, and just, not to meddle with those that are gone, and politic, to prevent the perpetuity of discord. He likewise forbade them to speak evil of the living in the temples, the courts of justice, the public offices, or at the games, or else to pay three drachmas to the person, and two to the public. For never to be able to control passion shows a weak nature and ill breeding; and always to moderate it is very hard, and to some impossible. And laws must look to possibilities, if the maker designs to punish few in order to their amendment, and not many to no purpose.

He is likewise much commended for his law concerning wills; for before him none could be made, but all the wealth and estate of the deceased belonged to his family; but he by permitting them, if they had no children, to bestow it on whom they pleased, showed that he esteemed friendship a stronger tie than kindred, and affection than necessity; and made every man's estate truly his own. Yet he allowed not all sorts of legacies, but those only which were not extorted by the frenzy of a disease, charms, imprisonment, force, or the persuasions of a wife,—with good reason thinking that being seduced into wrong was as bad as being forced, and that between deceit and

necessity, flattery and compulsion, there was little difference, since both may equally suspend the exercise of reason.

He regulated the walks, feasts, and mourning of the women, and took away everything that was either unbecoming or immodest; when they walked abroad, no more than three articles of dress were allowed them; an obol's worth of meat and drink; and no basket above a cubit high; and at night they were not to go about unless in a chariot with a torch before them. Mourners tearing themselves to raise pity, and set wailings, and at one man's funeral to lament for another, he forbade. To offer an ox at the grave was not permitted, nor to bury above three pieces of dress with the body, or visit the tombs of any besides their own family, unless at the very funeral; most of which are likewise forbidden by our laws, but this is further added in ours, that those that are convicted of extravagance in their mournings are to be punished as soft and effeminate by the censors of women.

Observing the city to be filled with persons that flocked from all parts into Attica for security of living, and that most of the country was barren and unfruitful, and that traders at sea imported nothing to those that could give them nothing in exchange, he turned his citizens to trade, and made a law that no son be obliged to relieve a father who had not bred him up to any calling. It is true, Lycurgus, having a city free from all strangers, and land, according to Euripides,

> Large for large hosts, for twice their number much,

and, above all, an abundance of laborers about Sparta, who should not be left idle, but be kept down with continual toil and work, did well to take off his citizens from laborious and mechanical occupations, and keep them to their arms, and teach them only the art of war. But Solon, fitting his laws to the state of things, and not making things to suit his laws, and finding the ground scarce rich enough to maintain the husbandmen, and altogether incapable of feeding an unoccupied and leisured multitude, brought trades into credit, and ordered the Areopagites to examine how every man got his living, and chastise the idle. But that law was yet more rigid which, as Heraclides Ponticus delivers, declared the sons of unmarried mothers not obliged to relieve their fathers; for he that avoids the honorable form of union shows that he does not take a woman for children, but for pleasure, and thus gets his just reward,

and has taken away from himself every title to upbraid his children, to whom he has made their very birth a scandal and reproach.

Since the country has but few rivers, lakes, or large springs; and many used wells which they had dug, there was a law made, that, where there was a public well within a *hippicon*, that is, four furlongs, all should draw at that; but when it was farther off, they should try and procure a well of their own; and if they had dug ten fathoms deep and could find no water, they had liberty to fetch a pitcherful of four gallons and a half in a day from their neighbors'; for he thought it prudent to make provision against want, but not to supply laziness. He showed skill in his orders about planting, for any one that would plant another tree was not to set it within five feet of his neighbor's field; but if a fig or an olive, not within nine; for their roots spread farther, nor can they be planted near all sorts of trees without damage, for they draw away the nourishment, and in some cases are noxious by their effluvia. He that would dig a pit or a ditch was to dig it at the distance of its own depth from his neighbor's ground; and he that would raise stocks of bees was not to place them within three hundred feet of those which another had already raised.

He permitted only oil to be exported, and those that exported any other fruit, the archon was solemnly to curse, or else pay an hundred drachmas himself; and this law was written in his first table, and, therefore, let none think it incredible, as some affirm, that the exportation of figs was once unlawful, and the informer against the delinquents called a sycophant. He made a law, also, concerning hurts and injuries from beasts, in which he commands the master of any dog that bit a man to deliver him up with a log about his neck, four and a half feet long; a happy device for men's security. The law concerning naturalizing strangers is of doubtful character; he permitted only those to be made free of Athens who were in perpetual exile from their own country, or came with their whole family to trade there; this he did, not to discourage strangers, but rather to invite them to a permanent participation in the privileges of the government; and, besides, he thought those would prove the more faithful citizens who had been forced from their own country, or voluntarily forsook it. The law of public entertainment (*parasitein* is his name for it) is also peculiarly Solon's; for if any man came often, or if he

that was invited refused, they were punished, for he concluded that one was greedy, the other a contemner of the state.

All his laws he established for an hundred years, and wrote them on wooden tables or rollers, named axones, which might be turned round in oblong cases; some of their relics were in my time still to be seen in the Prytaneum, or common hall, at Athens. These, as Aristotle states, were called cyrbes, and there is a passage of Cratinus the comedian, —

> By Solon, and by Draco, if you please,
> Whose Cyrbes make the fires that parch our peas.

But some say those are properly cyrbes, which contain laws concerning sacrifices and the rites of religion, and all the others axones. The council all jointly swore to confirm the laws, and every one of the Thesmothetæ vowed for himself at the stone in the market place, that if he broke any of the statutes, he would dedicate a golden statue, as big as himself, at Delphi.

Observing the irregularity of the months, and that the moon does not always rise and set with the sun, but often in the same day overtakes and gets before him, he ordered the day should be named the Old and New, attributing that part of it which was before the conjunction to the old moon, and the rest to the new, he being the first, it seems, that understood that verse of Homer, —

> The end and the beginning of the month, —

and the following day he called the new moon. After the twentieth he did not count by addition, but, like the moon itself in its wane, by subtraction; thus up to the thirtieth.

When Solon was gone, the citizens began to quarrel; Lycurgus headed the Plain; Megacles, the son of Alcmæon, those to the Seaside; and Pisistratus the Hill party, in which were the poorest people, the Thetes, and greatest enemies to the rich; insomuch that, though the city still used the new laws, yet all looked for and desired a change of government, hoping severally that the change would be better for them, and put them above the contrary faction. Affairs standing thus, Solon returned, and was reverenced by all, and honored; but his old age would not permit him to be as active, and to speak in public, as formerly; yet, by privately conferring with the heads of the factions, he endeavored to compose the differences.

Pisistratus appearing the most tractable; for he was extremely smooth and engaging in his language, a great friend to the poor, and moderate in his resentments; and what nature had not given him, he had the skill to imitate; so that he was trusted more than the others, being accounted a prudent and orderly man, one that loved equality, and would be an enemy to any that moved against the present settlement. Thus he deceived the majority of people; but Solon quickly discovered his character, and found out his design before any one else; yet did not hate him upon this, but endeavored to humble him, and bring him off from his ambition, and often told him and others, that if any one could banish the passion for preëminence from his mind, and cure him of his desire of absolute power, none would make a more virtuous man or a more excellent citizen.

Thespis, at this time, beginning to act tragedies, and the thing, because it was new, taking very much with the multitude, though it was not yet made a matter of competition, Solon, being by nature fond of hearing and learning something new, and now, in his old age, living idly, and enjoying himself, indeed, with music and with wine, went to see Thespis himself, as the ancient custom was, act: and after the play was done, he addressed him, and asked him if he was not ashamed to tell so many lies before such a number of people; and Thespis replying that it was no harm to say or do so in play, Solon vehemently struck his staff against the ground: "Ah," said he, "if we honor and commend such play as this, we shall find it some day in our business."

Now when Pisistratus, having wounded himself, was brought into the market place in a chariot, and stirred up the people, as if he had been thus treated by his opponents because of his political conduct, and a great many were enraged and cried out, Solon, coming close to him, said, "This, O son of Hippocrates, is a bad copy of Homer's Ulysses; you do, to trick your countrymen, what he did to deceive his enemies." After this, the people were eager to protect Pisistratus, and met in an assembly, where one Ariston making a motion that they should allow Pisistratus fifty clubmen for a guard to his person, Solon opposed it, and said much to the same purport as what he has left us in his poems,—

You dote upon his words and taking phrase;

and again, —

> True, you are singly each a crafty soul,
> But all together make one empty fool.

But observing the poor men bent to gratify Pisistratus, and tumultuous, and the rich fearful and getting out of harm's way, he departed, saying he was wiser than some and stouter than others; wiser than those that did not understand the design, stouter than those that, though they understood it, were afraid to oppose the tyranny.

Now, the people, having passed the law, were not nice with Pisistratus about the number of his clubmen, but took no notice of it, though he enlisted and kept as many as he would, until he seized the Acropolis. When that was done, and the city in an uproar, Megacles, with all his family, at once fled; but Solon, though he was now very old, and had none to back him, yet came into the market place and made a speech to the citizens, partly blaming their inadvertency and meanness of spirit, and in part urging and exhorting them not thus tamely to lose their liberty; and likewise then spoke that memorable saying, that, before, it was an easier task to stop the rising tyranny, but now the greater and more glorious action to destroy it, when it was begun already, and had gathered strength. But all being afraid to side with him, he returned home, and, taking his arms, he brought them out and laid them in the porch before his door, with these words: "I have done my part to maintain my country and my laws," and then he busied himself no more. His friends advising him to fly, he refused, but wrote poems, and thus reproached the Athenians in them, —

> If now you suffer, do not blame the Powers,
> For they are good, and all the fault was ours.
> All the strongholds you put into his hands,
> And now his slaves must do what he commands.

And many telling him that the tyrant would take his life for this, and asking what he trusted to, that he ventured to speak so boldly, he replied, "To my old age."

But Pisistratus, having got the command, so extremely courted Solon, so honored him, obliged him, and sent to see him, that Solon gave him his advice, and approved many of his actions; for he retained most of Solon's laws, observed them himself, and compelled his friends to obey. And he himself,

though already absolute ruler, being accused of murder before the Areopagus, came quietly to clear himself; but his accuser did not appear. And he added other laws, one of which is that the maimed in the wars should be maintained at the public charge.

Solon lived after Pisistratus seized the government, as Heraclides Ponticus asserts, a long time; but Phanias the Eresian says not two full years; for Pisistratus began his tyranny when Comias was archon, and Phanias says Solon died under Hegestratus, who succeeded Comias. The story that his ashes were scattered about the island Salamis is too strange to be easily believed, or be thought anything but a mere fable; and yet it is given, amongst other good authors, by Aristotle, the philosopher.

ARETHUSA.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I.

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

II.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook

And opened a chasm
In the rocks; — with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below;
The beard and the hair
Of the River God were
Seen thro' the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

III.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depths stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream: —
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind, —
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

IV.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Thro' the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Thro' the dim beams
Which amid the streams

Weave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night: —
Outspeeding the shark,
And the swordfish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up thro' the rifts
Of the mountain clifts
They past to their Dorian home.

v.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore; —
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

AN ANCIENT GULLIVER.

(From "The True History," by Lucian of Samosata.)

[Lucian, one of the foremost humorists and men of letters of all time, was born in Asia Minor during Trajan's reign. He studied for a sculptor, but finally went to Antioch and devoted himself to literature and oratory. He died in extreme old age. His works, written in Greek, are largely satirical burlesques on pagan philosophy and mythology and on the literature of his day, with some stories.]

Ctesias wrote an account of India, in which he records matters which he neither saw himself, nor heard from the

mouth of any creature in the world. So likewise a certain Jambulus wrote many incredible wonders of the great sea, that are too palpably untrue for any one to suppose they are not of his own invention, though they are very entertaining to read. Many others have in the same spirit written pretended voyages and occasional peregrinations in unknown regions, wherein they give us incredible accounts of prodigiously huge animals, wild men, and strange and uncouth manners and habits of life. Their great leader and master in this fantastical way of imposing upon people was the famous Homeric Ulysses, who tells a long tale to Alcinous and his silly Phæacians about King Æolus and the winds, who are his slaves, and about one-eyed men-eaters and other the like savages; talks of many-headed beasts, of the transformation of his companions into brutes, and a number of other fooleries of a like nature. For my part I was the less displeased at all the falsehoods, great and numerous as they were, of these honest folks, when I saw that even men who pretend that they only philosophize, act not a hair better; but this has always excited my wonder, how they could imagine their readers would fail of perceiving that there was not a word of truth in all their narratives.

Now, as I cannot resist the vanity of transmitting to posterity a little work of my own composing, and though I have nothing true to relate (for nothing memorable has happened to me in all my life), I see not why I have not as good a right to deal in fiction as another: I resolved, however, to adopt an honester mode of lying than the generality of my compeers: for I tell at least one truth, by saying that I lie; and the more confidently hope therefore to escape the general censure, since my own voluntary confession is a sufficient proof that I desire to impose upon no one. Accordingly I hereby declare, that I sit down to relate what never befell me; what I neither saw myself, nor heard by report from others; aye, what is more, about matters that not only are not, but never will be, because in one word they are absolutely impossible, and to which therefore I warn my readers (if by the by I should have any) not to give even the smallest degree of credit.

Once on a time, then, I set sail from Cadiz, and steered my course with a fair wind to the Hesperian ocean. The occasion and the object of my voyage were, to speak honestly, that I had nothing more convenient to think of or to do, and had a certain

restless curiosity to see novelties of whatever kind, and a desire to ascertain where the western ocean terminates, and what sort of men dwell beyond it. In this view my first care was to get on board the necessary stock of provision for so long a voyage, and plenty of fresh water, taking along with me fifty companions of the same mind as myself; and, moreover, I provided myself with a good store of arms, and one of the most experienced pilots, whom I took into my service on an allowance of considerable wages. My vessel was a sort of yacht, but built as large and stout as was necessary for a long and dangerous voyage.

We sailed a day and a night with favorable gales, and while still within sight of land, were not violently carried on; on the following day at sunrise, however, the wind blew fresher, the sea ran high, the sky lowered, and it was impossible even to take in the sails. We were therefore forced to resign ourselves to the wind, and were nine and seventy days driven about by the storm. On the eightieth, however, at daybreak, we descried a high and woody island not far off, against which, the gale having greatly abated, the breakers were not uncommonly furious. We landed therefore, got out, and, happy after sustaining so many troubles to feel the solid earth under us, we stretched ourselves at ease upon the ground. At length, after having rested for some time, we arose, and selected thirty of our company to stay by the ship, while the remaining thirty accompanied me in penetrating farther inland, to examine into the quality of the island.

When we had proceeded about two thousand paces from the shore through the forest, we came up to a pillar of brass, on which in Greek letters, half effaced and consumed by rust, this inscription was legible: Thus far came Bacchus and Hercules. We also discovered, at no great distance from it, two footmarks in the rock, one of which measured a whole acre, but the other was apparently somewhat smaller. I conjectured the lesser one to be that of Bacchus, and the other that of Hercules. We bowed the knee, and went on, but had not proceeded far when we came to a river, that instead of water ran with wine, which both in color and flavor appeared to us like our Chian wine. The river was so broad and deep, that in many places it was even navigable. Such an evident sign that Bacchus had once been here served not a little to confirm our faith in the inscription on the pillar. But being curious to learn whence

this stream derived its origin, we went up to its head; but found no spring, and only a quantity of large vines hung full of clusters, and at the bottom of every stem the wine trickled down in bright transparent drops, from the confluence whereof the stream arose. We saw likewise a vast quantity of fishes therein, the flesh of which had both the color and flavor of the wine in which they lived. We caught some, and so greedily swallowed them down, that as many as ate of them were completely drunk; and on cutting up the fishes we found them to be full of lees. It occurred to us afterwards to mix these wine fishes with water fishes, whereby they lost their strong vinous taste, and yielded an excellent dish.

We then crossed the river at a part where we found it fordable, and came among a wonderful species of vines: which toward the earth had firm stocks, green and knotty; but upwards they were ladies, having down to the waist their several proportions perfect and complete; as Daphne is depicted, when she was turned into a tree in Apollo's embrace. Their fingers terminated in shoots, full of bunches of grapes, and instead of hair their heads were grown over with tendrils, leaves, and clusters. These ladies came up to us, amicably gave us their hands, and greeted us, some in Lydian, others in Indian language, but most of them in Greek; they saluted us also on the lips; but those whom they kissed immediately became drunk, and reeled. Their fruit, however, they would not permit us to pluck, and screamed out with pain when we broke off a bunch. Some of them even showed an inclination to consort with us; but a couple of my companions, in consenting to it, paid dear for their complaisance. For they got so entangled in their embraces, that they could never after be loosed; but every limb coalesced and grew together with theirs, in such sort as to become one stock with roots in common. Their fingers changed into vine twigs, and began to bud, giving promise of fruit.

Leaving them to their fate, we made what haste we could to our ship, where we related all that we had seen to our comrades, whom we had left behind, particularly the adventure of the two whose embraces with the vine women had turned out so badly. Hereupon we filled our empty casks partly with common water, partly from the wine stream; and after having passed the night not far from the latter, weighed anchor in the morning with a moderate breeze. But about noon, when we

had lost sight of the island, we were suddenly caught by a whirlwind, which turned our vessel several times round in a circle with tremendous velocity, and lifted it above three thousand stadia aloft in the air, not setting it down again on the sea, but kept it suspended above the water at that height, and carried us on, with swelled sails, above the clouds.

Having thus continued our course through the sky for the space of seven days and as many nights, on the eighth day we descried a sort of earth in the air, resembling a large, shining, circular island, spreading a remarkably brilliant light around it. We made up to it, anchored our ship, and went on shore, and on examination found it inhabited and cultivated. Indeed, by day we could distinguish nothing: but as soon as the night came on, we discerned other islands in the vicinity, some bigger, some less, and all of a fiery color. There was also, very deep below these, another earth, having on it cities and rivers and lakes and forests and mountains; whence we concluded that it might probably be ours.

Having resolved on prosecuting our journey, we came up with a number of horse vultures or hippogypes, as they are called in this country, who immediately seized our persons. These hippogypes are men who ride upon huge vultures, and are as well skilled in managing them as we are in the use of horses. But the vultures are of a prodigious bulk, and for the most part have three heads; and how large they must be, may be judged of by this, that each of the feathers in their wings is longer and thicker than the mast of a great corn ship. The hippogypes are commissioned to fly round the whole island, and whenever they meet a stranger, to carry him before the king; with which order we were therefore obliged to comply. The king no sooner spied us, than he understood, I suppose from our dress, what countrymen we were; for the first word he said to us was, "The gentlemen then are Greeks." On our not scrupling to own it, he continued, "How got you hither, through such a vast tract of air as that lying between your earth and this?" We then told him all that had happened to us. Upon this he was pleased to communicate to us some particulars of his history. He told us: he was likewise a man, and the same Endymion who was long since, while he lay asleep, rapt up from our earth and conveyed hither, where he was appointed king, and is the same that appears to us below as the moon. Moreover, he bade us be of good cheer and appre-

hend no danger; assuring us at the same that we should be provided with all necessaries: "and," added he, "when I shall have successfully put a period to the war in which I am at present engaged with the inhabitants of the sun, you shall pass with me the happiest lives you can possibly conceive." On our asking him what enemies he had, and how the misunderstanding began, he replied: —

"It is now a long time, that Phaeton, the king of the solar inhabitants (for the sun is no less peopled than the moon), has been at war with us, for no other reason than this. I had taken the resolution to send out the poorest people of my dominions as a colony into the morning star, which at that time was waste and void of inhabitants. To this now, Phaeton, out of envy, would not consent, and opposed my colonists with a troop of horse pismires in midway. Being unprepared for the encounter, and therefore not provided with arms, we were for that time forced to retreat. I have now, however, resolved to have another contest with them, and to settle my colony there, cost what it will. If you therefore have a mind to take part in this enterprise, I will furnish you with vultures out of my own mews, and provide you with the necessary arms and accouterments; and to-morrow we will begin our march."

"With all my heart," I replied, "whenever you please."

The king that evening made us sit down to an entertainment; and on the following morning early we made the necessary preparations, and drew up in battle array, our scouts having apprised us that the enemy was approaching. Our army consisted, besides the light infantry, the foreign auxiliaries, the engineers and sutlers, of a hundred thousand men: that is to say, eighty thousand horse vultures, and twenty thousand who were mounted on cabbage fowl. These are an exceedingly numerous species of birds, that instead of feathers are thickly grown over with cabbages, and have a broad kind of lettuce leaves for wings. Our flanks were composed of bean shooters and garlic throwers. In addition to these, thirty thousand flea guards and fifty thousand wind coursers were sent to our aid from the bean star. The former are archers mounted on a kind of fleas which are twelve times as big as an elephant; but the wind coursers, though they fight on foot, yet run without wings in the air. This is performed in the following manner: they wear wide, long gowns, reaching down to the ankles; these they tuck up so as to hold the wind, like a sail.

and thus they are wafted through the air after the manner of ships. In battle they are generally used like our peltasts. It was currently reported that seventy thousand sparrow acorns and five thousand horse cranes were to be sent us from the stars over Cappadocia; but I must own that I did not see them, and for this plain reason, that they never came. I therefore shall not take upon me to describe them; for all sorts of amazing and incredible things were propagated about them.

Such were the forces of Endymion. Their arms and accouterments were all alike. Their helmets were of bean shells, the beans with them being excessively large and thick-shelled. Their scaly coats of mail were made of the husks of their lupines sewed together, for in that country the shell of the lupine is as hard and impenetrable as horn. Their shields and swords differ not from those of the Greeks.

Everything now being ready, the troops disposed themselves in the following order of battle: the horse vultures composed the right wing, and were led on by the king in person, surrounded by a number of picked men, amongst whom we also were ranged; the left wing consisted of the cabbage fowl, and in the center were placed the auxiliaries, severally classed. The foot soldiery amounted to about sixty millions. There is a species of spiders in the moon, the smallest of which is bigger than one of the islands of the Cyclades. These received orders to fill up the whole tract of air between the moon and morning star with a web. This was done in a few instants, and served as a floor for the foot soldiers to form themselves in order of battle upon; these were commanded by Nightbird, Fairweather's son, and two other generals.

On the left wing of the enemy stood the horse pismires, headed by Phaeton. These animals are a species of winged ants, differing from ours only in bulk, the largest of them covering no less than two acres. They have besides one peculiarity, that they assist their riders in fighting principally with their horns. Their number was given in at about fifty thousand. On the right wing in the first engagement somewhere about fifty thousand gnat riders were posted, all archers, mounted on monstrous huge gnats. Behind these stood the radish darters, a sort of light infantry, but who greatly annoyed the enemy: being armed with slings from which they threw horrid large radishes to a very great distance; whoever was struck by them died on the spot, and the wound instantly gave out an intoler-

able stench, for it is said that they dipped the radishes in mallow poison. Behind them stood the stalky mushrooms, heavy-armed infantry, ten thousand in number, having their name from their bearing a kind of fungus for their shield, and using stalks of large asparagus for spears. Not far from these were placed the dog acorns, who were sent to succor Phaeton from the inhabitants of Sirius, in number five thousand. They were men with dogs' heads, who fought on winged acorns, which served them as chariots. Besides, there went a report that several other reinforcements were to have come, on which Phaeton had reckoned, particularly the slingers that were expected from the Milky Way, together with the cloud centaurs. The latter, however, did not arrive till after the affair was decided, and it had been as well for us if they had stayed away; the slingers, however, came not at all, at which Phaeton was so enraged that he afterwards laid waste their country by fire. These then were all the forces that Phaeton brought into the field.

The signal for the onset was now given on both sides by asses, which in this country are employed instead of trumpeters: and the engagement had no sooner begun, than the left wing of the Heliotans, without waiting for the attack of the horse vultures, turned their backs immediately; and we pursued them with great slaughter. On the other hand, their right wing at first gained the advantage over our left, and the gnat riders overthrew our cabbage fowl with such force, and pursued them with so much fury, that they advanced even to our footmen; who, however, stood their ground so bravely that the enemy were in their turn thrown into disorder and obliged to fly, especially when they saw that their left wing was routed. Their defeat was now decisive; we made a great many prisoners, and the slain were so numerous that the clouds were tinged with the blood that was spilt, as they sometimes appear to us at the going down of the sun; aye, it even trickled down from them upon the earth. So that I was led to suppose that a similar event in former times, in the upper regions, might perhaps have caused those showers of blood which Homer makes his Jupiter rain for Sarpedon's death.

Returning from the pursuit of the enemy, we erected two trophies; one for the infantry on the cobweb, the other on the clouds for those who had fought in the air. While we were thus employed, intelligence was brought us from our fore posts

that the cloud centaurs were now coming up, which ought to have joined Phaeton before the battle. I must own, that the march towards us of an army of cavalry that were half men and half winged horses, and of whom the human half was as big as the upper moiety of the colossus at Rhodes, and the equine half resembling a great ship of burden, formed a spectacle altogether extraordinary. Their number I rather decline to state, for it was so prodigious that I am fearful I should not be believed. They were led on by Sagittarius from the Zodiac. As soon as they learnt that their friends had been defeated, they sent immediately a dispatch to Phaeton, to call him back to the fight; whilst they marched up in good array to the terrified Selenites, who had fallen into great disorder in pursuing the enemy and dividing the spoil, put them all to flight, pursued the king himself to the very walls of his capital, killed the greater part of his birds, threw down the trophies, overran the whole field of cobweb, and together with the rest made me and my two companions prisoners of war. Phaeton at length came up; and after they had erected other trophies, that same day we were carried prisoners into the sun, our hands tied behind our backs with a cord of the cobweb.

The enemy did not think fit to besiege Endymion's capital, but contented himself with carrying up a double rampart of clouds between the moon and the sun, whereby all communication between the two was effectually cut off, and the moon deprived of all sunlight. The poor moon, therefore, from that instant suffered a total eclipse, and was shrouded in complete uninterrupted darkness. In this distress, Endymion had no other resource than to send a deputation to the sun, humbly to entreat him to demolish the wall, and that he would not be so unmerciful as to doom him to utter darkness; binding himself to pay a tribute to the sun, to assist him with auxiliaries whenever he should be at war, never more to act with hostility against him, and to give hostages as surety for the due performance of the contract. Phaeton held two councils to deliberate on these proposals: in the first, their minds were as yet too soured to admit of a favorable reception; but in the second, their anger had somewhat subsided, and the peace was concluded by a treaty which ran thus: —

The Heliotans with their allies on the one part, and the Selenites with their confederates on the other part, have entered into a

league, in which it is stipulated as follows: The Heliotans engage to demolish the wall, never more to make hostile attacks upon the moon, and that the prisoners taken on both sides shall be set at liberty on the payment of an equitable ransom. The Selenites on their part promise not to infringe the rights and privileges of the other stars, nor ever again to make war upon the Heliotans; but on the contrary, the two powers shall mutually aid and assist one another with their forces, in case of any invasion. The king of the Selenites also binds himself to pay to the king of the Heliotans a yearly tribute of ten thousand casks of dew, and give ten thousand hostages by way of security. With reference to the colony in the morning star, both the contracting parties shall jointly assist in establishing it, and liberty is given to any that will to share in the peopling of it. This treaty shall be engraved on a pillar of amber, to be set up between the confines of the two kingdoms. To the due performance of this treaty are solemnly sworn, on the part of the

Heliotes.	Selenites.
Fireman.	Nightlove.
Summerheat.	Moonius.
Flamington.	Changelight.

This treaty of peace being signed, the wall was pulled down, and the prisoners were exchanged. On our return to the moon, our comrades and Endymion himself came forth to meet us, and embraced us with weeping eyes. The prince would fain have retained us with him; making us the proposal at the same time to form part of the new colony, as we liked best. He even offered me his own son for a mate (for they have no women there). This I could by no means be persuaded to, but earnestly begged that he would set us down upon the sea. Finding that I could not be prevailed on to stay, he consented to dismiss us, after he had feasted us most nobly during a whole week.

* * * * * * *

When a Selenite is grown old, he does not die as we do, but vanishes like smoke in the air.

The whole nation eats the same sort of food. They roast frogs (which with them fly about the air in vast numbers) on coals; then when they are done enough, seating themselves round the hearth, as we do at a table, snuff up the effluvia that rises from them, and in this consists their whole meal. When thirsty, they squeeze the air into a goblet, which is filled in this manner with a dewlike moisture. . . .

Whoever would pass for a beauty among them must be bald and without hair; curly and bushy heads are an abomination to them. But in the comets it is just the reverse: for there only curly hair is esteemed beautiful, as some travelers, who were well received in those stars, informed us. Nevertheless they have somewhat of a beard a little above the knee. On their feet they have neither nails nor toes; for the whole foot is entirely one piece. Every one of them at the point of the rump has a large cabbage growing, in lieu of a tail, always green and flourishing, and which never breaks off though a man falls on his back.

They sneeze a very sour kind of honey; and when they are at work or gymnastic exercises, or use any exertion, milk oozes from all the pores of the body in such quantities that they make cheese of it, only mixing with it a little of the said honey.

They have an art of extracting an oil from onions, which is very white, and of so fragrant an odor that they use it for perfuming. Moreover, their soil produces a great abundance of vines, which instead of wine yield water grapes, and the grapestones are the size of our hail. I know not how better to explain the hail with us, than by saying that it hails on the earth whenever the vines in the moon are violently agitated by a high wind, so as to burst the water grapes.

The Selenites wear no pockets, but put all they would carry with them in their bellies, which they can open and shut at pleasure. For by nature they are quite empty, having no intestines; only they are rough and hairy within, so that even their new-born children, when they are cold, creep into them.

As to their clothing, the rich wear garments of glass, but those of the poorer sort are wove of brass; for these regions are very prolific in ores, and they work it as we do wool, by pouring water upon it.

But what sort of eyes they have, I doubt my veracity would be suspected were I to say; it is so incredible. Yet, having already related so much of the marvelous, this may as well go along with the rest. They have eyes, then, that they can take out whenever they choose: whoever therefore would save his eyes, takes them out, and lays them by; if anything that he would fain see presents itself, he puts his eyes in again and looks at it. Some who have carelessly lost their own borrow of others; for rich people are always provided with a good stock.

Their ears are made of plane-tree leaves, and only the Dendrites have wooden ones.

I saw also another strange object in the king's palace; which was a looking-glass of enormous dimensions, lying over a well not very deep. Whoever goes down into this well hears everything that is said upon our earth; and whoever looks in the mirror sees in it all the cities and nations of the world, exactly as if they were standing before him. I saw on this occasion my family and my whole country: whether, however, they likewise saw me, I cannot positively say. He who does not believe what I have mentioned touching the virtues of this looking-glass, if he ever goes thither, may convince himself by his own eyes that I have said nothing but what is true.

We now took our leaves of the king and his court, repaired on board our ship, and departed. Endymion at parting made me a present of two glass and five brazen robes, together with a complete suit of armor made of bean shells; all of which I was afterwards forced to leave behind in the whale's belly. He likewise sent with us a thousand hippogypes, to escort us five hundred stadia on our way.

After having in our course coasted along several countries, we landed on the morning star, which had lately been cultivated, to take in fresh water. Thence we steered into the Zodiac, sailing close by the sun on the left hand; but here we did not go ashore, though my companions were very desirous to do so, because the wind was against us. We got near enough, however, to see that the landscape was covered with the most beautiful verdure, well watered, and richly endowed with all sorts of natural productions. The nephelocentaurs, who are mercenaries in the service of Phaeton, on seeing us fled on board our pinnace; but on being informed that we were included in the treaty of peace, soon departed.

The hippogypes now likewise took leave of us, and all the next night and day, continuing our course, always bearing downwards, towards evening we arrived at a place called Lampton. This city is situated between the Pleiades and Hyades, and a little below the Zodiac. Here we landed, but saw no men; instead of them, however, we beheld a vast concourse of lamps, running to and fro along the streets, and busily employed in the market and the harbor. They were in general little, and had a poor appearance. Some few, we could perceive by their fine show and brightness, were the great and

powerful among them. Every one had its own lantern to live in, with their proper names as men have. We likewise heard them articulate a sort of speech. They offered us no injury, but rather seemed to receive us hospitably after their manner; notwithstanding which, we could not get the better of our fears, and none of us would venture to eat or to sleep with them. In the middle of the city they have a kind of court-house, where their chief magistrate sits all the night long, and calls every one by name to him; and whoever does not answer is treated as a deserter, and punished by death, — that is, he is extinguished. We likewise heard, while standing by to see what passed, some of them make their several excuses, and the reasons they alleged for coming so late. On this occasion I recognized our own house lamp; upon which I inquired of it how affairs went on at home, and it told me all that it knew.

Having resolved to stay there but one night, we weighed anchor the next morning, and sailed off from Lychnopolis, passing near the clouds, where we, among others, saw to our great astonishment the famous city of Nephelococcygia, but by reason of adverse winds could not enter the port. We learnt, however, that Coronos, Cottyphion's son, was reigning there; and I for my own part was confirmed in the opinion that I have ever entertained of the wisdom and veracity of the poet Aristophanes, whose account of that city has been unjustly discredited. Three days afterwards we came again in sight of the great ocean; but the earth showed itself nowhere, that floating in the air excepted, which appeared exceedingly fiery and sparkling. On the fourth day about noon, the wind, gently subsiding, settled us fair and leisurely upon the sea.

It is impossible to describe the ravishment that seized us on feeling ourselves once more on the water. We gave the whole ship's crew a feast on the remainder of our provisions, and afterwards leaped into the water, and bathed to our heart's content; for it was now a perfect calm, and the sea as smooth as a looking-glass.

Soon, however, we experienced that a sudden change for the better is not seldom the beginning of greater misfortunes. For scarcely had we proceeded two days on the sea, when about sunrise a great many whales and other monsters of the deep appeared. Among the former, one was of a most enormous size, being not less than three hundred miles long. This came towards us, open-mouthed, raising the waves on all sides, and

beating the sea before him into a foam, and showing teeth much larger than our colossal phalli, sharp-pointed as needles and white as ivory. We therefore took our last leave of one another, and while we were thus in mutual embraces expecting him every moment, he came on and swallowed us up, ship and all, at one gulp; for he found it unnecessary to crush us first with his teeth, but the vessel at one squeeze slipped between the interstices, and went down into his maw.

When we were in, it was at first so dark that we could discern nothing; but when after some time he opened his chops, we saw ourselves in a cavity of such prodigious height and width that it seemed to have room enough for a city of ten thousand inhabitants. All about lay a vast quantity of small fishes, macerated animals, sails, anchors, men's bones, and whole cargoes. Farther in, probably from the quantity of mud this whale had swallowed, was an earth with mountains and valleys upon it; the former being covered with all sorts of forest trees, and the valleys planted with different herbs and vegetables, so that one would have thought it had been cultivated. This island, if I may so term it, might perhaps be about forty-five miles in circumference. We saw likewise sundry species of sea fowl, gulls, halcyons, and others, that had made their nests upon the trees.

We now had leisure to contemplate our deplorable situation, and wept plentifully. At last when I had somewhat comforted the dejected spirits of my companions, our first business was to make the ship fast; we then struck fire, and of the fishes, which lay in great quantities and variety about us, we prepared a good meal; water we had on board, the remainder of what we took in at the morning star.

On getting up the next morning, we perceived that as often as the whale fetched breath, we one while saw mountains, at another nothing but the sky, sometimes likewise islands; whence we then concluded that he moved about with great velocity, and seemed to visit every part of the ocean.

When we were grown a little familiar with our new place of abode, taking with me seven of my companions, we went into the forest to make farther discoveries. We had not proceeded above a furlong before we came to a temple, which, as the inscription ran, was dedicated to Neptune; not far off we found a great number of tombs with pillars, and a little farther on, a spring of clear water. We also heard the barking of a dog,

and seeing smoke rise at some distance, we concluded that probably we might not be far from some dwelling. We now doubled our speed, and had not advanced many paces, when we met an old man and a youth very busy in cultivating a kitchen garden, and just then employed in conducting water into it by a furrow from the spring. At this sight, surprised at once both by joy and fear, we stood mute, and it may easily be imagined that they were possessed by the same apprehensions. They paused from their work, and for some time surveyed us attentively, without uttering a sound. At last the old man, taking courage, spoke to us: "Who are you," said he, "demons of the ocean, or miserable men like us? For as to us, we are men, and from offspring of the earth, as we were, are become inmates of the sea, and are carried up and down with this monster in which we are inclosed, without rightly knowing what to think of ourselves; for we have every reason to suppose we are dead, though we believe that we are alive." "We also, old father," I replied, "are men, who first found ourselves here a short time ago; for this is but the third day since we were swallowed up, together with our ship: and it is purely the desire of exploring this forest, which appeared so vast and thick, that has brought us hither. But without doubt it was by the guidance of some good genius that we found you, and now know that we are not alone inclosed in this whale. Tell us, then, if I may be so bold, who you are, and how you came hither." Whereupon the good old man assured us that he would not satisfy our curiosity, till he had first entertained us as well as he was able; and saying this, he led us into his house, which he had fitted up conveniently. It was commodious enough for his situation, and provided with pallets and other necessaries. Here, after setting before us legumes, fruits, fish, and wine, and when we had satisfied our appetites, he began to inquire into the accidents that had occurred to us. and I recounted to him everything in order, — the storm, and what befell us on the island, and our voyage in the air, and the war, and all the rest of it, to the moment of our submersion into the whale.

After having emphatically expressed to me his astonishment at such wonderful occurrences, he then told us his own story. "My friends," said he, "I am a merchant of Cyprus. Business called me from home; and with my son, whom you see here, and a great number of servants, I set out on a voyage

to Italy, on board a ship freighted with various kinds of merchandise, the scattered fragments of which you may probably have observed in the whale's gullet. We came as far as Sicily with a prosperous gale; but there a contrary wind got up, which the third day drove us into the ocean, where we had the misfortune to fall in with this whale, and to be swallowed up, crew and ship and all. All my people lost their lives, and we two alone remained. Having deposited them in the earth, we built a temple to Neptune, and here we have lived ever since, cultivating our little garden, and raising herbs, which with fish and fruits are our constant nourishment. The forest, which is of great extent, as you see, produces likewise abundance of vines, which yield a delicious wine; and you may perhaps have seen that we have a spring of fresh and excellent water. We make our bed of leaves, have plenty of fuel, and catch birds in nets, and even live fish, when we get out upon the gills of the monster, where we bathe likewise whenever we have an inclination that way. Besides, not far from hence is a lake of salt water, twenty stadia in circumference, and abounding in fish of various kinds. In this lake we sometimes amuse ourselves with swimming, or in rowing about in a little boat of my own making. In this manner we have now spent seven and twenty years, since we were swallowed up by the whale. We should be contented and easy enough here if our neighbors, who are very unsociable and rude people, were not so troublesome to us."

"What, then," I exclaimed, "are there any other people beside us in this whale?"

"A great many," returned the old man; "but as I said, untractable creatures, and of very grotesque shapes. The western part of the forest, towards the tail of the whale, is inhabited by the Tarichanes, who have the eyes of an eel and the face of a crab, — a warlike, bold, and rude, carnivorous people. On the other side, to the right, the Tritonomensetes dwell, down to the waist resembling men, and below formed like weasels; yet their disposition is not so mischievous and ferocious as that of the others. On the left hand reside the Carcinocheires and Thynnocephali, the former of whom instead of hands have crabs' claws, the latter have the head of a tunny fish; these two tribes have entered into alliance, and make common cause in the war. The middle region is occupied by the Pagurades and Psettapodes, a couple of warlike races, who are particularly swift-footed. The eastern parts, next the

whale's jaws, being generally overwashed by the sea, are almost uninhabited; I am therefore fain to take up my quarters here, on condition of paying the Psettapodes an annual tribute of five hundred oysters. Such is the internal division of this country; and you may easily conceive that it is a matter of no small concern to us, how to defend ourselves against so many nations, and at least how to live among them."

"How many may you be in all?" I asked. — "Above a thousand." — "What arms do you wear?" — "None but fish bones." — "We had best then attack them," said I, "seeing we are armed and they are not. If we once for all subdue them, we may afterwards live without disturbance."

This proposal pleased our host. We therefore repaired to our ship, and made the necessary preparations. An occasion of war we could not be at a loss for. Our host had no more to do but refuse paying the tribute, the day appointed being near at hand; and this was accordingly agreed on. They sent to demand the tribute. He sent them packing without their errand. At this the Psettapodes and Pagurades were so incensed that with great clamor they fell furiously upon the plantation of Skintharus, — for that was the name of our new friend. As this was no more than we had expected, they found us in a condition to receive them. I had sent out a detachment consisting of half my crew, five and twenty in number, with orders to lie in ambuscade, and when the enemy had passed, to attack him in the rear; which they did with complete success. I then with the rest of my men, also five and twenty strong (for Skintharus and his son fought with us), marched forward to oppose them; and when we had come to close quarters, we fought with such bravery and strength that after an obstinate struggle, not without danger on our part, they were at last beat out of the field, and pursued to their dens. Of the enemy were slain a hundred threescore and ten; on our side we lost only one, — my pilot, who was run through the shoulder by the rib of a mullet.

That day, and the night after it, we lodged in our trenches, and erected the dry backbone of a dolphin as a trophy. But the rumor of this engagement having in the mean time gone abroad, we found the next morning a fresh enemy before us: the Tarichanes under the command of a certain Pelamus in the left wing, the Thynnocephali taking the right, and the Carkinocheires occupying the center. For the Tritonomendetes, not

liking to have anything to do with either party, chose to remain neuter. We came up to the enemy close by the temple of Neptune, where, under so great a war cry that the whole whale rebellowed with it through its immense caverns, the armies rushed to combat. Our enemies, however, being not much better than naked and unarmed, were soon put to flight and chased into the heart of the forest, whereby we became masters of the country.

They sent heralds a little while after, to fetch away their dead and propose terms of accommodation; which, so far from thinking proper to agree to, we marched in a body against them the very next day, and put them all to the sword, except the Tritonomendetes, who, seeing how it had fared with their fellows, ran away as fast as they could to the whale's gills, and cast themselves headlong into the sea.

We now scoured the country, and finding it cleared of all enemies, we have ever since lived agreeably together, passing our time in bodily exercises and hunting, tending our vines, gathering the fruits of the trees, and living, in one word, like people who make themselves very comfortable in a spacious prison which they cannot get out of. In this manner we spent a year and eight months.

On the fifteenth day of the ninth month, however, at the second opening of the whale's chops (for this he did once every hour, by which periodical gaping we computed the hours of the day), we heard a great cry, and a noise like that of sailors, and the dashing of oars. Not a little alarmed, we crept forward to the jaws of the monster, where, standing between the teeth, where everything might be seen, we beheld one of the most astonishing spectacles, far surpassing all that I had ever seen in my whole life; men who were five hundred feet in stature, and came sailing on islands, as if they had been on shipboard. I am aware that what I am saying will be thought incredible, yet I cannot help proceeding: it must out. These islands were indeed of considerable length, one with another about eighteen miles in circumference; but proportionally not very high. Upon each of them were some eight and twenty rowers, who, sitting in two rows on both sides, rowed with huge cypresses, having their branches and leaves on. In the after part of the ship (if I may so term it) stood the pilot on a high hill, managing a brazen rudder that might be perhaps six hundred feet long. On the forecastle about forty of them were

standing, armed for war, and looking in all respects like men, excepting that instead of hair they had flames of fire on their heads, and therefore had no occasion for a helmet. The place of sails on each of these islands was supplied by a thick forest, on which the wind rushing, drove and turned the island, how and whither the pilot would. By the rowers stood one that had the command over them; and these islands moved by the help of the oar, like so many galleys, with the greatest velocity.

At first we saw only two or three; by degrees, however, perhaps six hundred came in sight; and after forming themselves in two lines, they began to engage in a regular sea fight. Many ran foul of each other by the stern with such force that not a few were overset by the violence of the shock, and went to the bottom. Others got entangled together, and obstinately maintained the fight with equal bravery and ardor, and could not easily be parted. The combatants on the foredeck showed the most consummate valor, leaped into the enemy's ships, and cut down all before them, for no quarter was given. Instead of grappling irons, they hurled enormous polypi fast tied to thick ropes, which clung to the forest, with their numerous arms, and thus kept the island from moving. The shot they made use of, and with which they sadly wounded one another, were oysters one of which would have completely filled a wagon, and sponges each big enough to cover an acre of ground.

By what we could gather from their mutual shouts, the commander of one fleet was called Æolocentaurus, and that of the other Thalassopotes; and the occasion of the war, as it appeared, was given by Thalassopotes, who accused Æolocentaurus of having stolen several shoals of dolphins from him. Certain it is, that the Æolocentaurian party came off victorious, having sunk nearly a hundred and fifty of their enemy's islands, and captured three others, with all the men upon them; the rest sheered off, and made their escape. The conquerors, after pursuing them for some time, returned towards evening to the wrecks, made prizes of most of them, and got up their own islands; for in the engagement no fewer than eighty had gone down. This done, they nailed one of the islands to the head of the whale as a monument of the victory, and passed the night in the wake of the monster, after fastening the ship to him with hawsers, having previously hooked their anchors into his sides; for they had with them anchors immensely large and strong, all made of glass. On the follow-

ing day they got out upon the back of the whale, sacrificed to their deities, buried their dead in it, and then set sail with great jubilation.

FROM ÆSCHYLUS' "AGAMEMNON."[1]

VERSION OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.

[ÆSCHYLUS: The earliest of the Greek tragic poets; born at Eleusis in Attica, B.C. 525. He fought at the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa, and in his twenty-fifth year appeared as a writer of tragedies, although he did not win a first prize until B.C. 485. He maintained his supremacy until his defeat by the younger Sophocles, when he retired in disgust to Gela in Sicily (B.C. 459), and died there a few years later. Æschylus is called "the father of Greek Tragedy" on account of the many improvements he introduced in the form of the drama. Of his seventy tragedies there are extant only seven: "The Persians," "Seven against Thebes," "The Suppliants," "Prometheus Bound," and the famous Orestean trilogy, consisting of "Agamemnon," "The Choephori," and "The Eumenides."]

Clytemnestra receives Agamemnon on his Return from the Sack of Troy, with Priam's Daughter Cassandra a Prisoner.

Clytemnestra —

Down from the chariot thou standest in,
Crowned with the flaming towers of Troy, descend,
And to this palace, rich indeed with thee,
But beggar-poor without, return! And ye,
My women, carpet all the way before,
From the triumphal carriage to the door,
With all the gold and purple in the chest
  Stored these ten years; and to what purpose stored,
  Unless to strew the footsteps of their Lord
Returning to his unexpected rest!

Agamemnon —

Daughter of Leda, Mistress of my house,
Beware lest loving Welcome of your Lord,
Measuring itself by its protracted absence,
Exceed the bound of rightful compliment,
And better left to other lips than yours.
Address me not, address me not, I say
With dust-adoring adulation, meeter
For some barbarian Despot from his slave;
Nor with invidious Purple strew my way,
Fit only for the footstep of a God
Lighting from Heaven to earth. Let whoso will

[1] By permission of Mr. Bernard Quaritch.

Trample their glories underfoot, not I.
Woman, I charge you, honor me no more
Than as the man I am; if honor-worth,
Needing no other trapping but the fame
Of the good deed I clothe myself withal;
And knowing that, of all their gifts to man,
No greater gift than Self-sobriety
The Gods vouchsafe him in the race of life:
Which, after thus far running, if I reach
The goal in peace, it shall be well for me.

Clytemnestra —
Why, how think you old Priam would have walked
Had he returned to Troy your conqueror,
As you to Hellas his?

Agamemnon — What then? Perhaps
Voluptuary Asiatic-like,
On gold and purple.

Clytemnestra — Well, and grudging this,
When all that out before your footsteps flows
Ebbs back into the treasury again;
Think how much more, had Fate the tables turned,
Irrevocably from those coffers gone,
For those barbarian feet to walk upon,
To buy your ransom back!

Agamemnon — Enough, enough!
I know my reason.

Clytemnestra — What! the jealous God?
Or, peradventure, yet more envious man?

Agamemnon —
And *that* of no small moment.

Clytemnestra — No; the one
Sure proof of having won what others would.

Agamemnon —
No matter — Strife but ill becomes a woman.

Clytemnestra —
And frank submission to her simple wish
How well becomes the Soldier in his strength!

Agamemnon —
And I must then submit?

Clytemnestra — Ay, Agamemnon,
Deny me not this first Desire on this
First Morning of your long-desired Return.

Agamemnon —
But not till I have put these sandals off,
That, slavelike, too officiously would pander

Between the purple and my dainty feet.
For fear, for fear indeed, some Jealous eye
From heaven above, or earth below, should strike
The Man who walks the earth Immortal-like.
So much for that. For this same royal maid,
Cassandra, daughter of King Priamus,
Whom, as the flower of all the spoil of Troy,
The host of Hellas dedicates to me;
Entreat her gently; knowing well that none
But submit hardly to a foreign yoke;
And those of Royal blood most hardly brook.
That if I sin thus trampling underfoot
A woof in which the Heavens themselves are dyed,
The jealous God may less resent his crime,
Who mingles human mercy with his pride.

Clytemnestra —

The Sea there is, and shall the sea be dried?
Fount inexhaustibler of purple grain
Than all the wardrobes of the world could drain;
And Earth there is, whose dusky closets hide
The precious metal wherewith not in vain
The Gods themselves this Royal house provide;
For what occasion worthier, or more meet,
Than now to carpet the victorious feet
Of Him who, thus far having done their will,
Shall now their last About-to-be fulfill?

[AGAMEMNON *descends from his chariot, and goes with* CLYTEMNESTRA *into the house,* CASSANDRA *remaining.*

Chorus.

About the nations runs a saw,
That Over-good ill fortune breeds;
And true that, by the mortal law,
Fortune her spoilt children feeds
To surfeit, such as sows the seeds
Of Insolence, that, as it grows,
The flower of Self-repentance blows.
And true that Virtue often leaves
The marble walls and roofs of kings,
And underneath the poor man's eaves
On smoky rafter folds her wings.

Thus the famous city, flown
With insolence, and overgrown,
Is humbled: all her splendor blown

To smoke: her glory laid in dust;
Who shall say by doom unjust?
But should He to whom the wrong
Was done, and Zeus himself made strong
To do the vengeance He decreed —
At last returning with the meed
He wrought for — should the jealous Eye
That blights full-blown prosperity
Pursue him — then indeed, indeed,
Man should hoot and scare aloof
Good fortune lighting on the roof;
Yea, even Virtue's self forsake
If Glory followed in the wake;
Seeing bravest, best, and wisest
But the playthings of a day,
Which a shadow can trip over,
And a breath can puff away.

Clytemnestra [*reëntering*] —
Yet for a moment let me look on her —
This, then, is Priam's daughter —
Cassandra, and a Prophetess, whom Zeus
Has given into my hands to minister
Among my slaves. Didst thou prophesy that?
Well — some more famous have so fallen before —
Even Heracles, the son of Zeus, they say
Was sold, and bowed his shoulder to the yoke.

Chorus —
And, if needs must a captive, better far
Of some old house that affluent Time himself
Has taught the measure of prosperity,
Than drunk with sudden superfluity.

Clytemnestra —
Even so. You hear? Therefore at once descend
From that triumphal chariot — And yet
She keeps her station still, her laurel on,
Disdaining to make answer.

Chorus — Nay, perhaps,
Like some stray swallow blown across the seas,
Interpreting no twitter but her own.

Clytemnestra —
But, if barbarian, still interpreting
The universal language of the hand.

Chorus —
Which yet again she does not seem to see,
Staring before her with wide-open eyes
As in a trance.

Clytemnestra — Ay, ay, a prophetess —
Phœbus Apollo's minion once — Whose now?
A time will come for her. See you to it:
A greater business now is on my hands:
For lo! the fire of Sacrifice is lit,
And the grand victim by the altar stands.
[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.

Chorus [*continuing*].

Still a muttered and half-blind
Superstition haunts mankind,
That, by some divine decree
Yet by mortal undivined,
Mortal Fortune must not over-
Leap the bound he cannot see;
For that even wisest labor
Lofty-building, builds to fall,
Evermore a jealous neighbor
Undermining floor and wall.
So that on the smoothest water
Sailing, in a cloudless sky,
The wary merchant overboard
Flings something of his precious hoard
To pacify the jealous eye,
That will not suffer man to swell
Over human measure. Well,
As the Gods have ordered we
Must take — I know not — let it be.
But, by rule of retribution,
Hidden, too, from human eyes,
Fortune in her revolution,
If she fall, shall fall to rise:
And the hand of Zeus dispenses
Even measure in the main:
One short harvest recompenses
With a glut of golden grain;
So but men in patience wait
Fortune's counter revolution
Axled on eternal Fate;
And the Sisters three that twine,
Cut not short the vital line;
For indeed the purple seed
Of life once shed —

Cassandra — Phœbus Apollo!
Chorus — Hark!
The lips at last unlocking.

Cassandra — Phœbus! Phœbus!
Chorus —
Well, what of Phœbus, maiden? though a name
'Tis but disparagement to call upon
In misery.
Cassandra — Apollo! Apollo! Again!
Oh, the burning arrow through the brain!
Phœbus Apollo! Apollo!
Chorus — Seemingly
Possessed indeed — whether by —
Cassandra — Phœbus! Phœbus!
Thorough trampled ashes, blood, and fiery rain,
Over water seething, and behind the breathing
Warhorse in the darkness — till you rose again —
Took the helm — took the rein —
Chorus —
As one that half asleep at dawn recalls
A night of Horror!
Cassandra —
Hither, whither, Phœbus? And with whom,
Leading me, lighting me —
Chorus — I can answer that —
Cassandra —
Down to what slaughterhouse?
Foh! the smell of carnage through the door
Scares me from it — drags me toward it —
Phœbus! Apollo! Apollo!
Chorus —
One of the dismal prophet pack, it seems,
That hunt the trail of blood. But here at fault —
This is no den of slaughter, but the house
Of Agamemnon.
Cassandra — Down upon the towers
Phantoms of two mangled Children hover — and a famished man,
At an empty table glaring, seizes and devours!
Chorus —
Thyestes and his children! Strange enough
For any maiden from abroad to know,
Or, knowing —
Cassandra — And look! in the chamber below
The terrible Woman, listening, watching,
Under a mask, preparing the blow
In the fold of her robe —
Chorus — Nay, but again at fault:

For in the tragic story of this House —
Unless, indeed, the fatal Helen —
No woman —
Cassandra — No Woman — Tisiphone! Daughter
Of Tartarus — love-grinning Woman above,
Dragon-tailed under — honey-tongued, Harpy-clawed,
Into the glittering meshes of slaughter
She wheedles, entices, him into the poisonous
Fold of the serpent —
Chorus — Peace, mad woman, peace!
Whose stony lips once open vomit out
Such uncouth horrors.
Cassandra — I tell you the lioness
Slaughters the Lion asleep; and lifting
Her blood-dripping fangs buried deep in his mane,
Glaring about her insatiable, bellowing,
Bounds hither — Phœbus, Apollo, Apollo, Apollo!
Whither have you led me, under night alive with fire,
Through the trampled ashes of the city of my sire,
From my slaughtered kinsmen, fallen throne, insulted shrine,
Slavelike to be butchered, the daughter of a Royal line?
Chorus —
And so returning, like a nightingale
Returning to the passionate note of woe
By which the silence first was broken!
Cassandra — Oh,
A nightingale, a nightingale, indeed,
That, as she "Itys! Itys! Itys!" so
I "Helen! Helen! Helen!" having sung
Amid my people, now to those who flung
And trampled on the nest, and slew the young,
Keep crying "Blood! blood! blood!" and none will heed!
Now what for me is this prophetic weed,
And what for me is this immortal crown,
Who like a wild swan from Scamander's reed
Chanting her death song float Cocytus-down?
There let the fatal Leaves to perish lie!
To perish, or enrich some other brow
With that all-fatal gift of Prophecy
They palpitated under Him who now,
Checking his flaming chariot in mid sky,
With divine irony sees disadorn
The wretch his love has made the people's scorn,
The raving quean, the mountebank, the scold,
Who, wrapt up in the ruin she foretold

With those who would not listen, now descends
To that dark kingdom where his empire ends.

Chorus —

Strange that Apollo should the laurel wreath
Of Prophecy he crowned your head withal
Himself disgrace. But something have we heard
Of some divine revenge for slighted love.

Cassandra —

Ay — and as if in malice to attest
With one expiring beam of Second-sight
Wherewith his victim he has cursed and blest,
Ere quenched forever in descending night;
As from behind a veil no longer peeps
The Bride of Truth, nor from their hidden deeps
Darkle the waves of Prophecy, but run
Clear from the very fountain of the Sun.
Ye called — and rightly called — me bloodhound: ye
That like old lagging dogs in self-despite
Must follow up the scent with me; with me,
Who having smelt the blood about this house
Already spilt, now bark of more to be.
For, though you hear them not, the infernal Choir
Whose dread antiphony forswears the lyre,
Who now are chanting of that grim carouse
Of blood with which the children fed their Sire,
Shall never from their dreadful chorus stop
Till all be counter-pledged to the last drop.

Chorus —

Hinting at what indeed has long been done,
And widely spoken, no Apollo needs;
And for what else you aim at — still in dark
And mystic language —

Cassandra — Nay, then, in the speech,
She that reproved me was so glib to teach —
Before yon Sun a hand's breadth in the skies
He moves in shall have moved, those age-sick eyes
Shall open wide on Agamemnon slain
Before your very feet. Now, speak I plain?

Chorus —

Blasphemer, hush!

Cassandra — Ay, hush the mouth you may,
But not the murder.

Chorus — Murder! But the Gods —

Cassandra — The Gods!
Who even now are their accomplices.

Chorus—

Woman!— Accomplices — With whom?

Cassandra— With Her,

Who brandishing aloft the ax of doom,
That just has laid one victim at her feet,
Looks round her for that other, without whom
The banquet of revenge were incomplete.
Yet ere I fall will I prelude the strain
Of Triumph, that in full I shall repeat
When, looking from the twilight Underland,
I welcome Her as she descends amain,
Gashed like myself, but by a dearer hand.
For that old murdered Lion with me slain,
Rolling an awful eyeball through the gloom
He stalks about of Hades up to Day,
Shall rouse the whelp of exile far away,
His only authentic offspring, ere the grim
Wolf crept between his Lioness and him;
Who with one stroke of Retribution, her
Who did the deed, and her adulterer,
Shall drive to hell; and then, himself pursued
By the winged Furies of his Mother's blood,
Shall drag about the yoke of Madness, till
Released, when Nemesis has gorged her fill,
By that same God, in whose prophetic ray
Viewing To-morrow mirrored as To-day,
And that this House of Atreus the same wine
Themselves must drink they brewed for me and mine;
I close my lips forever with one prayer,
That the dark Warder of the World below
Would ope the portal at a single blow.

Chorus.

And the raving voice, that rose
Out of silence into speech
Overshooting human reach,
Back to silence foams and blows,
Leaving all my bosom heaving—
Wrath and raving all, one knows;
Prophet-seeming, but if ever
Of the Prophet God possest,
By the Prophet's self-confest
God-abandoned — woman's shrill
Anguish into tempest rising,
Louder as less listened.
Still—

Spite of Reason, spite of Will,
What unwelcome, what unholy,
Vapor of Foreboding, slowly
Rising from the central soul's
Recesses, all in darkness rolls?
What! shall Age's torpid ashes
Kindle at the ransom spark
Of a raving maiden? — Hark!
What was that behind the wall?
A heavy blow — a groan — a fall —
Some one crying — Listen further —
Hark again then, crying "Murder!"
Some one — who then? Agamemnon?
Agamemnon? — Hark again!
Murder! murder! murder! murder!
Help within there! Help without there!
Break the doors in! —

Clytemnestra [*appearing from within, where lies* AGAMEMNON *dead*] —

Spare your pain.
Look! I who but just now before you all
Boasted of loyal wedlock unashamed,
Now unashamed dare boast the contrary.
Why, how else should one compass the defeat
Of him who underhand contrives one's own,
Unless by such a snare of circumstance
As, once enmeshed, he never should break through?
The blow now struck was not the random blow
Of sudden passion, but with slow device
Prepared, and leveled with the hand of time.
I say it who devised it; I who did;
And now stand here to face the consequence.
Ay, in a deadlier web than of that loom
In whose blood-purple he divined a doom,
And feared to walk upon, but walked at last,
Entangling him inextricably fast,
I smote him, and he bellowed; and again
I smote, and with a groan his knees gave way;
And, as he fell before me, with a third
And last libation from the deadly mace
I pledged the crowning draught to Hades due,
That subterranean Savior — of the Dead!
At which he spouted up the Ghost in such
A burst of purple as, bespattered with,
No less did I rejoice than the green ear

Rejoices in the largess of the skies
That fleeting Iris follows as it flies.

Chorus —

Oh, woman, woman, woman!
By what accursèd root or weed
Of Earth, or Sea, or Hell, inflamed,
Darest stand before us unashamed
And, daring do, dare glory in the deed!

Clytemnestra —

Oh, that I dreamed the fall of Troy, as you
Belike of Troy's destroyer. Dream or not,
Here lies your King — my Husband — Agamemnon,
Slain by this right hand's righteous handicraft.
Like you, or like it not, alike to me;
To me alike whether or not you share
In making due libation over this
Great Sacrifice — if ever due, from him
Who, having charged so deep a bowl of blood,
Himself is forced to drink it to the dregs.

Chorus —

Woman, what blood but that of Troy, which Zeus
Foredoomed for expiation by his hand
For whom the penalty was pledged? And now,
Over his murdered body, Thou
Talk of libation! — Thou! Thou! Thou!
But mark! Not thine of sacred wine
Over his head, but ours on thine
Of curse, and groan, and torn-up stone,
To slay or storm thee from the gate,
The City's curse, the People's hate,
Execrate, exterminate —

Clytemnestra —

Ay, ay, to me how lightly you adjudge
Exile or death, and never had a word
Of counter condemnation for Him there;
Who, when the field throve with the proper flock
For Sacrifice, forsooth let be the beast,
And with his own hand his own innocent
Blood, and the darling passion of my womb —
Her slew — to lull a peevish wind of Thrace.
And him who cursed the city with that crime
You hail with acclamation; but on me,
Who only do the work you should have done,
You turn the ax of condemnation. Well;
Threaten you me, I take the challenge up;

Here stand we face to face; win Thou the game,
And take the stake you aim at; but if I —
Then, by the Godhead that for me decides,
Another lesson you shall learn, though late.

Chorus —

Man-mettled evermore, and now
Manslaughter-maddened! Shameless brow!
But do you think us deaf and blind
Not to know, and long ago,
What Passion under all the prate
Of holy justice made thee hate
Where Love was due, and love where —

Clytemnestra — Nay, then, hear!
By this dead Husband, and the reconciled
Avenging Fury of my slaughtered child,
I swear I will not reign the slave of fear
While he that holds me, as I hold him, dear,
Kindles his fire upon this hearth: my fast
Shield for the time to come, as of the past.
Yonder lies he that in the honeyed arms
Of his Chryseides under Troy walls
Dishonored mine: and this last laureled wench,
Prophetic messmate of the rower's bench,
Thus far in triumph his, with him along
Shall go, together chanting one death song
To Hades — fitting garnish for the feast
Which Fate's avenging hand through mine hath drest.

Chorus — Woe, woe, woe, woe!
That death as sudden as the blow
That laid Thee low would me lay low
Where low thou liest, my sovereign Lord!
Who ten years long to Trojan sword
Devoted, and to storm aboard,
In one ill woman's cause accurst,
Liest slain before thy palace door
By one accursedest and worst!

Clytemnestra —

Call not on Death, old man, that, called or no,
Comes quick; nor spend your ebbing breath on me,
Nor Helena: who but as arrows be
Shot by the hidden hand behind the bow.

Chorus — Alas, alas! The Curse I know
That round the House of Atreus clings,
About the roof, about the walls,
Shrouds it with his sable wings;

And still as each new victim falls,
And gorged with kingly gore,
Down on the bleeding carcass flings,
And croaks for "More, more, more!"

Clytemnestra —

Ay, now, indeed, you harp on likelier strings.
Not I, nor Helen, but that terrible
Alastor of old Tantalus in Hell;
Who, one sole actor in the scene begun
By him, and carried down from sire to son,
The mask of Victim and Avenger shifts:
And, for a last catastrophe, that grim
Guest of the abominable banquet lifts
His head from Hell, and in my person cries
For one full-grown sufficient sacrifice,
Requital of the feast prepared for him
Of his own flesh and blood — And there it lies.

Chorus — O Agamemnon! O my Lord!
Who, after ten years toiled;
After barbarian lance and sword
Encountered, fought, and foiled;
Returning with the just award
Of Glory, thus inglorious by
Thine own domestic Altar die,
Fast in the spider meshes coiled
Of Treason most abhorred!

Clytemnestra —

And by what retribution more complete,
Than, having in the meshes of deceit
Enticed my child, and slain her like a fawn
Upon the altar; to that altar drawn
Himself, like an unconscious beast, full-fed
With Conquest, and the garland on his head,
Is slain? and now, gone down among the Ghost,
Of taken Troy indeed may make the most,
But not *one* unrequited murder boast.

Chorus —

Oh, Agamemnon, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead!
What hand, what pious hand shall wash the wound
Through which the sacred spirit ebbed and fled!
With reverend care composed, and to the ground
Commit the mangled form of Majesty,
And pour the due libation o'er the mound!

Clytemnestra —

This hand, that struck the guilty life away,

The guiltless carcass in the dust shall lay
With due solemnities: and if with no
Mock tears, or howling counterfeit of woe,
On this side earth; perhaps the innocent thing,
Whom with paternal love he sent before,
Meeting him by the melancholy shore,
Her arms about him with a kiss shall fling,
And lead him to his shadowy throne below.

Chorus — Alas! alas! the fatal rent
Which through the house of Atreus went,
Gapes again; a purple rain
Sweats the marble floor, and falls
From the tottering roof and walls,
The Demon heaving under; gone
The master prop they rested on:
And the storm once more awake
Of Nemesis; of Nemesis
Whose fury who shall slake!

Clytemnestra —
Even I; who by this last grand victim hope
The Pyramid of Vengeance so to cope,
That — and methinks I hear him in the deep
Beneath us growling toward his rest — the stern
Alastor to some other roof may turn,
Leaving us here at last in peace to keep
What of life's harvest yet remains to reap.

Chorus — Thou to talk of reaping Peace
Who sowes Murder! Woman, cease!
And, despite that iron face —
Iron as the bloody mace
Thou bearest — boasting as if Vengeance
Centered in that hand alone;
Know that, Fury pledged to Fury,
Vengeance owes himself the debts
He makes, and while he serves thee, whets
His knife upon another stone,
Against thyself, and him with thee
Colleaguing, as you boast to be,
The tools of Fate. But Fate is Zeus;
Zeus — who for a while permitting
Sin to prosper in his name,
Shall vindicate his own abuse;
And having brought his secret thought
To light, shall break and fling to shame
The baser tools with which he wrought.

Ægisthus —

All hail, thou daybreak of my just revenge!
In which, as waking from injurious sleep,
Methinks I recognize the Gods enthroned
In the bright conclave of eternal Justice,
Revindicate the wrongs of man to man!
For see *this* man — so dear to me now dead —
Caught in the very meshes of the snare
By which his father Atreus netted mine.
For that same Atreus surely, was it not?
Who, wrought by false Suspicion to fixed Hate,
From Argos out his younger brother drove,
My sire — Thyestes — drove him like a wolf,
Keeping his cubs — save one — to better purpose.
For when at last the home-heartbroken man
Crept humbly back again, craving no more
Of his own country than to breathe its air
In liberty, and of her fruits as much
As not to starve withal — the savage King,
With damnable alacrity of hate,
And reconciliation of revenge,
Bade him, all smiles, to supper — such a supper,
Where the prime dainty was — my brother's flesh,
So maimed and clipt of human likelihood,
That the unsuspecting Father, light of heart,
And quick of appetite, at once fell to,
And ate — ate — what, with savage irony
As soon as eaten, told — the wretched man
Disgorging with a shriek, down to the ground
The table with its curst utensil dashed,
And, grinding into pieces with his heel,
Cried, loud enough for Heaven and Hell to hear,
"Thus perish all the race of Pleisthenes!"
And now behold! the son of that same Atreus
By me the son of that Thyestes slain
Whom the kind brother, sparing from the cook,
Had with his victim packed to banishment;
Where Nemesis — (so sinners from some nook,
Whence least they think assailable, assailed) —
Reared me from infancy till fully grown,
To claim in full my father's bloody due.
Ay, I it was — none other — far away
Who spun the thread, which gathering day by day
Mesh after mesh, inch upon inch, at last
Reached him, and wound about him, as he lay,

And in the supper of his smoking Troy
Devoured his own destruction — scarce condign
Return for that his Father forced on mine.

Chorus —

Ægisthus, only things of baser breed
Insult the fallen; fallen too, as you boast,
By one who planned but dared not do the deed.
This is your hour of triumph. But take heed;
The blood of Atreus is not all outrun
With this slain King, but flowing in a son,
Who saved by such an exile as your own
For such a counter retribution —

Ægisthus — Oh,
You then, the nether benches of the realm,
Dare open tongue on those who rule the helm?
Take heed yourselves; for, old and dull of wit,
And hardened as your mouth against the bit,
Be wise in time; kick not against the spurs;
Remembering Princes are shrewd taskmasters.

Chorus — Beware thyself, bewaring me;
Remembering that, too sharply stirred,
The spurrer need beware the spurred;
As thou of me; whose single word
Shall rouse the City — yea, the very
Stones you walk upon, in thunder
Gathering o'er your head, to bury
Thee and thine Adultress under!

Ægisthus — Raven, that with croaking jaws
Unorphean, undivine,
After you no City draws;
And if any vengeance, mine
Upon your withered shoulders —

Chorus — Thine!
Who daring not to strike the blow
Thy worse than woman craft designed,
To worse than woman —

Ægisthus — Soldiers, ho!

Clytemnestra —

Softly, good Ægisthus, softly; let the sword that has so deep
Drunk of righteous Retribution now within the scabbard sleep!
And if Nemesis be sated with the blood already spilt,
Even so let us, nor carry lawful Justice into Guilt.
Sheathe your sword; dismiss your spears; and you, Old men, your howling cease,

SOPHOCLES

And, ere ill blood come to running, each unto his home in peace,
Recognizing what is done for done indeed, as done it is,
And husbanding your scanty breath to pray that nothing more amiss.
Farewell. Meanwhile, you and I, Ægisthus, shall deliberate,
When the storm is blowing under, how to settle House and State.

THE DOWNFALL AND DEATH OF KING ŒDIPUS.[1]

By SOPHOCLES.

(Version of Edward Fitzgerald.)

[Sophocles: A famous Greek tragic poet; born at Colonus, near Athens, probably in B.C. 495. He received a careful education, and at his first appearance as a tragic poet, when only twenty-seven years old, gained a victory over the veteran Æschylus. From that time until extreme old age he maintained his preëminence, obtaining the first prize more than twenty times. He also took part in political affairs, and during the Samian war (B.C. 440) was one of the ten generals acting jointly with Pericles. Of the one hundred and thirty dramas ascribed to him only seven are preserved complete: "Trachiniæ," "Ajax," "Philoctetes," "Electra," "Œdipus Tyrannus," "Œdipus at Colonus," and "Antigone." Among the innovations which Sophocles made in the drama were the introduction of a third actor, the increase of the number of the chorus from twelve to fifteen, and the perfection of costumes and decoration.]

Œdipus, Priest, *and* Suppliants *assembled before his Palace Gate,* Chorus.

Œdipus—

Children of Cadmus, and as mine to me,
When all that of the plague-struck city can
With lamentation loud, and sacrifice,
Beset the shrines and altars of the Gods
Through street and market, by the Temples twain
Of Pallas, and before the Tomb that shrouds
Ismenus his prophetic ashes — why
Be you thus gathered at my palace door,
Mute, with the Suppliant's olive branch in hand?
Asking, or deprecating, what? which I,
Not satisfied from other lips to learn,
Myself am come to hear it from your own.
You, whose grave aspect and investiture
Announce the chosen oracle of all,
Tell me the purport: I am here, you see,
As King, and Father of his people too,

[1] By permission of Mr. W. Aldis Wright.

To listen and what in me lies to do;
For surely mine were but a heart of stone
Not to be moved by such an embassy,
Nor feel my people's sorrows as my own.

Priest —

O Œdipus, our Father, and our King!
Of what a mingled company you see
This Supplication gathered at your door;
Even from the child who scarce has learned to creep,
Down to old age that little further can,
With all the strength of life that breathes between.
You know how all the shattered city lies
Reeling a-wreck, and cannot right herself
Under the tempest of this pestilence,
That nips the fruitful growth within the bud,
Strangles the struggling blossom in the womb,
With sudden death infects the living man,
Until the realm of Cadmus wastes, and Thebes
With her depopulation Hades feeds.
Therefore, myself and this mute company
In supplication at your altar sit,
Looking to you for succor; looking not
As to a God, but to the Man of men,
Most like the God in man's extremity:
Who, coming here a stranger to the land,
Didst overcome the Witch who with her song
Seduced, and slew the wisest and the best;
For which all but divine deliverance Thebes
Called the strange man who saved her to the throne
Left void by her hereditary king.
And now the kingdom looks to you once more —
To you, the Master of the master mind,
To save her in a worse extremity:
When men, not one by one, but troop by troop,
Fall by a plague more deadly than the Sphinx,
Till Thebes herself is left to foreign arms
Assailable — for what are wall and tower,
Divinely built and founded as they be,
Without the rampart of the man within? —
And let not what of Cadmus yet survives
From this time forth regard you as the man
Who saved them once, by worse to perish now.

Œdipus —

Alas, my children! telling me of that
My people groans with, knowing not yourselves

How more than any man among you, I,
Who bear the accumulated woes of all;
So that you find me, coming when you may,
Restlessly all day pacing up and down,
Tossing all night upon a sleepless bed,
Endeavoring all that of myself I can,
And all of Heaven implore — thus far in vain.
But if your King have seemed to pause awhile,
'Tis that I wait the issue of one hope,
Which, if accomplished, will accomplish all.
Creon, my brother, and my second self
Beside the throne I sit on, to the shrine
Of Delphian Phœbus, — man's assured appeal
In all his exigence, — I have dispatched:
And long before you gathered at my door
Within my soul was fretting, lest To-day
That should have lighted him from Delphi back
Pass over into night, and bring him not.
But come he must, and will; and when he comes,
Do I not all, so far as man may do,
To follow where the God shall point the way,
Denounce me traitor to the State I saved
And to the people who proclaimed me King.

Chorus — Your words are as a breath from Delphi, King,
Prophetic of itself; for even now
Forerunning Rumor buzzes in our ear
That he whose coming all await is here.

Œdipus — And as before the advent of a God,
The moving multitude divides — O Phœbus!
Be but the word he carries back to me
Auspicious as well-timed!

Chorus — And shall no less;
For look! the laurel wreath about his brow
Can but announce the herald of Success.

Enter CREON.

Œdipus — Son of Menœceus! Brother! Brother king! —
Oh, let impatience for the word you bring
Excuse brief welcome to the messenger!
Be but the word as welcome! —

Creon — As it shall,
Have you your ancient cunning to divine
The darker word in which the God of Light
Enshrines his answer.

Œdipus — Speak! for till I hear,
I know not whether most to hope or fear.

Creon —
Am I to speak before the people here,
Or to yourself within?
Œdipus — Here, before all,
Whose common cause it is.
Creon — To all then thus:
When Delphi reached, and at the sacred shrine
Lustration, sacrifice, and offering made,
I put the question I was charged withal,
The Prophetess of the three-footed throne,
Conceiving with the vapor of the God
Which wrapt her, rising from Earth's center, round,
At length convulsed to sudden answer broke: —
"O seven-gated City, by the Lyre
Compact, and peopled from a Dragon Sire!
Thebes feeds the Plague that slays her, nourishing
Within her walls the slayer of her King."
Œdipus —
The slayer of her King? What king?
Creon — None else
I know than Laius, son of Labdacus,
Who occupied the throne before you came;
That much of Oracle, methinks, is plain.
Œdipus —
A story rises on me from the past.
Laius, the son of Labdacus — of whom
I know indeed, but him I never saw.
Creon —
No; he was slain before you set your foot
Over the country's threshold.
Œdipus — Slain! By whom?
Creon —
That to divine were to interpret all
That Œdipus himself is called to answer.
Thus much is all we know,
The King was murdered by some roving band
Of outlaws, who waylaid him on his road
To that same Delphi, whither he had gone
On some such sacred mission as myself.
Œdipus —
Yet of those roving outlaws, one at least
Yet breathes among us in the heart of Thebes.
Creon —
So saith the Oracle.
Œdipus — In the midst of all

The citizens and subjects of the King
He slew:

Creon —

So saith the Oracle.

Œdipus — But hold!
The story of this treason — all, you say,
Now known of it, how first made known in Thebes?

Creon —

By the one man of the King's retinue,
Who having 'scaped the fate which took the rest,
As if the assassin's foot were at his heels,
Half dead with fear, just reached the city gates
With breath to tell the story.

Œdipus — And breathes still
To tell it once again?

Creon — I know not that:
For having told it, the bewildered man,
As fast as hither he had fled, fled hence,
Where, if the assassin's foot not on him then,
His eye, the God declares, were on him now —
So fled he to his native field again
Among his flocks and fellow-husbandmen.

Œdipus —

And thus the single witness you let slip,
Whose eye might even have singled out the man,
As him the man's! Oh, had I but been by,
I would have driven interrogation home,
Would the bewildered memory so have sifted
Of each minutest grain of circumstance —
How many, accoutered how, what people like —
Now, by the lapse of time and memory,
Beyond recall into oblivion passed!
But not to lose what yet of hope there is —
Let him be sent for, sought for, found, and brought.

Creon —

Meanwhile, default of him for whom you send,
Or of uncertain memory when he comes,
Were it not well, if still the God withhold
His revelation of the word we need,
To question it of his Interpreter?

Œdipus —

Of his Interpreter?

Creon — Of whom so well,
As of Tiresias, the blind Seer of Thebes,
Whose years the God hath in his service counted
Beyond all reach of human memory?

Œdipus —

So be it. But I marvel yet why Thebes,
Letting the witness slip, then unpursued,
Or undetected, left the criminal,
Whom the King's blood, by whomsoever spilt,
Cried out aloud to be revenged upon.

Creon —

What might be done we did. But how detect
The roving robber, in whatever land,
Of friend or foe alike, outlawed of all,
Wherever prey to pounce on on the wing,
Or housed in rock or forest, save to him
Unknown, or inaccessible? Besides,
Thebes soon had other business on her hand.

Œdipus —

Why, what of business to engage her more
Than to revenge the murder of her King?

Creon —

None other than the riddle-singing Sphinx
Who, till you came to silence her, held Thebes
From thinking of the dead to save herself.

Œdipus —

And leaving this which then you might have guessed,
To guess at that which none of you could solve,
You have brought home a riddle on your heads
Inextricable and more fatal far!
But I, who put the riddling Witch to rest,
This fatal riddle will unravel too,
And by swift execution following
The revelation, once more save the realm,
And wipe away the impiety and shame
Of Laius' yet unexpiated death.
For were no expiation to the God,
And to the welfare of this people due,
Were't not a shame thus unrevenged so long
To leave the slaughter of so great a King —
King Laius, the son of Labdacus,
Who from his father Polydore his blood
Direct from Cadmus and Agenor drew?
Shame to myself, who, sitting on the throne
He sat on, wedded to the very Queen
Who should have borne him children, as to me
She bore them, had not an assassin's hand
Divorced them ere their wedded life bore fruit!
Therefore to this as 'twere my father's cause,

As of my people's — nay, why not my own,
Who in his death am threatened by the hand
Of him, whose eye now follows me about? —
With the Gods' aid do I devote myself.
I, Œdipus, albeit no Theban born,
By Thebes herself enthroned her sovereign King,
Thus to the citizens of Thebes proclaim:
That whosoever of them knows by whom
King Laius, son of Labdacus, was slain,
Forthwith let him disclose it undismayed;
Yea, though the criminal himself he were,
Let not the dread of deadly consequence
Revolt him from confession of crime;
For he shall suffer nothing worse than this, —
Instant departure from the city, but
Uninjured, uninsulted, unpursued;
For though feloniously a King he slew,
Yet haply as a stranger unaware
That king was Laius; and thus the crime
Half cleared of treason, half absolved by time.
Nor, on the other hand, if any knows
Another guilty, let him not for love,
Or fear, or whatsoever else regard,
Flinch from a revelation that shall win
More from myself than aught he fears to lose —
Nay, as a second savior of the State
Shall after me be called; and who should not
Save a whole people at the cost of one?
But Him — that one — who would not at the cost
Of self-confession save himself and all —
Him — were he nearest to my heart and hearth —
Nearest and dearest — thus do I renounce:
That from the very moment that he stands,
By whatsoever, or by whom, revealed,
No man shall him bespeak, at home, abroad,
Sit with at table, nor by altar stand,
But, as the very Pestilence he were
Incarnate which this people now devours,
Him slay at once, or hoot and hunt him forth
With execration from the city walls.
But if, in spite of promise or of threat,
The man who did, or knows who did, this deed,
Still hold it in his bosom unrevealed —
That man — and he is here among us now —
Man's vengeance may escape when he forswears

Participation in the crime, but not
The Gods', himself involving in the Curse
Which, with myself and every man in Thebes,
He shall denounce upon the criminal,
The Gods invoking to withhold from him
That issue of the earth by which he lives,
That issue of the womb by which himself
Lives after him; that in the deadly curse
By which his fellows perish he and his
May perish, or, if worse there be, by worse!

Chorus —

Beside Apollo's altar standing here,
That oath I swear, that neither I myself
Nor did myself, nor know who did this deed;
And in the curse I join on him who did,
Or, knowing him who did, will not reveal.

Œdipus —

'Tis well: and, all the city's seven gates closed,
Thus solemnly shall every man in Thebes
Before the altars of his country swear.

Chorus —

Well have you done, O Master, in so far
As human hand and wit may reach; and lo!
The sacred Seer of Thebes, Tiresias,
To whom, next to God himself, we look
For Heaven's assistance, at your summons comes,
In his prophetic raiment, staff in hand,
Approaching, gravely guided as his wont,
But with a step, methinks, unwonted slow.

Enter TIRESIAS.

Tiresias, Minister and Seer of God,
Who, blind to all that others see without,
See that within to which all else are blind;
Sequestered as you are with Deity,
You know, what others only know too well,
The mortal sickness that confounds us all;
But you alone can tell the remedy.
For since the God whose Minister you are
Bids us, if Thebes would be herself again,
Revenge the murder of King Laius
By retribution on the murderer,
Who undetected walks among us now;
Unless by you, Tiresias, to whose lips,
As Phœbus his Interpreter we cling,

To catch the single word that he withholds,
And without which what he reveals is vain —
Therefore to you, Tiresias, you alone,
Do look this people and their Ruler — look,
Imploring you, by that same inward light
Which sees, to name the man who lurks unseen,
And whose live presence is the death of all.

Tiresias —
Alas! how worse than vain to be well armed
When the man's weapon turns upon himself!

Œdipus —
I know not upon whom that arrow lights.

Tiresias —
If not on him that summoned, then on him
Who, summoned, came. There is one remedy;
Let those who hither led me lead me hence.

Œdipus —
Before the single word — which you alone
Can speak — be spoken? How is this, Tiresias,
That to your King on such a summons come,
You come so much distempered?

Tiresias — For the King,
With all his wisdom, knows not what he asks.

Œdipus —
And therefore asks that he may know from you,
Seeing the God hath folded up his word
From human eyesight.

Tiresias — Why should I reveal
What He I serve has chosen to conceal?

Œdipus —
Is't not your office to interpret that
To man which he for man vouchsafes from Heaven?

Tiresias —
What Fate hath fixed to come to pass come will,
Whether revealed or not.

Œdipus — I know it must;
But Fate may cancel Fate, foretelling that
Which, unpredicted, else would come to pass.

Tiresias —
Yet none the less I tell you, Œdipus,
That you, though wise, not knowing what you ask,
I, knowing, shall not answer.

Œdipus — You will not!
Inexorable to the people's cries —
Plague-pitiless, disloyal to your King —

Tiresias —
Oh! you forsooth were taunting me but now
With my distempered humor —
Œdipus — Who would not,
When but a word, which you pretend to know,
Would save a people?
Tiresias — One of them at least
It would not.
Œdipus — Oh, scarce any man, methinks,
But would himself, though guiltless, sacrifice,
If that would ransom all.
Tiresias — Yet one, you see,
Obdurate as myself —
Œdipus —
You have not heard, perchance, Tiresias
(Unless from that prophetic voice within),
How through the city, by my herald's voice,
With excommunication, death, or banishment,
I have denounced, not him alone who did,
But him who, knowing who, will not reveal?
Tiresias —
I hear it now.
Œdipus — And are inflexible
To Fear as Pity?
Tiresias — It might be, to Fear
Inflexible by Pity; else, why fear
Invulnerable as I am in Truth,
And by the God I serve inviolate?
Œdipus —
Is not your King a Minister of Zeus,
As you of Phœbus, and the King of Thebes
Not more to be insulted or defied
Than any Priest or Augur in his realm?
Tiresias —
Implore, denounce, and threaten as you may,
What unrevealed I would, I will not say.
Œdipus —
You will not! Mark then how, default of your
Interpretation, I interpret you:
Either not knowing what you feign to know,
You lock your tongue in baffled ignorance;
Or, knowing that which you will not reveal,
I do suspect — Suspect! why, stand you not
Self-accused, self-convicted, and by me
Denounced as he, that knowing him who did,

Will not reveal — nay, might yourself have done
The deed that you with some accomplice planned,
Could those blind eyes have aimed the murderous hand?

Tiresias —

You say so! Now then, listen in your turn
To that one word which, as it leaves my lips,
By your own Curse upon the Criminal
Denounced, should be your last in Thebes to hear.
For by the unerring insight of the God
You question, Zeus his delegate though you be
Who lay this Theban people under curse
Of revelation of the murderer
Whose undiscovered presence eats away
The people's life — I tell you — You are he!

Chorus —

Forbear, old man, forbear! And you, my King,
Heed not the passion of provoked old age.

Œdipus —

And thus, in your blind passion of revenge,
You think to 'scape contempt or punishment
By tossing accusation back on me
Under Apollo's mantle.

Tiresias — Ay, and more,
Dared you but listen.

Chorus — Peace, O peace, old man!

Œdipus —

Nay, let him shoot his poisoned arrows out;
They fall far short of me.

Tiresias — Not mine, but those
Which Fate had filled my Master's quiver with,
And you have drawn upon yourself.

Œdipus — Your Master's?

Your Master's; but assuredly not His
To whom you point, albeit you see him not,
In his meridian dazzling overhead,
Who is the God of Truth as well as Light,
And knows as I within myself must know
If Memory be not false as Augury,
The words you put into his lips a Lie!
Not He, but Self — Self only — in revenge
Of self-convicted ignorance — Self alone,
Or with some self whom Self would profit by —
As were it — Creon, say — smooth, subtle Creon,
Moving by rule and weighing every word
As in the scales of Justice — but of whom

Whispers of late have reached me — Creon, ha!
Methinks I scent another Master here!
Who, wearied of but secondary power
Under an alien King, and would belike
Exalt his Prophet for good service done
Higher than ever by my throne he stood —
And, now I think on't, bade me send for you
Under the mask of Phœbus —

Chorus — Oh, forbear —
Forbear, in turn, my lord and master!

Tiresias — Nay,
Let him, in turn, his poisoned arrows, not
From Phœbus' quiver, shoot, but to recoil
When, his mad Passion having passed —

Œdipus — O vain
Prerogative of human majesty,
That one poor mortal from his fellows takes,
And, with false pomp and honor dressing up,
Lifts idol-like to what men call a Throne,
For all below to worship and assail!
That even the power which unsolicited
By aught but salutary service done
The men of Thebes committed to my hands,
Some, restless under just authority,
Or jealous of not wielding it themselves,
Even with the altar and the priest collude,
And tamper with, to ruin or to seize!
Prophet and Seer forsooth, and Soothsayer!
Why, when the singing Witch contrived the noose
Which strangled all who tried and none could loose,
Where was the Prophet of Apollo then?
'Twas not for one who poring purblind down
Over the reeking entrail of the beast,
Nor gaping to the wandering bird in air,
Nor in the empty silence of his soul
Feigning a voice of God inaudible,
Not he, nor any of his tribe — but I —
I, Œdipus, a stranger in the land,
And uninspired by all but mother wit,
Silenced and slew the monster against whom
Divine and human cunning strove in vain.
And now again when tried, and foiled again,
This Prophet — whether to revenge the past,
And to prevent discomfiture to come,
Or by some traitor aiming at my throne

KING ŒDIPUS

From a painting by E. Tescshendorff

Suborned to stand a greater at his side
Than peradventure e'er he stood at mine,
Would drag me to destruction! But beware!
Beware lest, blind and aged as you are,
Wrapt in supposititious sanctity,
You, and whoever he that leagues with you,
Meet a worse doom than you for me prepare.

Tiresias —
Quick to your vengeance, then; for this same day
That under Phœbus' fiery rein flies fast
Over the field of heaven, shall be the last
That you shall play the tyrant in.

Œdipus — O Thebes,
You never called me Tyrant, from the day
Since first I saved you!

Tiresias — And shall save again;
As then by coming, by departing now.
Enough: before the day that judges both
Decide between us, let them lead me home.

Œdipus —
Ay, lead him hence — home — Hades — anywhere!
Blind in his inward as his outward eye.

Tiresias —
Poor man! that in your inward vision blind,
Know not, as I, that ere this day go down,
By your own hand yourself shall be consigned
To deeper night than now you taunt me with;
When, not the King and Prophet that you were,
But a detested outcast of the land,
With other eyes and hands you feel your way
To wander through the world, begging the bread
Of execration from the stranger's hand
Denied you here, and thrust from door to door,
As though yourself the Plague you brought from Thebes;
A wretch, self-branded with the double curse
Of such unheard, unnatural infamy,
As shall confound a son in the embrace
Of her who bore him to the sire he slew!

FROM EURIPIDES' "MEDEA."[1]

TRANSLATION OF E. P. COLERIDGE.

[EURIPIDES: The last of the three Greek tragic poets; born on the island of Salamis in B.C. 480, according to popular tradition, on the day of the famous naval battle. He received instruction in physics from Anaxagoras, in rhetoric from Prodicus, and was on terms of intimate friendship with Socrates. He early devoted his attention to dramatic composition, and at the age of twenty-five obtained a prize for his first tragedy. After a successful career at Athens, he retired for unknown reasons to Magnesia in Thessaly, and thence proceeded to the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, where he died in B.C. 405. Of over seventy-five tragedies there have come down to us only eighteen, the best known being: "Alcestis," "Medea," "Hippolytus," "Hecuba," "Andromache," "Iphigenia at Aulis," "Iphigenia among the Tauri," "Electra," "Orestes," "Bacchæ."]

Jason — I am come at thy bidding, for e'en though thy hate for me is bitter thou shalt not fail in this small boon, but I will hear what new request thou hast to make of me, lady.

Medea — Jason, I crave thy pardon for the words I spoke, and well thou mayest brook my burst of passion, for ere now we twain have shared much love. For I have reasoned with my soul and railed upon me thus: "Ah! poor heart! why am I thus distraught, why so angered 'gainst all good advice, why have I come to hate the rulers of the land, my husband too, who does the best for me he can, in wedding with a princess and rearing for my children noble brothers? Shall I not cease to fret? What possesses me, when heaven its best doth offer? Have I not my children to consider? do I forget that we are fugitives, in need of friends?" When I had thought all this, I saw how foolish I had been, how senselessly enraged. So now I do commend thee and think thee most wise in forming this connection for us; but I was mad, I who should have shared in these designs, helped on thy plans, and lent my aid to bring about the match, only too pleased to wait upon thy bride. But what we are, we are, we women, evil I will not say; wherefore thou shouldst not sink to our sorry level nor with our weapons meet our childishness.

I yield and do confess that I was wrong then, but now have I come to a better mind. Come hither, my children, come, leave the house, step forth, and with me greet and bid farewell to your father, be reconciled from all past bitterness unto your friends, as now your mother is; for we have made a truce and anger is no more.

[1] By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. (2 vols., price 5*s.* each.)

GREEK ACTORS

From a painting by J. L. Gé·ôme

Enter the CHILDREN.

Take his right hand; ah me! my sad fate! when I reflect, as now, upon the hidden future. O my children, since there awaits you even thus a long, long life, stretch forth the hand to take a fond farewell. Ah me! how new to tears am I, how full of fear! For now that I have at last released me from my quarrel with your father, I let the tear-drops stream adown my tender cheek.

Chorus — From my eyes too bursts forth the copious tear; O, may no greater ill than the present e'er befall!

Jason — Lady, I praise this conduct, not that I blame what is past; for it is but natural to the female sex to vent their spleen against a husband when he traffics in other marriages besides his own. But thy heart is changed to wiser schemes, and thou art determined on the better course, late though it be; this is acting like a woman of sober sense. And for you, my sons, hath your father provided with all good heed a sure refuge, by God's grace; for ye, I trow, shall with your brothers share hereafter the foremost rank in this Corinthian realm. Only grow up, for all the rest your sire and whoso of the gods is kind to us is bringing to pass. May I see you reach man's full estate, high o'er the heads of those I hate! But thou, lady, why with fresh tears dost thou thine eyelids wet, turning away thy wan cheek, with no welcome for these my happy tidings?

Medea — 'Tis naught; upon these children my thoughts were turned.

Jason — Then take heart; for I will see that it is well with them.

Medea — I will do so; nor will I doubt thy word; woman is a weak creature, ever given to tears.

Jason — Why, prithee, unhappy one, dost moan o'er these children?

Medea — I gave them birth; and when thou didst pray long life for them, pity entered into my soul to think that these things must be. But the reason of thy coming hither to speak with me is partly told, the rest will I now mention. Since it is the pleasure of the rulers of the land to banish me, and well I know 'twere best for me to stand not in the way of thee or of the rulers by dwelling here, enemy as I am thought unto their house, forth from this land in exile am I going; but

these children,—that they may know thy fostering hand, beg Creon to remit their banishment.

Jason — I doubt whether I can persuade him, yet must I attempt it.

Medea — At least do thou bid thy wife ask her sire this boon, to remit the exile of the children from this land.

Jason — Yea, that will I; and her methinks I shall persuade, since she is a woman like the rest.

Medea — I too will aid thee in this task, for by the children's hand I will send to her gifts that far surpass in beauty, I well know, aught that now is seen 'mongst men, a robe of finest tissue and a chaplet of chased gold. But one of my attendants must haste and bring the ornaments hither. Happy shall she be not once alone but ten thousandfold, for in thee she wins the noblest soul to share her love, and gets these gifts as well which on a day my father's sire, the Sun God, bestowed on his descendants. My children, take in your hands these wedding gifts, and bear them as an offering to the royal maid, the happy bride; for verily the gifts she shall receive are not to be scorned.

Jason — But why so rashly rob thyself of these gifts? Dost think a royal palace wants for robes or gold? Keep them, nor give them to another. For well I know that if my lady hold me in esteem, she will set my price above all wealth.

Medea — Say not so; 'tis said that gifts tempt even gods; and o'er men's minds gold holds more potent sway than countless words. Fortune smiles upon thy bride, and heaven now doth swell her triumph; youth is hers and princely power; yet to save my children from exile I would barter life, not dross alone. Children, when ye are come to the rich palace, pray your father's new bride, my mistress, with suppliant voice to save you from exile, offering her these ornaments the while; for it is most needful that she receive the gifts in her own hand. Now go and linger not; may ye succeed and to your mother bring back the glad tidings she fain would hear!

Chorus — Gone, gone is every hope I had that the children yet might live; forth to their doom they now proceed. The hapless bride will take, ay, take the golden crown that is to be her ruin; with her own hand will she lift and place upon her golden locks the garniture of death. Its grace and sheen divine will tempt her to put on the robe and crown of gold, and in that act will she deck herself to be a bride amid the

dead. Such is the snare whereinto she will fall, such is the deadly doom that waits the hapless maid, nor shall she from the curse escape. And thou, poor wretch, who to thy sorrow art wedding a king's daughter, little thinkest of the doom thou art bringing on thy children's life, or of the cruel death that waits thy bride.

Woe is thee! how art thou fallen from thy high estate!

Next do I bewail thy sorrows, O mother hapless in thy children, thou who wilt slay thy babes because thou hast a rival, the babes thy husband hath deserted impiously to join him to another bride.

Attendant — Thy children, lady, are from exile freed, and gladly did the royal bride accept thy gifts in her own hands, and so thy children made their peace with her.

Medea — Ah!

Attendant — Why art so disquieted in thy prosperous hour? Why turnest thou thy cheek away, and hast no welcome for my glad news?

Medea — Ah me!

Attendant — These groans but ill accord with the news I bring.

Medea — Ah me! once more I say.

Attendant — Have I unwittingly announced some evil tidings? Have I erred in thinking my news was good?

Medea — Thy news is as it is; I blame thee not.

Attendant — Then why this downcast eye, these floods of tears?

Medea — Old friend, needs must I weep; for the gods and I with fell intent devised these schemes.

Attendant — Be of good cheer; thou too of a surety shalt by thy sons yet be brought home again.

Medea — Ere that shall I bring others to their home, ah! woe is me!

Attendant — Thou art not the only mother from thy children reft. Bear patiently thy troubles as a mortal must.

Medea — I will obey; go thou within the house and make the day's provision for the children. O my babes, my babes, ye have still a city and a home, where far from me and my sad lot you will live your lives, reft of your mother forever; while I must to another land in banishment, or ever I have had my joy of you, or lived to see you happy, or ever I have graced your marriage couch, your bride, your bridal bower, or lifted

high the wedding torch. Ah me! a victim of my own self-will. So it was all in vain I reared you, O my sons; in vain did suffer, racked with anguish, enduring the cruel pangs of childbirth. 'Fore Heaven I once had hope, poor me! high hope of ye that you would nurse me in my age and deck my corpse with loving hands, a boon we mortals covet; but now is my sweet fancy dead and gone; for I must lose you both and in bitterness and sorrow drag through life. And ye shall never with fond eyes see your mother more, for o'er your life there comes a change. Ah me! ah me! why do ye look at me so, my children? why smile that last sweet smile? Ah me! what am I to do? My heart gives way when I behold my children's laughing eyes. O, I cannot; farewell to all my former schemes; I will take the children from the land, the babes I bore. Why should I wound their sire by wounding them, and get me a twofold measure of sorrow? No, no, I will not do it. Farewell my scheming! And yet what am I coming to? Can I consent to let those foes of mine escape from punishment, and incur their mockery? I must face this deed. Out upon my craven heart! to think that I should even have let the soft words escape my soul. Into the house, children! and whoso feels he must not be present at my sacrifice, must see to it himself; I will not spoil my handiwork. Ah! ah! do not, my heart, O do not do this deed! Let the children go, unhappy lady, spare thy babes! For if they live, they will cheer thee in thy exile there. Nay, by the fiends of hell's abyss, never, never will I hand my children over to their foes to mock and flout. Die they must in any case, and since 'tis so, why I, the mother who bore them, will give the fatal blow. In any case their doom is fixed and there is no escape. Already the crown is on her head, the robe is round her, and she is dying, the royal bride; that do I know full well. But now since I have a piteous path to tread, and yet more piteous still the path I send my children on, fain would I say farewell to them. O my babes, my babes, let your mother kiss your hands. Ah! hands I love so well, O lips most dear to me! O noble form and features of my children, I wish ye joy, but in that other land, for here your father robs you of your home. O the sweet embrace, the soft young cheek, the fragrant breath! my children! Go, leave me; I cannot bear to longer look upon ye; my sorrow wins the day. At last I understand the awful deed I am to do; but passion, that cause of direst woes to mortal man, hath triumphed o'er my sober thoughts.

Chorus — Oft ere now have I pursued subtler themes and have faced graver issues than woman's sex should seek to probe; but then e'en we aspire to culture, which dwells with us to teach us wisdom; I say not all; for small is the class amongst women — (one maybe shalt thou find 'mid many) — that is not incapable of culture. And amongst mortals I do assert that they who are wholly without experience and have never had children far surpass in happiness those who are parents. The childless, because they have never proved whether children grow up to be a blessing or curse to men, are removed from all share in many troubles; whilst those who have a sweet race of children growing up in their houses do wear away, as I perceive, their whole life through; first with the thought how they may train them up in virtue, next how they shall leave their sons the means to live; and after all this 'tis far from clear whether on good or bad children they bestow their toil. But one last crowning woe for every mortal man I now will name; suppose that they have found sufficient means to live, and seen their children grow to man's estate and walk in virtue's path, still if fortune so befall, comes Death and bears the children's bodies off to Hades. Can it be any profit to the gods to heap upon us mortal men besides our other woes this further grief for children lost, a grief surpassing all?

Medea — Kind friends, long have I waited expectantly to know how things would at the palace chance. And lo! I see one of Jason's servants coming hither, whose hurried gasps for breath proclaim him the bearer of some fresh tidings.

Messenger — Fly, fly, Medea! who hast wrought an awful deed, transgressing every law; nor leave behind or sea-borne bark or car that scours the plain.

Medea — Why, what hath chanced that calls for such a flight of mine?

Messenger — The princess is dead, a moment gone, and Creon too, her sire, slain by those drugs of thine.

Medea — Tidings most fair are thine! Henceforth shalt thou be ranked amongst my friends and benefactors.

Messenger — Ha! What? Art sane? Art not distraught, lady, who hearest with joy the outrage to our royal house done, and art not at the horrid tale afraid?

Medea — Somewhat have I, too, to say in answer to thy words. Be not so hasty, friend, but tell the manner of th[illegible]

death, for thou wouldst give me double joy, if so they perished miserably.

Messenger — When the children twain whom thou didst bear came with their father and entered the palace of the bride, right glad were we thralls who had shared thy griefs, for instantly from ear to ear a rumor spread that thou and thy lord had made up your former quarrel. One kissed thy children's hands, another their golden hair, while I for very joy went with them in person to the women's chambers. Our mistress, whom now we do revere in thy room, cast a longing glance at Jason, ere she saw thy children twain; but then she veiled her eyes and turned her blanching cheek away, disgusted at their coming; but thy husband tried to check his young bride's angry humor with these words: "O, be not angered 'gainst thy friends; cease from wrath and turn once more thy face this way, counting as friends whomso thy husband counts, and accept these gifts, and for my sake crave thy sire to remit these children's exile." Soon as she saw the ornaments, no longer she held out, but yielded to her lord in all; and ere the father and his sons were far from the palace gone, she took the broidered robe and put it on, and set the golden crown about her tresses, arranging her hair at her bright mirror, with many a happy smile at her breathless counterfeit. Then rising from her seat she passed across the chamber, tripping lightly on her fair white foot, exulting in the gift, with many a glance at her uplifted ankle. When lo! a scene of awful horror did ensue. In a moment she turned pale, reeled backwards, trembling in every limb, and sank upon a seat scarce soon enough to save herself from falling to the ground. An aged dame, one of her company, thinking belike it was a fit from Pan or some god sent, raised a cry of prayer, till from her mouth she saw the foam flakes issue, her eyeballs rolling in their sockets, and all the blood her face desert; then did she raise a loud scream far different from her former cry. Forthwith one handmaid rushed to her father's house, another to her new bridegroom to tell his bride's sad fate, and the whole house echoed with their running to and fro. By this time would a quick walker have made the turn in a course of six plethra and reached the goal, when she with one awful shriek awoke, poor sufferer, from her speechless trance and oped her closed eyes, for against her a twofold anguish was warring. The chaplet of gold about her head was sending forth a wondrous stream of ravening flame, while the

fine raiment, thy children's gift, was preying on the hapless maiden's fair white flesh; and she starts from her seat in a blaze and seeks to fly, shaking her hair and head this way and that, to cast the crown therefrom; but the gold held firm to its fastenings, and the flame, as she shook her locks, blazed forth the more with double fury. Then to the earth she sinks, by the cruel blow o'ercome, past all recognition now save to a father's eye; for her eyes had lost their tranquil gaze, her face no more its natural look preserved, and from the crown of her head blood and fire in mingled stream ran down; and from her bones the flesh kept peeling off beneath the gnawing of those secret drugs, e'en as when the pine tree weeps its tears of pitch, a fearsome sight to see. And all were afraid to touch the corpse, for we were warned by what had chanced. Anon came her hapless father unto the house, all unwitting of her doom, and stumbles o'er the dead, and loud he cried, and folding his arms about her kissed her, with words like these the while: "O my poor, poor child, which of the gods hath destroyed thee thus foully? Who is robbing me of thee, old as I am and ripe for death? O my child, alas! would I could die with thee!" He ceased his sad lament, and would have raised his aged frame, but found himself held fast by the fine-spun robe as ivy that clings to the branches of the bay, and then ensued a fearful struggle. He strove to rise, but she still held him back; and if ever he pulled with all his might, from off his bones his aged flesh he tore. At last he gave it up, and breathed forth his soul in awful suffering; for he could no longer master the pain. So there they lie, daughter and aged sire, dead side by side, a grievous sight that calls for tears. And as for thee, I leave thee out of my consideration, for thyself must discover a means to escape punishment. Not now for the first time I think this human life a shadow; yea, and without shrinking I will say that they amongst men who pretend to wisdom and expend deep thought on words do incur a serious charge of folly; for amongst mortals no man is happy; wealth may pour in and make one luckier than another, but none can happy be.

Chorus — This day the deity, it seems, will mass on Jason, as he well deserves, a heavy load of evils. Woe is thee, daughter of Creon! I pity thy sad fate, gone as thou art to Hades' halls as the price of thy marriage with Jason.

Medea — My friends, I am resolved upon the deed; at once

will I slay my children and then leave this land, without delaying long enough to hand them over to some more savage hand to butcher. Needs must they die in any case; and since they must, I will slay them — I, the mother that bare them. O heart of mine, steel thyself! Why do I hesitate to do the awful deed that must be done? Come, take the sword, thou wretched hand of mine! Take it, and advance to the post whence starts thy life of sorrow! Away with cowardice! Give not one thought to thy babes, how dear they are or how thou art their mother. This one brief day forget thy children dear, and after that lament; for though thou wilt slay them, yet they were thy darlings still, and I am a lady of sorrows.

Chorus — O earth, O sun whose beam illumines all, look, look upon this lost woman, ere she stretch forth her murderous hand upon her sons for blood; for lo! these are scions of thy own golden seed, and the blood of gods is in danger of being shed by man. O light, from Zeus proceeding, stay her, hold her hand, forth from the house chase this fell bloody fiend by demons led. Vainly wasted were the throes thy children cost thee; vainly hast thou borne, it seems, sweet babes, O thou who hast left behind thee that passage through the blue Symplegades, that strangers justly hate. Ah! hapless one, why doth fierce anger thy soul assail? Why in its place is fell murder growing up? For grievous unto mortal men are pollutions that come of kindred blood poured on the earth, woes to suit each crime hurled from heaven on the murderer's house.

First Son [*within*] — Ah me, what can I do? Whither fly to escape my mother's blows?

Second Son [*within*] — I know not, sweet brother mine; we are undone.

Chorus — Didst hear, didst hear the children's cry? O lady, born to sorrow, victim of an evil fate! Shall I enter the house? For the children's sake I am resolved to ward off the murder.

First Son [*within*] — Yea, by heaven I adjure you; help, your aid is needed.

Second Son [*within*] — Even now the toils of the sword are closing round us.

Chorus — O hapless mother, surely thou hast a heart of stone or steel to slay the offspring of thy womb by such a murderous doom. Of all the wives of yore I know but one who laid her hand upon her children dear, even Ino, whom the gods

did madden in the day that the wife of Zeus drove her wandering from her home. But she, poor sufferer, flung herself into the sea because of the foul murder of her children, leaping o'er the wave-beat cliff, and in her death was she united to her children twain. Can there be any deed of horror left to follow this? Woe for the wooing of women fraught with disaster! What sorrows hast thou caused for men ere now!

Jason — Ladies, stationed near this house, pray tell me is the author of these hideous deeds, Medea, still within, or hath she fled from hence? For she must hide beneath the earth or soar on wings towards heaven's vault, if she would avoid the vengeance of the royal house. Is she so sure she will escape herself unpunished from this house, when she hath slain the rulers of the land? But enough of this! I am forgetting her children. As for her, those whom she hath wronged will do the like by her; but I am come to save the children's life, lest the victims' kin visit their wrath on me, in vengeance for the murder foul, wrought by my children's mother.

Chorus — Unhappy man, thou knowest not the full extent of thy misery, else had thou never said those words.

Jason — How now? Can she want to kill me too?

Chorus — Thy sons are dead; slain by their own mother's hand.

Jason — O God! what sayest thou? Woman, thou hast sealed my doom.

Chorus — Thy children are no more; be sure of this.

Jason — Where slew she them; within the palace or outside?

Chorus — Throw wide the doors and see thy children's murdered corpses.

Jason — Haste, ye slaves, loose the bolts, undo the fastenings, that I may see the sight of twofold woe, my murdered sons and her, whose blood in vengeance I will shed.

[MEDEA *in mid air, on a chariot drawn by dragons; the children's corpses by her.*

Medea — Why shake those doors and attempt to loose their bolts, in quest of the dead and me their murderess? From such toil desist. If thou wouldst aught with me, say on, if so thou wilt; but never shalt thou lay hand on me, so swift the steeds the sun, my father's sire, to me doth give to save me from the hand of my foes.

Jason — Accursed woman! by gods, by me and all man-

kind abhorred as never woman was, who hadst the heart to stab thy babes, thou their mother, leaving me undone and childless; this hast thou done and still dost gaze upon the sun and earth after this deed most impious? Curses on thee! I now perceive what then I missed in the day I brought thee, fraught with doom, from thy home in a barbarian land to dwell in Hellas, traitress to thy sire and to the land that nurtured thee. On me the gods have hurled the curse that dogged thy steps, for thou didst slay thy brother at his hearth ere thou cam'st aboard our fair ship Argo. Such was the outset of thy life of crime; then didst thou wed with me, and having borne me sons to glut thy passion's lust, thou now hast slain them. Not one amongst the wives of Hellas e'er had dared this deed; yet before them all I chose thee for my wife, wedding a foe to be my doom, no woman, but a lioness fiercer than Tyrrhene Scylla in nature. But with reproaches heaped a thousandfold I cannot wound thee, so brazen is thy nature. Perish, vile sorceress, murderess of thy babes! Whilst I must mourn my luckless fate, for I shall ne'er enjoy my new-found bride, nor shall I have the children, whom I bred and reared, alive to say the last farewell to me; nay, I have lost them.

Medea — To this thy speech I could have made a long retort, but Father Zeus knows well all I have done for thee, and the treatment thou hast given me. Yet thou wert not ordained to scorn my love and lead a life of joy in mockery of me, nor was thy royal bride nor Creon, who gave thee a second wife, to thrust me from this land and rue it not. Wherefore, if thou wilt, call me e'en a lioness, and Scylla, whose home is in the Tyrrhene land; for I in turn have wrung thy heart, as well I might.

Jason — Thou, too, art grieved thyself, and sharest in my sorrow.

Medea — Be well assured I am; but it relieves my pain to know thou canst not mock at me.

Jason — O my children, how vile a mother ye have found!

Medea — My sons, your father's feeble lust has been your ruin!

Jason — 'Twas not my hand, at any rate, that slew them.

Medea — No, but thy foul treatment of me, and thy new marriage.

Jason — Didst think that marriage cause enough to murder them?

Medea — Dost think a woman counts this a trifling injury?

Jason — So she be self-restrained; but in thy eyes all is evil.

Medea — Thy sons are dead and gone. That will stab thy heart.

Jason — They live, methinks, to bring a curse upon thy head.

Medea — The gods know, whoso of them began this troublous coil.

Jason — Indeed, they know that hateful heart of thine.

Medea — Thou art as hateful. I am aweary of thy bitter tongue.

Jason — And I likewise of thine. But parting is easy.

Medea — Say how; what am I to do? for I am fain as thou to go.

Jason — Give up to me those dead, to bury and lament.

Medea — No, never! I will bury them myself, bearing them to Hera's sacred field, who watches o'er the Cape, that none of their foes may insult them by pulling down their tombs; and in this land of Sisyphus I will ordain hereafter a solemn feast and mystic rites to atone for this impious murder. Myself will now to the land of Erechtheus, to dwell with Ægeus, Pandion's son. But thou, as well thou mayest, shalt die a caitiff's death, thy head crushed 'neath a shattered relic of Argo, when thou hast seen the bitter ending of my marriage.

Jason — The curse of our sons' avenging spirit and of Justice, that calls for blood, be on thee!

Medea — What god or power divine hears thee, breaker of oaths and every law of hospitality?

Jason — Fie upon thee! cursed witch! child murderess!

Medea — To thy house! go, bury thy wife.

Jason — I go, bereft of both my sons.

Medea — Thy grief is yet to come; wait till old age is with thee too.

Jason — O my dear, dear children!

Medea — Dear to their mother, not to thee.

Jason — And yet thou didst slay them?

Medea — Yea, to vex thy heart.

Jason — One last fond kiss, ah me! I fain would on their lips imprint.

Medea — Embraces now, and fond farewells for them; but then a cold repulse!

Jason — By heaven I do adjure thee, let me touch their tender skin.

Medea — No, no! in vain this word has sped its flight.

Jason — O Zeus, dost hear how I am driven hence; dost mark the treatment I receive from this she-lion, fell murderess of her young? Yet so far as I may and can, I raise for them a dirge, and do adjure the gods to witness how thou hast slain my sons, and wilt not suffer me to embrace or bury their dead bodies. Would I had never begotten them to see thee slay them after all!

Chorus — Many a fate doth Zeus dispense, high on his Olympian throne; oft do the gods bring things to pass beyond man's expectation; that which we thought would be is not fulfilled, while for the unlooked-for God finds out a way; and such hath been the issue of this matter.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.[1]

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

[CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, English novelist, was born in 1823. Her first celebrated novel, "The Heir of Redclyffe," was published in 1853, the equally well-known "Daisy Chain" in 1856, and "Dynevor Terrace" in 1857; she has written many others. Her "Book of Golden Deeds" appeared in 1864.]

THE spirit of self-devotion is so beautiful and noble, that even when the act is performed in obedience to the dictates of a false religion, it is impossible not to be struck with admiration and almost reverence for the unconscious type of the one great act that has hallowed every other sacrifice. Thus it was that Codrus, the Athenian king, has ever since been honored for the tradition that he gave his own life to secure the safety of his people; and there is a touching story, with neither name nor place, of a heathen monarch who was bidden by his priests to appease the supposed wrath of his gods by the sacrifice of the being dearest to him. His young son had been seized on as his most beloved, when his wife rushed between and declared that her son must live, and not by his death rob her of her right to fall, as her husband's dearest. The priest looked at the father; the face that had been sternly composed before was full of uncontrolled anguish as he sprang forward to save the

[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

wife rather than the child. That impulse was an answer, like the entreaty of the mother before Solomon; the priest struck the fatal blow ere the king's hand could withhold him, and the mother died with a last look of exceeding joy at her husband's love and her son's safety. Human sacrifices are of course accursed, and even the better sort of heathens viewed them with horror; but the voluntary confronting of death, even at the call of a distorted presage of future atonement, required qualities that were perhaps the highest that could be exercised among those who were devoid of the light of truth.

In the year 339 there was a remarkable instance of such devotion. The Romans were at war with the Latins, a nation dwelling to the south of them, and almost exactly resembling themselves in language, habits, government, and fashions of fighting. Indeed the city of Rome itself was but an offshoot from the old Latin kingdom; and there was not much difference between the two nations even in courage and perseverance. The two consuls of the year were Titus Manlius Torquatus and Publius Decius Mus. They were both very distinguished men. Manlius was a patrician, or one of the high ancient nobles of Rome, and had in early youth fought a single combat with a gigantic Gaul, who offered himself, like Goliath, as a champion of his tribe; he had slain him and taken from him a gold torque, or collar, whence his surname Torquatus. Decius was a plebeian; one of the free though not noble citizens who had votes, but only within a few years had been capable of being chosen to the higher offices of state, and who looked upon every election to the consulship as a victory. Three years previously, when a tribune in command of a legion, Decius had saved the consul, Cornelius Cossus, from a dangerous situation, and enabled him to gain a great victory; and this exploit was remembered, and led to the choice of this well-experienced soldier as the colleague of Manlius.

The two consuls both went out together in command of the forces, each having a separate army, and intending to act in concert. They marched to the beautiful country at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which was then a harmless mountain clothed with chestnut woods, with spaces opening between, where farms and vineyards rejoiced in the sunshine and the fresh breezes of the lovely blue bay that lay stretched beneath. Those who climbed to the summit might indeed find beds of ashes and the jagged edge of a huge basin or gulf; the houses

and walls were built of dark red and black material that once had flowed from the crater in boiling torrents: but these had long since cooled, and so long was it since a column of smoke had been seen to rise from the mountain top, that it only remained as a matter of tradition that this region was one of mysterious fire, and that the dark cool lake Avernus, near the mountain skirts, was the very entrance to the shadowy realms beneath, that were supposed to be inhabited by the spirits of the dead.

It might be that the neighborhood of this lake, with the dread imaginations connected with it by pagan fancy, influenced even the stout hearts of the consuls; for, the night after they came in sight of the enemy, each dreamt the same dream, namely, that he beheld a mighty form of gigantic height and stature, who told him "that the victory was decreed to that army of the two whose leader should devote himself to the Dii Manes," that is, to the deities who watched over the shades of the dead. Probably these older Romans held the old Etruscan belief, which took these "gods beneath" to be winged beings, who bore away the departing soul, weighed its merits and demerits, and placed it in a region of peace or of woe, according to its deserts. This was part of the grave and earnest faith that gave the earlier Romans such truth and resolution; but latterly they so corrupted it with the Greek myths, that, in after times, they did not even know who the gods of Decius were.

At daybreak the two consuls sought one another out, and told their dreams; and they agreed that they would join their armies in one, Decius leading the right and Manlius the left wing; and that whichever found his troops giving way, should at once rush into the enemy's columns and die, to secure the victory to his colleague. At the same time strict commands were given that no Roman should come out of his rank to fight in single combat with the enemy; a necessary regulation, as the Latins were so like, in every respect, to the Romans, that there would have been fatal confusion had there been any mingling together before the battle. Just as this command had been given out, young Titus Manlius, the son of the consul, met a Latin leader, who called him by name and challenged him to fight hand to hand. The youth was emulous of the honor his father had gained by his combat at the same age with the Gaul, but forgot both the present edict and that his father

had scrupulously asked permission before accepting the challenge. He at once came forward, and after a brave conflict, slew his adversary, and taking his armor, presented himself at his father's tent and laid the spoils at his feet.

But old Manlius turned aside sadly, and collected his troops to hear his address to his son: "You have transgressed," he said, "the discipline which has been the support of the Roman people, and reduced me to the hard necessity of either forgetting myself and mine, or else the regard I owe to the general safety. Rome must not suffer by one fault. We must expiate it ourselves. A sad example shall we be, but a wholesome one to the Roman youth. For me, both the natural love of a father and that specimen thou hast given of thy valor move me exceedingly; but since either the consular authority must be established by thy death, or destroyed by thy impunity, I cannot think, if thou be a true Manlius, that thou wilt be backward to repair the breach thou hast made in military discipline by undergoing the just meed of thine offense." He then placed the wreath of leaves, the reward of a victor, upon his son's head, and gave the command to the lictor to bind the young man to a stake, and strike off his head. The troops stood round as men stunned, no one durst utter a word; the son submitted without one complaint, since his death was for the good of Rome: and the father, trusting that the doom of the Dii Manes was about to overtake him, beheld the brave but rash young head fall, then watched the corpse covered with the trophies won from the Latin, and made no hindrance to the glorious obsequies with which the whole army honored this untimely death. Strict discipline was indeed established, and no one again durst break his rank; but the younger men greatly hated Manlius for his severity, and gave him no credit for the agony he had concealed while giving up his gallant son to the well-being of Rome.

A few days after, the expected battle took place, and after some little time the front rank of Decius' men began to fall back upon the line in their rear. This was the token he had waited for. He called to Valerius, the chief priest of Rome, to consecrate him, and was directed to put on his chief robe of office, the beautiful purple *toga prætexta*, to cover his head, and standing on his javelin, call aloud to the "nine gods" to accept his devotion, to save the Roman legions, and strike terror into his enemies. This done, he commanded his lictors to carry

word to his colleague that the sacrifice was accomplished, and then, girding his robe round him in the manner adopted in sacrificing to the gods, he mounted his white horse, and rushed like lightning into the thickest of the Latins. At first they fell away on all sides as if some heavenly apparition had come down on them; then, as some recognized him, they closed in on him, and pierced his breast with their weapons; but even as he fell the superstition that a devoted leader was sure to win the field came full on their minds, they broke and fled. Meanwhile, the message came to Manlius, and drew from him a burst of tears — tears that he had not shed for his son — his hope of himself meeting the doom and ending his sorrow was gone; but none the less he nerved himself to complete the advantage gained by Decius' death. Only one wing of the Latins had fled, the other fought long and bravely; and when at last it was defeated, and cut down on the field of battle, both conqueror and conquered declared that, if Manlius had been the leader of the Latins, they would have had the victory. Manlius afterwards completely subdued the Latins, who became incorporated with the Romans; but bravely as he had borne up, his health gave way under his sorrow, and before the end of the year he was unable to take the field.

Forty-five years later, in the year 294, another Decius was consul. He was the son of the first devoted Decius, and had shown himself worthy of his name, both as a citizen and soldier. His first consulate had been in conjunction with one of the most high-spirited and famous Roman nobles, Quintus Fabius, surnamed Maximus, or the Greatest, and at three years' end they were again chosen together, when the Romans had been brought into considerable peril by an alliance between the Gauls and the Samnites, their chief enemies in Italy.

One being a patrician and the other a plebeian, there was every attempt made at Rome to stir up jealousies and dissensions between them; but both were much too noble and generous to be thus set one against the other; and when Fabius found how serious was the state of affairs in Etruria, he sent to Rome to entreat that Decius would come and act with him. "With him I shall never want forces, nor have too many enemies to deal with."

The Gauls, since the time of Brennus, had so entirely settled in northern Italy, that it had acquired the name of Cisalpine Gaul, and they were as warlike as ever, while better armed and

trained. The united armies of Gauls, Samnites, and their allies, together, are said to have amounted to 143,330 foot and 46,000 horse, and the Roman army consisted of four legions, 24,000 in all, with an unspecified number of horse. The place of battle was at Sentinum, and here for the first time the Gauls brought armed chariots into use, — probably the wicker chariots, with scythes in the midst of the clumsy wooden wheels, which were used by the Celts in Britain two centuries later. It was the first time the Romans had encountered these barbarous vehicles: they were taken by surprise, the horses started, and could not be brought back to the charge, and the legions were mowed down like corn where the furious Gaul impelled his scythe. Decius shouted in vain, and tried to gather his men and lead them back; but the terror at this new mode of warfare had so mastered them, that they paid no attention to his call. Then, half in policy, half in superstition, he resolved to follow his father in his death. He called the chief priest, Marcus Livius, and standing on his javelin, went through the same formula of self-dedication, and in like manner threw himself, alone and unarmed, in the midst of the enemy, among whom he soon fell, under many a savage stroke. The priest, himself a gallant soldier, called to the troops that their victory was now secured, and thoroughly believing him, they let him lead them back to the charge, and routed the Gauls; whilst Fabius so well did his part against the other nations, that the victory was complete, and 25,000 enemies were slain. So covered was the body of Decius by the corpses of his enemies, that all that day it could not be found; but on the next it was discovered, and Fabius, with a full heart, pronounced the funeral oration of the second Decius, who had willingly offered himself to turn the tide of battle in favor of his country. It was the last of such acts of dedication — the Romans became more learned and philosophical, and perhaps more reasonable; and yet, mistaken as was the object, it seems a falling off that, two hundred years later, Cicero should not know who were the "nine gods" of the Decii, and should regard their sacrifice as "heroic indeed, but unworthy of men of understanding."

FROM THE "KNIGHTS" OF ARISTOPHANES.

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS BY JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

[ARISTOPHANES, the greatest of Greek comic poets, was born probably between B.C. 450 and 446, and died not later than B.C. 380. Little is known of his personal history beyond the allusions in his own works. His first comedy, the "Banqueters," appeared in B.C. 427, and was followed by over forty others, of which there are extant only eleven: "Acharnians," "Knights," "Clouds," "Wasps," "Peace," "Birds," "Lysistrata," "Thesmophoriazusæ," "Frogs," "Ecclesiazusæ," and "Plutus." Aristophanes is the sole extant representative of the so-called Old Comedy of Athens.]

DEMUS, an old citizen of Athens, and in whom the Athenian people are personified = the John Bull or Uncle Sam of Athens.
DEMOSTHENES } the two most fortunate and able generals of Athens during
NICIAS } the Peloponnesian War, represented as slaves of Demus.
CLEON, a tanner (the PAPHLAGONIAN, from *παφλάζω, I mouth* or *foam*), steward to Demus and the leading demagogue of Athens.
SAUSAGE SELLER (afterwards AGORACRITUS).
CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

Scene: Space before DEMUS' *House.*

After a noise of lashes and screams from behind the scenes, DEMOSTHENES *and* NICIAS *enter in the dress of slaves.*

Demosthenes—
Out! out alas! what a scandal! what a shame!
May Jove in his utter wrath crush and confound
That rascally new-bought Paphlagonian slave!
For from the very first day that he came—
Brought here for a plague and a mischief amongst us all—
We're beaten and abused continually.
Nicias [*whimpering*] —
I say so too, with all my heart I do,
A rascal, with his scandals and his lies!
A rascally Paphlagonian! so he is!
Demosthenes —
Well, come now, if you like, I'll state your case
To the audience here before us. [*To the audience*] Here are we
A couple of servants — with a master at home
Next door to the hustings — He's a man in years,

A kind of bean-fed[1] husky, testy character,
Choleric and brutal at times, and partly deaf.
It's near about a month now that he went
And bought a slave out of a tanner's yard,
A Paphlagonian born, and brought him home,
As wicked a slanderous wretch as ever lived.
This fellow, the Paphlagonian, has found out
The blind side of our master's understanding.
Moreover, when we get things out of compliment
As a present from our master, he contrives
To snatch 'em and serve 'em up before our faces.
I'd made a Spartan cake at Pylos lately,[2]
And mixed and kneaded it well, and watched the baking;
But he stole round before me and served it up:
And he never allows us to come near our master
To speak a word; but stands behind his back
At mealtimes, with a monstrous leather flyflap,
Slapping and whisking it round and rapping us off.
[*Turning to* NICIAS]—
So now, my worthy fellow, we must take
A fixed determination. Where's the Paphlagonian?

Nicias—
He's fast asleep—within there, on his back,
On a heap of hides—the rascal! with a belly full
With a hash of confiscations half digested.

Demosthenes—
That's well!—Now fill me a hearty, lusty draught.

Nicias—
Make the libation first, and drink this cup
To the good Genius.

Demosthenes [*after a long draught*]—
O most worthy Genius!
Good Genius! 'tis your genius that inspires me!

[DEMOSTHENES *remains in a sort of drunken burlesque ecstasy.*

Nicias—
Why, what's the matter?

Demosthenes— I'm inspired to tell you
That you must steal the Paphlagonian's oracles
Whilst he's asleep.

Nicias— Oh dear, then, I'm afraid.
[*Exit* NICIAS.

[1] Allusion to the beans used in balloting.

[2] After Demosthenes had blockaded four hundred of the principal citizens of Sparta in an island in the bay of Pylos, Cleon was sent to supersede him. Aided by the advice of Demosthenes, whom he retained as his lieutenant, he compelled the Spartans to surrender.

Demosthenes —
Come, I must meditate, and consult my pitcher;
And moisten my understanding a little more.
[*While* NICIAS *is absent,* DEMOSTHENES *is drinking repeatedly and getting drunk.*
Nicias [*reëntering with a packet*] —
How fast asleep the Paphlagonian was!
How mortally, Lord bless me! did he snore!
However, I've contrived to carry off
The sacred Oracle that he kept so secret.
I've stolen it from him.
Demosthenes [*very drunk*] — That's my clever fellow!
Here, give us hold; I must read them.
[*With the papers in his hand.*
Ay, there it is, — you rascally Paphlagonian!
This was the prophecy that you kept so secret.
Nicias —
What's there?
Demosthenes — Why, there's a thing to ruin him,
With the manner of his destruction all foretold.
Nicias —
As how?
Demosthenes [*very drunk*] —
Why, the Oracle tells you how, distinctly,
And all about it — in a perspicuous manner —
That a jobber in hemp and flax is first ordained
To hold the administration of affairs.[1]
Nicias —
Well, there's one jobber. Who's the next? Read on!
Demosthenes —
A cattle jobber must succeed to him.[1]
Nicias —
More jobbers! well — then what becomes of him?
Demosthenes —
He, too, shall prosper, till a viler rascal
Shall be raised up and shall prevail against him,
In the person of a Paphlagonian tanner,
A loud, rapacious, leather-selling ruffian.
Nicias —
Is it foretold, then, that the cattle jobber
Must be destroyed by the seller of leather?
Demosthenes — Yes.

[1] After the death of Pericles, Eucrates and Lysicles were the leaders of the people for a short time.

Nicias —
Oh, dear! our sellers and jobbers are at an end.
Demosthenes —
Not yet; there's still another to succeed him,
Of a most uncommon notable occupation.
Nicias —
Who's that? Do tell me!
Demosthenes — Must I?
Nicias — To be sure —
Demosthenes —
A sausage seller it is that supersedes him.
Nicias —
A sausage seller! marvelous, indeed!
Most wonderful! But where can he be found?
Demosthenes —
We must seek him out.
Nicias — But see there, where he comes!
Sent hither providentially, as it were!
Demosthenes —
O happy man! celestial sausage seller!
Friend, guardian, and protector of us all:
Come forward; save your friends, and save the country.
Sausage Seller —
Do you call me?
Demosthenes — Yes, we called to you to announce
The high and happy destiny that awaits you.
Nicias —
Come now, you should set him free from the incumbrance
Of his table and basket; and explain to him
The tenor and the purport of the Oracle,
While I go back to watch the Paphlagonian.
[*Exit* Nicias.
Demosthenes [*to the* Sausage Seller, *gravely*] —
Set these poor wares aside; and now, — bow down
To the ground; and adore the powers of earth and heaven.
Sausage Seller —
Heyday! Why, what do you mean?
Demosthenes — O happy man!
Unconscious of your glorious destiny,
Now mean and unregarded; but to-morrow,
The mightiest of the mighty, Lord of Athens!
Sausage Seller —
Come, master, what's the use of making game?
Why can't ye let me wash the guts and tripe,
And sell my sausages in peace and quiet?

Demosthenes —
O simple mortal, cast these thoughts aside!
Bid guts and tripe farewell! — Look there! — Behold
[*Pointing to the audience.*
The mighty assembled multitude before ye!
Sausage Seller [*with a grumble of indifference*] —
I see 'em.
Demosthenes — You shall be their lord and master,
The sovereign and ruler of them all,
Of the assemblies and tribunals, fleets and armies.
You shall trample down the Senate underfoot,
Confound and crush the generals and commanders,
Arrest, imprison, and confine in irons.
Sausage Seller —
What I?
Demosthenes — Yes, you; because the Oracle
Predestines you to sovereign power and greatness.
Sausage Seller —
Are there any means of making a great man
Of a sausage-making fellow such as I?
Demosthenes —
The very means you have must make ye so,
Low breeding, vulgar birth, and impudence,
These, these must make ye what you're meant to be.
Sausage Seller —
I can't imagine that I'm good for much.
Demosthenes —
Alas! But why do you say so? What's the meaning
Of these misgivings? Tell me, are ye allied
To the families of the gentry?
Sausage Seller — Naugh, not I.
I'm of the lower order.
Demosthenes — What happiness! —
What a footing it will give ye! What a groundwork
For confidence and favor at the outset.
Sausage Seller —
But bless ye! only consider my education!
I can but barely read — in a kind of way.
Demosthenes —
That makes against ye! — the only thing against ye —
The being able to read in any way,
For now no lead nor influence is allowed
To liberal arts or learned education,
But to the brutal, base, and underbred.

Sausage Seller —
Still, I'm partly doubtful how I could
Contrive to manage an administration.
Demosthenes —
The easiest thing in nature! — nothing easier!
Stick to your present practice: follow it up
In your new calling. Mangle, mince, and mash,
Confound and hack and jumble things together!
And interlard your rhetoric with lumps
Of mawkish, sweet, and greasy flattery.
Be fulsome, coarse, and bloody! — For the rest,
All qualities combine, all circumstances.
To entitle and equip you for command,
A filthy voice, a villainous countenance,
A vulgar birth and parentage and breeding.
Place then this chaplet on your brow and rouse
Your spirits to meet him.
Sausage Seller — Ay, but who will help me?
For all our wealthier people are alarmed
And terrified at him; and the meaner sort
In a manner stupefied, grown dull and dumb.
Demosthenes —
Why there's a thousand lusty cavaliers,
Ready to back you, that detest and scorn him;
And every worthy, well-born citizen;
And every candid, critical spectator;
And I myself; and the help of Heaven to boot. —
Nicias [*in alarm from behind the scenes*] —
Oh dear! oh dear! the Paphlagonian's coming.

Enter CLEON *with a furious look and voice.*

Cleon —
By heaven and earth! you shall abide it dearly,
With your conspiracies and daily plots
Against the sovereign people! Hah! what's this? —
Dogs! villains every soul of ye shall die.
[*The* SAUSAGE SELLER *runs off in a fright.*
Demosthenes —
Where are ye going? Where are ye running? Stop!
Stand firm, my noble, valiant sausage seller!
Never betray the cause. Your friends are nigh.
[*During the last lines the* CHORUS OF KNIGHTS *are entering.*
[*To the Chorus*] —
Cavaliers and noble captains, now's the time! advance in sight!

March in order — make the movement, and outflank him on the right!

[*To the Sausage Seller*] —

There I see them bustling, hasting! — only turn and make a stand,

Stop but only for a moment, your allies are hard at hand.

[*The* CHORUS, *after occupying their position in the orchestra, begin their attack on* CLEON.]

Chorus —

Close around him and confound him, the confounder of us all.

Pelt and pummel him and maul him; rummage, ransack, overhaul him,

Overbear him and out-bawl him; bear him down and bring him under.

Bellow, like a burst of thunder, robber! harpy! sink of plunder!

Rogue and villain! rogue and cheat! rogue and villain I repeat!

Oftener than I can repeat it, has the rogue and villain cheated.

Close around him left and right; spit upon him, spurn and smite:

Spit upon him as you see; spurn and spit at him like me.

Cleon —

Yes! assault, insult, abuse me! this is the return I find

For the noble testimony, the memorial I designed:

Meaning to propose proposals for a monument of stone,

On the which your late achievements should be carved and neatly done.

Chorus —

Out, away with him! the slave! the pompous, empty, fawning knave!

Pelt him here and bang him there; and here and there and everywhere.

Cleon —

Save me, neighbors! oh, the monsters! O my side, my back, my breast!

Chorus —

What! you're forced to call for help? you overbearing, brutal pest!

Sausage Seller [*turning back towards* CLEON] —

I'll astound you with my noise, with my bawling looks and voice.

Chorus —

If in bawling you surpass him, you'll achieve a victor's crown;

If again you overmatch him in impudence, the day's your own.

Cleon —

I denounce this traitor here for sailing on clandestine trips,
With supplies of tripe and stuffing to careen the Spartan ships.

Sausage Seller —

I denounce then and accuse him for a greater worse abuse:
That he steers his empty paunch and anchors at the public board;
Running in without a lading to return completely stored!

Chorus —

Yes! and smuggles out moreover loaves and luncheons not a few,
More than ever Pericles, in all his pride, presumed to do.

Cleon [*in a thundering tone*] —

Dogs and villains, you shall die!

Sausage Seller [*in a still louder tone*] —

Ay! I can scream ten times as high.

Cleon —

I'll overbear ye and out-bawl ye.

Sausage Seller —

But I'll out-scream ye and out-squall ye.

Cleon —

What! do you venture to invade
My proper calling and my trade?

Chorus to Cleon —

Even in your tender years,
And your early disposition,
You betrayed an inward sense
Of the conscious impudence
Which constitutes a politician.
Hence you squeeze and drain alone the rich milch kine of our allies;
Whilst the son of Hippodamus licks his lips with longing eyes.
But now with eager rapture we behold
A mighty miscreant of baser mold!
A more consummate ruffian!
An energetic, ardent ragamuffin!
Behold him there! — He stands before your eyes
To bear you down, with a superior frown,
A fiercer stare,
And more incessant and exhaustless lies.
[*To the Sausage Seller*] —
Now then do you that boast a birth from whence you might inherit,

And from your breeding have derived a manhood and a spirit
Unbroken by the rules of art, untamed by education,
Show forth the native impudence and vigor of the nation!

Sausage Seller —

Well; if you like then, I'll describe the nature of him clearly,
The kind of rogue I've known him for.

Cleon — My friend, you're somewhat early.
First give *me* leave to speak.

Sausage Seller — I won't, by Jove! Ay, you may bellow!
I'll make you know before I go that I'm the baser fellow.

Chorus —

Ay! stand to that! Stick to the point; and for a further glory,
Say that your family were base time out of mind before ye.

Cleon —

Let me speak first.

Sausage Seller — I won't.

Cleon — You shall, by Jove!

Sausage Seller — I won't, by Jove, though!

Cleon —

By Jupiter, I shall burst with rage!

Sausage Seller — No matter, I'll prevent you.

Chorus —

No, don't prevent, for Heaven's sake! don't hinder him from bursting.

Cleon —

I'll have ye pilloried in a trice.

Sausage Seller —

I'll have you tried for cowardice.

Cleon —

I'll tan your hide to cover seats.

Sausage Seller —

Yours hall be made a purse for cheats
The luckiest skin that could be found.

Cleon —

Dog, I'll pin you to the ground
With ten thousand tenter-hooks.

Sausage Seller —

I'll prepare you for the cooks,
Neatly prepared, with skewers and lard.

Cleon —

I'll pluck your eyebrows off, I will.

Sausage Seller —

I'll cut your collops out, I will.

[*A scuffle ensues between the two rivals, in which the* SAUSAGE SELLER *has the best of it.*

Cleon [*released and recovering himself*]—

May I never eat a slice at any public sacrifice,
If your effrontery and pretense shall daunt my steadfast impudence.

Sausage Seller [*to the* CHORUS]—

Oh, there were many pretty tricks I practiced as a child;
Haunting about the butchers' shops, the weather being mild,
"See, boys," says I, "the swallow there! Why, summer's come, I say."
And when they turned to gape and stare, I snatched a steak away.

Chorus—

A clever lad you must have been, you managed matters rarely,
To steal at such an ear y age, so seasonable and fairly!

Sausage Seller—

But if by chance they spied it, I contrived to hide it handily,
Clapping it in between my hams, t'ght and close and even,
Calling on all the powers above and all the gods in heaven;
And there I stood and made it good with staring and forswearing;
So that a statesman wise and good, a ruler shrewd and witty,
Was heard to say, "That boy one day will surely rule the city."

Chorus—

'Twas fairly guessed, by the true test, by your address and daring.
First in stealing, then concealing, and again in swearing.

Cleon—

I'll settle ye! yes, both of ye! The storm of elocution
Is rising here within my breast, to drive ye to confusion,
And with a wild commotion overwhelm the land and ocean.

Sausage Seller—

But I'll denounce ye
And I'll trounce ye.

Cleon—

Go for a paltry vulgar slave.

Sausage Seller—

Get out for a designing slave.

Chorus—

Give him back the cuff you got!

Cleon—

Murder! Help! A plot! A plot!
I'm assaulted and beset!

Chorus —

Strike him harder! harder yet!
Pelt him — Rap him!
Slash him — Slap him
Across the chops there, with a wipe
Of your entrails and your tripe.
Keep him down. The day's your own.
O cleverest of human kind! the stoutest and the boldest,
The savior of the state and us, the friends that thou beholdest;
No words can speak our gratitude; all praise appears too little.
You've fairly done the rascal up; you've nicked him to a tittle.

Cleon —

Now I'll set off this instant to the Senate,
To inform them of your conspiracies and treasons.
By Hercules, I'll have ye crucified! [*Exit* CLEON.

Chorus [*to the* SAUSAGE SELLER] —

Rouse up your powers! If ever in your youth
You swindled and forswore as you profess,
The time is come to show it. Now this instant
He's hurrying headlong to the senate house
To accuse us all, to storm and rage and rave.

Sausage Seller —

Well, I'll be off.

Chorus — Make haste.

Sausage Seller — Why, so I do. [*Exit.*

Chorus —

Show blood and game. Drive at him and denounce him!
Dash at his comb, his coxcomb; cuff it soundly!
Peck, scratch and tear, conculcate, clapper, claw!
And then return in glory to your friends.

[*Reëntrance of the* SAUSAGE SELLER.

O best of men! thou tightest, heartiest fellow!
Say what was the result of your attempt.

Sausage Seller —

Ay, ay — it's well worth hearing, I can tell ye;
I followed after him to the senate house;
And there was he roaring his biggest words
To crush the cavaliers, calling them traitors,
Conspirators — what not? There sat the Senate,
With their arms folded and their eyebrows bent,
Like persons utterly humbugged and bamboozled.
Seeing the state of things, I paused awhile,
Praying in secret with an under voice: —

"Ye influential, impudential Powers
Of sauciness and jabber, slang and jaw!
Ye spirits of the market place and street,
Where I was reared and bred — befriend me now!
Grant me a voluble utterance and a vast,
Unbounded voice, and steadfast impudence!"
Then burst I through the crowd and bustled up,
And bolted in at the wicket, and bawled out: —
"News! news! I've brought you news! the best of news!
Yes, senators, since first the war began,
There never has been known, till now — this morning,
Such a haul of pilchards." Then they smiled, and seemed
All tranquilized and placid at the prospect
Of pilchards being likely to be cheap.
I then proceeded and proposed a vote
To meet the emergence secretly and suddenly:
To seize at once the trays of all the workmen,
And go with them to market to buy pilchards
Before the price was raised. Immediately
They applauded, and sat gaping all together,
Attentive and admiring. He perceived it;
And framed a motion suited, as he thought,
To the temper of the assembly. "I move," says he,
"That, on occasion of this happy news,
We should proclaim a general thanksgiving,
With a festival moreover, and a sacrifice
Of a hundred head of oxen to the goddess."
Then, seeing he meant to drive me to the wall
With his hundred oxen, I overbid him at once,
And said, "Two hundred!" and proposed a vow
"For a thousand goats to be offered to Diana,
Whenever sprats should fall to forty a penny."
With that the Senate smiled on me again,
And he grew stupefied and lost and stammering;
And, attempting to interrupt the current business,
Was called to order and silence, and put down.

[*Enter* CLEON.]

Cleon —
May I perish and rot, but I'll consume and ruin ye;
I'll leave no trick, no scheme untried, to do it.
Sausage Seller —
It makes me laugh, it amuses one to see him
Bluster and storm! I whistle and snap my fingers.

Cleon —
You sha'n't insult me, as you did before the Senate.
Come, come before the Assembly.
Sausage Seller [*coolly and dryly*] —
Ay, yes; why not?
With all my heart! Let's go there. What should hinder us?

The scene is supposed to be in front of DEMUS' *house.*

Cleon —
My dear, good Demus, do step out a moment!
Sausage Seller —
My dearest little Demus, do step out!
Demus —
Who's there? Keep off! What a racket you are making!
Bawling and caterwauling about the door,
To affront the house and scandalize the neighbors.
Cleon —
Come out; do you see yourself how I'm insulted?
Demus —
O my poor Paphlagonian! What's the matter?
Who has insulted you?
Cleon — I'm waylaid and beaten,
By that rogue there, and the rakehelly young fellows,
All for your sake.
Demus — How so?
Cleon — Because I love you,
And court you, and wait on you to win your favor.
Demus —
And you there, sirrah! Tell me what are you?
Sausage Seller [*very rapidly and eagerly*] —
A lover of yours and a rival of his, this long time,
That have wished to oblige ye and serve ye in every way.
And many there are besides, good gentlefolks,
That adore ye, and wish to pay their court to ye,
But he contrives to baffle and drive them off.
In short, you're like the silly, spendthrift heirs,
That keep away from civil, well-bred company
To pass their time with grooms and low companions,
Cobblers and curriers, tanners, and such like.
Cleon —
Well, Demus, call an assembly then directly
To decide between us which is your best friend;
And when you've settled it, fix and keep to him.

The scene changes and discovers the Pnyx with CLEON *on the bema in an oratorical attitude.*

Cleon —

To Minerva the sovereign goddess I call,
Our guide and defender, the hope of us all;
With a prayer and a vow, — that even as now —
If I'm truly your friend, unto my life's end,
I may dine in the hall, doing nothing at all!
But if I despise you, or ever advise you
Against what is best for your comfort and rest;
Or neglect to attend you, defend you, befriend you,
— May I perish and pine; may this carcass of mine
Be withered and dried, and curried beside;
And straps for your harness cut out from the hide.

Sausage Seller —

Then, Demus — if I tell a word of a lie,
If any man more can dote and adore,
With so tender a care, I make it my prayer,
My prayer and my wish — to be stewed in a dish;
To be sliced and slashed, minced and hashed,
And the offal remains that are left by the cook,
Dragged out to the grave with my own flesh hook.

Cleon —

O Demus. Has any man shown such a zeal,
Such a passion as I for the general weal?
Racking and screwing offenders to ruin;
With torture and threats extorting your debts.

Sausage Seller —

All this I can do, and more handily too,
With ease and dispatch; I can pilfer and snatch,
And supply you with loaves from another man's batch, —
But now to detect his saucy neglect —
He leaves you to rest on a seat of the rock
Naked and bare, without comfort or care,
Whilst I — Look ye there! — have quilted and wadded
And tufted and padded this cushion so neat
To serve for your seat! Rise now, let me slip
It there under your hip, that, on board of the ship,
With the toil of the oar, was blistered and sore,
Enduring the burden and heat of the day
At the battle of Salamis working away.

Demus —

Whence was it you came? Oh, tell me your name —
Your name and your birth; for your kindness and worth
Bespeak you indeed of a patriot breed;
Of the race of Harmodius sure you must be,
So popular, gracious, and friendly to me.

Cleon —
Can he win you with ease with such trifles as these?
Sausage Seller —
With easier trifles you manage to please.
Cleon —
This is horrible quite, and his slander and spite
Has no motive in view but my friendship for you,
My zeal —
Demus —
There, have done with your slang and your stuff,
You've cheated and choused and cajoled me enough.
Sausage Seller —
My dear little Demus! you'll find it is true,
He behaves like a wretch and a villain to you;
He haunts your gardens and there he plies,
Cropping the sprouts of the young supplies,
Munching and crunching enormous rations
Of public sales and confiscations.

The struggle between the rivals now begins in good earnest. It is a contest of presents to Demus, chiefly of a culinary character, and that everlasting dish, the affair at Pylos, is again served up to the cantankerous old man, whom the poet seems determined to disgust with the only exploit which Cleon ever accomplished. The Sausage Seller has the advantage in presents for some time, until he is alarmed by learning that Cleon has got a fine dish of hare for Demus. He is disconcerted at first, and then has recourse to a stratagem. "Some ambassadors came this way to me," he says, "and *their purses seem well filled.*" "Where are they?" exclaims Cleon eagerly, turning round. The hare flesh is immediately in the hands of his rival, who presents the dainty in his own name to Demus. Cleon is naturally indignant. "I had all the trouble of catching the hare," he cries. "And I had all the trouble of dressing it," retorts the Sausage Seller. "Fools," says the practical Demus, "I care not who caught it, or who dressed it; all I regard is the hand which served it up at table." Cleon loses ground more and more. His rival proposes a new test of affection. "Let our chests be searched," says he. "It will then be seen who is the better man to Demus and his stomach." This is done, and the chest of the new candidate is found empty. "Because," says he, "I have given dear little Demus everything." In Cleon's there is

abundance of all good things, and a tempting cheese cake particularly excites Demus' surprise. "The rogue!" he cries, "to conceal such a prodigious cheese cake as this, and to have cut me off a mere morsel of it; and that, too, after I had made him a present of a crown and many other things beside." Cleon has to take off the crown (or garland) and place it on the head of his enemy. The Sausage Seller, who has now adopted the name of Agoracritus, is no sooner in power than he feeds up Demus and treats him to such a regimen that the old man becomes strong and young again. He is once more the manly, splendid fellow he was in the days of Marathon and Salamis. Of course all this has reference to the military and political events of the time.

AGORACRITUS (*the* SAUSAGE SELLER) *and* CHORUS.

Chorus —

O thou, the protector and hope of the state,
Of the isles and allies of the city, relate
What happy event do you call us to greet,
With bonfire and sacrifice filling the street?

Agoracritus —

Old Demus within has molted his skin.
I've cooked him and stewed him to render him stronger,
Many years younger, and shabby no longer.

Chorus —

O what a change! How sudden and strange!
But where is he now?

Agoracritus — On the citadel's brow,
In the lofty old town of immortal renown,
With the noble Ionian violet crown.

Chorus —

What was his vesture, his figure and gesture?
How did you leave him, and how does he look?

Agoracritus —

Joyous and bold, as when feasting of old
When his battles were ended, triumphant and splendid,
With Miltiades sitting carousing at rest,
Or good Aristides, his favorite guest.
You shall see him here straight; for the citadel gate
Is unbarred; and the hinges — you hear how they grate?

The scene changes to a view of the Propylæum.

Give a shout for the sight of the rocky old height!
And the worthy old wight that inhabits within.

Chorus —

That glorious old hill! preëminent still
For splendor of empire and honor and worth!
Exhibit him here for the Greeks to revere,
Their patron and master, the monarch of earth!

Demus comes forward in his splendid old-fashioned attire. The features of his mask are changed to those of youth, and he has throughout the scene the characteristics that, in the opinion of the Athenians, should mark youth, warmth, eagerness, with some little bashfulness and embarrassment.

Demus —

My dearest Agoracritus, come here —
I'm so obliged to you for your cookery!
I feel an altered man, you've quite transformed me.

Agoracritus —

What! I? That's nothing. If you did but know
The state you were in before, you'd worship me.

Demus —

What was I doing? How did I behave?
Do tell me — inform against me — let me know.

Agoracritus —

Why first then, if an orator in the Assembly
Began with saying, "Demus, I'm your friend,
Your faithful, zealous friend, your only friend,"
You used to chuckle, and smirk, and hold your head up.

Demus —

No, sure!

Agoracritus —

So he gained his end, and bilked and choused you.

Demus —

But did I not perceive? Was I not told?

Agoracritus —

By Jove, and you wore those ears of yours continually
Wide open or close shut, like an umbrella.

Demus —

Is it possible? Was I indeed so mere a driveler
In my old age, so superannuated?

Agoracritus —

Moreover, if a couple of orators
Were pleading in your presence, one proposing
To equip a fleet, his rival arguing
To get the same supplies distributed
To the jurymen, the patron of the juries
Carried the day — But why do you hang your head so?

Demus —
I feel ashamed of myself and my follies.
Agoracritus —
'Twas not your fault — don't think of it. Your advisers
Were most to blame. But, for the future, tell me,
Now answer me, in other respects how do you mean
To manage your affairs.
Demus — Why, first of all,
I'll have the arrears of seamen's wages paid
To a penny the instant they return to port.
Agoracritus —
There's many a worn-out salt will bless and thank ye.
Demus —
Moreover, no man that has been enrolled
Upon the list for military service
Shall have his name erased for fear or favor.
Agoracritus —
That gives a bang to Cleonymus' buckler.
Demus —
I'll not permit those fellows without beards
To harangue in our assemblies, boys or men.
Agoracritus —
It's your own fault; in part you've helped to spoil 'em.
But what do you mean to do with them for the future?
Demus —
I shall send them into the country, all the pack of them,
To learn to hunt, and leave off making laws.
Agoracritus —
And what will you say if I give you a glorious peace,
A lusty, strapping truce of thirty years?
Come forward here, my lass, and show yourself.
Demus —
By Jove, what a face and figure! I should like
To ratify and conclude incontinently.
Where did you find her?
Agoracritus — Oh, the Paphlagonian,
Of course, had huddled her out of sight, within there.
But now you've got her, take her back with you
Into the country.
Demus — But the Paphlagonian,
What shall we do to punish him? What d'ye think?
Agoracritus —
Oh, no great matter. He shall have my trade,
With an exclusive sausage-selling patent
To traffic openly at the city gates.

And garble his wares with dogs' and asses' flesh,
With a privilege, moreover, to get drunk,
And bully among the strumpets of the suburbs
And the ragamuffin waiters at the baths.

Demus —

That's well imagined; it precisely suits him;
His natural bent, it seems, his proper element
To squabble with poor trulls and low rapscallions.
As for yourself, I give you an invitation
To dine with me in the hall. You'll fill the seat
Which that unhappy villain held before.
Take this new robe! Wear it and follow me!
And you, the rest of you, conduct that fellow
To his future home and place of occupation,
The gate of the city, where the allies and foreigners
That he maltreated may be sure to find him.

[*Exeunt.*

PARABASIS.

(From the "Knights" of Aristophanes.)

If a veteran author had wished to engage
Our assistance to-day, for a speech from the stage,
We scarce should have granted so bold a request;
But this author of ours, as the bravest and best,
Deserves an indulgence denied to the rest,
For the courage and vigor, the scorn and the hate,
With which he encounters the pests of the state;
A thoroughbred seaman, intrepid and warm,
Steering outright, in the face of the storm.
But now for the gentle reproaches he bore
On the part of his friends, for refraining before
To embrace the profession, embarking for life
In theatrical storms and poetical strife;
He begs us to state, that for reasons of weight,
He has lingered so long, and determined so late.
For he deemed the achievements of comedy hard,
The boldest attempt of a desperate bard!
The Muse he perceived was capricious and coy, —
Though many were courting her, few could enjoy.
And he saw without reason, from season to season,
Your humor would shift, and turn poets adrift,
Requiting old friends with unkindness and treaso

Discarded in scorn as exhausted and worn.
Seeing Magnes's fate, who was reckoned of late,
For the conduct of comedy, captain and head;
That so oft on the stage, in the flower of his age,
Had defeated the Chorus his rivals had led;
With his sounds of all sort, that were uttered in sport,
With whims and vagaries unheard of before,
With feathers and wings, and a thousand gay things,
That in frolicsome fancies his Choruses wore —
When his humor was spent, did your temper relent,
To requite the delight that he gave you before?
We beheld him displaced, and expelled, and disgraced,
When his hair and his wit were grown aged and hoar.
Then he saw, for a sample, the dismal example
Of noble Cratinus so splendid and ample,
Full of spirit and blood, and enlarged like a flood,
Whose copious current tore down, with its torrent,
Oaks, ashes, and yew, with the ground where they grew,
And his rivals to boot, wrenched up by the root,
And his personal foes, who presume to oppose,
All drowned and abolished, dispersed and demolished,
And drifted headlong, with a deluge of song.
And his airs and his tunes, and his songs and lampoons,
Were recited and sung, by the old and the young —
At feasts and carousals what poet but he?
And "The Fair Amphibribe," and "The Sycophant Tree,"
"Masters and masons and builders of verse!" —
Those were the tunes that all tongues could rehearse;
But since in decay, you have cast him away,
Stript of his stops and his musical strings,
Battered and shattered, a broken old instrument,
Shoved out of sight, among rubbishy things.
His garlands are faded, and what he deems worst,
His tongue and his palate are parching with thirst;
And now you may meet him alone in the street,
Wearied and worn, tattered and torn,
All decayed and forlorn, in his person and dress;
Whom his former success should exempt from distress,
With subsistence at large, at the general charge,
And a seat with the great, at the table of state,
There to feast every day and preside at the play,
In splendid apparel, triumphant and gay.
Seeing Crates the next, always teased and perplext,
With your tyrannous temper, tormented and vext;
That with taste and good sense, without waste or expense,

From his snug little hoard provided your board
With a delicate treat, economic and neat.
Thus hitting or missing, with crowns or with hissing,
Year after year he pursued his career,
For better or worse, till he finished his course.
These precedents held him in long hesitation;
He replied to his friends, with a just observation,
"That seaman in regular order is bred
To the oar, to the helm, — and to look out ahead;
Till diligent practice has fixed in his mind
The signs of the weather, and changes of wind.
And when every point of the service is known,
Undertakes the command of a ship of his own."

For reasons like these,
If your judgment agrees
That he did not embark,
Like an ignorant spark,
Or a troublesome lout,
To puzzle and bother, and blunder about,
Give him a shout,
At his first setting out!
And all pull away
With a hearty huzza
For success to the play!
Send him away,
Smiling and gay,
Shining and florid,
With his bald forehead!

PLATO AND BACON.

By LORD MACAULAY.

[Thomas Babington Macaulay: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics: became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THE difference between the philosophy of Bacon and that of his predecessors cannot, we think, be better illustrated than by comparing his views on some important subjects with those of Plato. We select Plato, because we conceive that he did more than any other person towards giving to the minds of speculative men that bent which they retained till they received from Bacon a new impulse in a diametrically opposite direction.

It is curious to observe how differently these great men estimated the value of every kind of knowledge. Take arithmetic for example. Plato, after speaking slightly of the convenience of being able to reckon and compute in the ordinary transactions of life, passes to what he considers as a far more important advantage. The study of the properties of numbers, he tells us, habituates the mind to the contemplation of pure truth, and raises us above the material universe. He would have his disciples apply themselves to this study, not that they may be able to buy or sell, not that they may qualify themselves to be shopkeepers or traveling merchants, but that they may learn to withdraw their minds from the ever-shifting spectacle of this visible and tangible world, and to fix them on the immutable essences of things.

Bacon, on the other hand, valued this branch of knowledge only on account of its uses with reference to that visible and tangible world which Plato so much despised. He speaks with scorn of the mystical arithmetic of the later Platonists, and laments the propensity of mankind to employ, on mere matters of curiosity, powers the whole exertion of which is required for purposes of solid advantage. He advises arithmeticians to leave these trifles, and to employ themselves in framing convenient expressions, which may be of use in physical researches.

The same reasons which led Plato to recommend the study of arithmetic led him to recommend also the study of mathematics. The vulgar crowd of geometricians, he says, will not understand him. They have practice always in view. They do not know that the real use of the science is to lead men to the knowledge of abstract, essential, eternal truth. Indeed, if we are to believe Plutarch, Plato carried this feeling so far that he considered geometry as degraded by being applied to any purpose of vulgar utility. Archytas, it seems, had framed machines of extraordinary power on mathematical principles. Plato remonstrated with his friend, and declared that this was to degrade a noble intellectual exercise into a low craft, fit only for carpen-

ters and wheelwrights. The office of geometry, he said, was to discipline the mind, not to minister to the base wants of the body. His interference was successful; and from that time, according to Plutarch, the science of mechanics was considered as unworthy of the attention of a philosopher.

Archimedes in a later age imitated and surpassed Archytas. But even Archimedes was not free from the prevailing notion that geometry was degraded by being employed to produce anything useful. It was with difficulty that he was induced to stoop from speculation to practice. He was half ashamed of those inventions which were the wonder of hostile nations, and always spoke of them slightingly as mere amusements, as trifles in which a mathematician might be suffered to relax his mind after intense application to the higher parts of his science.

The opinion of Bacon on this subject was diametrically opposed to that of the ancient philosophers. He valued geometry chiefly, if not solely, on account of those uses which to Plato appeared so base. And it is remarkabe that the longer Bacon lived the stronger this feeling became. When in 1605 he wrote the two books on the Advancement of Learning, he dwelt on the advantages which mankind derived from mixed mathematics; but he at the same time admitted that the beneficial effect produced by mathematical study on the intellect, though a collateral advantage, was "no less worthy than that which was principal and intended." But it is evident that his views underwent a change. When, near twenty years later, he published the "De Augmentis," which is the Treatise on the Advancement of Learning, greatly expanded and carefully corrected, he made important alterations in the part which related to mathematics. He condemned with severity the high pretensions of the mathematicians, "delicias et fastum mathematicorum." Assuming the well-being of the human race to be the end of knowledge, he pronounced that mathematical science could claim no higher rank than that of an appendage or auxiliary to other sciences. Mathematical science, he says, is the handmaid of natural philosophy; she ought to demean herself as such; and he declares that he cannot conceive by what ill chance it has happened that she presumes to claim precedence over her mistress. He predicts — a prediction which would have made Plato shudder — that as more and more discoveries are made in physics, there will be more and more branches of mixed mathematics. Of that collateral advantage the value of

which, twenty years before, he rated so highly, he says not one word. This omission cannot have been the effect of mere inadvertence. His own treatise was before him. From that treatise he deliberately expunged whatever was favorable to the study of pure mathematics, and inserted several keen reflections on the ardent votaries of that study. This fact, in our opinion, admits of only one explanation. Bacon's love of those pursuits which directly tend to improve the condition of mankind, and his jealousy of all pursuits merely curious, had grown upon him, and had, it may be, become immoderate. He was afraid of using any expression which might have the effect of inducing any man of talents to employ in speculations, useful only to the mind of the speculator, a single hour which might be employed in extending the empire of man over matter. If Bacon erred here, we must acknowledge that we greatly prefer his error to the opposite error of Plato. We have no patience with a philosophy which, like those Roman matrons who swallowed abortives in order to preserve their shapes, takes pains to be barren for fear of being homely.

Let us pass to astronomy. This was one of the sciences which Plato exhorted his disciples to learn, but for reasons far removed from common habits of thinking. "Shall we set down astronomy," says Socrates, "among the subjects of study?" "I think so," answers his young friend Glaucon: "to know something about the seasons, the months, and the years is of use for military purposes, as well as for agriculture and navigation." "It amuses me," says Socrates, "to see how afraid you are, lest the common herd of people should accuse you of recommending useless studies." He then proceeds, in that pure and magnificent diction which, as Cicero said, Jupiter would use if Jupiter spoke Greek, to explain that the use of astronomy is not to add to the vulgar comforts of life, but to assist in raising the mind to the contemplation of things which are to be perceived by the pure intellect alone. The knowledge of the actual motions of the heavenly bodies Socrates considers as of little value. The appearances which make the sky beautiful at night are, he tells us, like the figures which a geometrician draws on the sand, mere examples, mere helps to feeble minds. We must get beyond them; we must neglect them; we must attain to an astronomy which is as independent of the actual stars as geometrical truth is independent of the lines of an ill-drawn diagram. This is, we imagine, very nearly, if not exactly,

the astronomy which Bacon compared to the ox of Prometheus, a sleek, well-shaped hide, stuffed with rubbish, goodly to look at, but containing nothing to eat. He complained that astronomy had, to its great injury, been separated from natural philosophy, of which it was one of the noblest provinces, and annexed to the domain of mathematics. The world stood in need, he said, of a very different astronomy, of a living astronomy, of an astronomy which should set forth the nature, the motion, and the influences of the heavenly bodies, as they really are.

On the greatest and most useful of all human inventions, the invention of alphabetical writing, Plato did not look with much complacency. He seems to have thought that the use of letters had operated on the human mind as the use of the gocart in learning to walk, or of corks in learning to swim, is said to operate on the human body. It was a support which, in his opinion, soon became indispensable to those who used it, which made vigorous exertion first unnecessary and then impossible. The powers of the intellect would, he conceived, have been more fully developed without this delusive aid. Men would have been compelled to exercise the understanding and the memory, and, by deep and assiduous meditation, to make truth thoroughly their own. Now, on the contrary, much knowledge is traced on paper, but little is engraved in the soul. A man is certain that he can find information at a moment's notice when he wants it. He therefore suffers it to fade from his mind. Such a man cannot in strictness be said to know anything. He has the show without the reality of wisdom. These opinions Plato has put into the mouth of an ancient king of Egypt. But it is evident from the context that they were his own; and so they were understood to be by Quinctilian. Indeed they are in perfect accordance with the whole Platonic system.

Bacon's views, as may easily be supposed, were widely different. The powers of the memory, he observes, without the help of writing, can do little towards the advancement of any useful science. He acknowledges that the memory may be disciplined to such a point as to be able to perform very extraordinary feats. But on such feats he sets little value. The habits of his mind, he tells us, are such that he is not disposed to rate highly any accomplishment, however rare, which is of no practical use to mankind. As to these prodigious achievements of the memory, he ranks them with the exhibitions of

ropedancers and tumblers. "These two performances," he says, "are much of the same sort. The one is an abuse of the powers of the body; the other is an abuse of the powers of the mind. Both may perhaps excite our wonder; but neither is entitled to our respect."

To Plato, the science of medicine appeared to be of very disputable advantage. He did not indeed object to quick cures for acute disorders, or for injuries produced by accidents. But the art which resists the slow sap of a chronic disease, which repairs frames enervated by lust, swollen by gluttony, or inflamed by wine, which encourages sensuality by mitigating the natural punishment of the sensualist, and prolongs existence when the intellect has ceased to retain its entire energy, had no share of his esteem. A life protracted by medical skill he pronounced to be a long death. The exercise of the art of medicine ought, he said, to be tolerated, so far as that art may serve to cure the occasional distempers of men whose constitutions are good. As to those who have bad constitutions, let them die; and the sooner the better. Such men are unfit for war, for magistracy, for the management of their domestic affairs, for severe study and speculation. If they engage in any vigorous mental exercise, they are troubled with giddiness and fullness of the head, all which they lay to the account of philosophy. The best thing that can happen to such wretches is to have done with life at once. He quotes mythical authority in support of this doctrine; and reminds his disciples that the practice of the sons of Æsculapius, as described by Homer, extended only to the cure of external injuries.

Far different was the philosophy of Bacon. Of all the sciences, that which he seems to have regarded with the greatest interest was the science which, in Plato's opinion, would not be tolerated in a well-regulated community. To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable. The beneficence of his philosophy resembled the beneficence of the common Father, whose sun rises on the evil and the good, whose rain descends for the just and the unjust. In Plato's opinion man was made for philosophy; in Bacon's opinion philosophy was made for man; it was a means to an end; and that end was to increase the pleasures and to mitigate the pains of millions who are not and cannot be philosophers. That a valetudinarian who took great pleasure in being wheeled along his terrace, who relished his

boiled chicken and his weak wine and water, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh over the Queen of Navarre's tales, should be treated as a *caput lupinum* because he could not read the Timæus without a headache, was a notion which the humane spirit of the English school of wisdom altogether rejected. Bacon would not have thought it beneath the dignity of a philosopher to contrive an improved garden chair for such a valetudinarian, to devise some way of rendering his medicines more palatable, to invest repasts which he might enjoy, and pillows on which he might sleep soundly; and this though there might not be the smallest hope that the mind of the poor invalid would ever rise to the contemplation of the ideal beautiful and the ideal good. As Plato had cited the religious legends of Greece to justify his contempt for the more recondite parts of the art of healing, Bacon vindicated the dignity of that art by appealing to the example of Christ, and reminded men that the great Physician of the soul did not disdain to be also the physician of the body.

When we pass from the science of medicine to that of legislation, we find the same difference between the systems of these two great men. Plato, at the commencement of the Dialogue on Laws, lays it down as a fundamental principle that the end of legislation is to make men virtuous. It is unnecessary to point out the extravagant conclusions to which such a proposition leads. Bacon well knew to how great an extent the happiness of every society must depend on the virtue of its members; and he also knew what legislators can and what they cannot do for the purpose of promoting virtue. The view which he has given of the end of legislation, and of the principal means for the attainment of that end, has always seemed to us eminently happy, even among the many happy passages of the same kind with which his works abound. "Finis et scopus quem leges intueri atque ad quem jussiones et sanctiones suas dirigere debent, non alius est quam ut cives feliciter degant. Id fiet si pietate et religione recte instituti, moribus honesti, armis adversus hostes externos tuti, legum auxilio adversus seditiones et privatas injurias muniti, imperio et magistratibus obsequentes, copiis et opibus locupletes et florentes fuerint." The end is the well-being of the people. The means are the imparting of moral and religious education; the providing of everything necessary for defense against foreign enemies; the maintaining of internal order; the establishing of a judicial, financial, and

commercial system, under which wealth may be rapidly accumulated and securely enjoyed.

Even with respect to the form in which laws ought to be drawn, there is a remarkable difference of opinion between the Greek and the Englishman. Plato thought a preamble essential; Bacon thought it mischievous. Each was consistent with himself. Plato, considering the moral improvement of the people as the end of legislation, justly inferred that a law which commanded and threatened, but which neither convinced the reason, nor touched the heart, must be a most imperfect law. He was not content with deterring from theft a man who still continued to be a thief at heart, with restraining a son who hated his mother from beating his mother. The only obedience on which he set much value was the obedience which an enlightened understanding yields to reason, and which a virtuous disposition yields to precepts of virtue. He really seems to have believed that, by prefixing to every law an eloquent and pathetic exhortation, he should, to a great extent, render penal enactments superfluous. Bacon entertained no such romantic hopes; and he well knew the practical inconveniences of the course which Plato recommended. "Neque nobis," says he, "prologi legum qui inepti olim habiti sunt, et leges introducunt disputantes non jubentes, utique placerent, si priscos mores ferre possemus. . . . Quantum fieri potest prologi evitentur, et lex incipiat a jussione."

Each of the great men whom we have compared intended to illustrate his system by a philosophical romance; and each left his romance imperfect. Had Plato lived to finish the "Critias," a comparison between that noble fiction and the "New Atlantis" would probably have furnished us with still more striking instances than any which we have given. It is amusing to think with what horror he would have seen such an institution as Solomon's House rising in his republic: with what vehemence he would have ordered the brewhouses, the perfume houses, and the dispensatories to be pulled down; and with what inexorable rigor he would have driven beyond the frontier all the Fellows of the College, Merchants of Light and Depredators, Lamps and Pioneers.

To sum up the whole, we should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. The aim of the Pla-

tonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble; but the latter was attainable. Plato drew a good bow; but, like Acestes in Virgil, he aimed at the stars; and therefore, though there was no want of strength or skill, the shot was thrown away. His arrow was indeed followed by a track of dazzling radiance, but it struck nothing.

> Volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo
> Signavitque viam flammis, tenuisque recessit
> Consumta in ventos.

Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth, and within bowshot, and hit it in the white. The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words, noble words indeed, words such as were to be expected from the finest of human intellects exercising boundless dominion over the finest of human languages. The philosophy of Bacon began in observations and ended in arts.

The boast of the ancient philosophers was that their doctrine formed the minds of men to a high degree of wisdom and virtue. This was indeed the only practical good which the most celebrated of those teachers even pretended to effect; and undoubtedly, if they had effected this, they would have deserved far higher praise than if they had discovered the most salutary medicines or constructed the most powerful machines. But the truth is that, in those very matters in which alone they professed to do any good to mankind, in those very matters for the sake of which they neglected all the vulgar interests of mankind, they did nothing, or worse than nothing. They promised what was impracticable; they despised what was practicable; they filled the world with long words and long beards; and they left it as wicked and as ignorant as they found it.

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam engine. But there are steam engines. And the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which should enable a man to feel perfectly happy while in agonies of pain would be better than a philosophy which assuages pain. But we know that there are remedies which will assuage pain; and we know that the ancient

sages liked the toothache just as little as their neighbors. A philosophy which should extinguish cupidity would be better than a philosophy which should devise laws for the security of property. But it is possible to make laws which shall, to a very great extent, secure property. And we do not understand how any motives which the ancient philosophy furnished could extinguish cupidity. We know indeed that the philosophers were no better than other men. From the testimony of friends as well as of foes, from the confessions of Epictetus and Seneca, as well as from the sneers of Lucian and the fierce invectives of Juvenal, it is plain that these teachers of virtue had all the vices of their neighbors, with the additional vice of hypocrisy. Some people may think the object of the Baconian philosophy a low object, but they cannot deny that, high or low, it has been attained. They cannot deny that every year makes an addition to what Bacon called "fruit." They cannot deny that mankind have made, and are making, great and constant progress in the road which he pointed out to them. Was there any such progressive movement among the ancient philosophers? After they had been declaiming eight hundred years, had they made the world better than when they began? Our belief is that, among the philosophers themselves, instead of a progressive improvement there was a progressive degeneracy. An abject superstition which Democritus or Anaxagoras would have rejected with scorn, added the last disgrace to the long dotage of the Stoic and Platonic schools. Those unsuccessful attempts to articulate which are so delightful and interesting in a child shock and disgust in an aged paralytic; and in the same way those wild and mythological fictions which charm us, when we hear them lisped by Greek poetry in its infancy, excite a mixed sensation of pity and loathing, when mumbled by Greek philosophy in its old age. We know that guns, cutlery, spyglasses, clocks, are better in our time than they were in the time of our fathers, and were better in the time of our fathers than they were in the time of our grandfathers. We might, therefore, be inclined to think that, when a philosophy which boasted that its object was the elevation and purification of the mind, and which for this object neglected the sordid office of ministering to the comforts of the body, had flourished in the highest honor during many hundreds of years, a vast moral amelioration must have taken place. Was it so? Look at the schools of this wisdom four centuries before the

Christian era and four centuries after that era. Compare the men whom those schools formed at those two periods. Compare Plato and Libanius. Compare Pericles and Julian. This philosophy confessed, nay boasted, that for every end but one it was useless. Had it attained that one end?

Suppose that Justinian, when he closed the schools of Athens, had called on the last few sages who still haunted the Portico and lingered round the ancient plane trees, to show their title to public veneration: suppose that he had said: "A thousand years have elapsed since, in this famous city, Socrates posed Protagoras and Hippias; during those thousand years a large proportion of the ablest men of every generation has been employed in constant efforts to bring to perfection the philosophy which you teach, that philosophy has been munificently patronized by the powerful; its professors have been held in the highest esteem by the public; it has drawn to itself almost all the sap and vigor of the human intellect: and what has it effected? What profitable truth has it taught us which we should not equally have known without it? What has it enabled us to do which we should not have been equally able to do without it?" Such questions, we suspect, would have puzzled Simplicius and Isidore. Ask a follower of Bacon what the new philosophy, as it was called in the time of Charles the Second, has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready: "It has lengthened life; it has migitated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all dispatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point

which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting post to-morrow."

Great and various as the powers of Bacon were, he owes his wide and durable fame chiefly to this, that all those powers received their direction from common sense. His love of the vulgar useful, his strong sympathy with the popular notions of good and evil, and the openness with which he avowed that sympathy, are the secret of his influence. There was in his system no cant, no illusion. He had no anointing for broken bones, no fine theories *de finibus*, no arguments to persuade men out of their senses. He knew that men, and philosophers as well as other men, do actually love life, health, comfort, honor, security, the society of friends, and do actually dislike death, sickness, pain, poverty, disgrace, danger, separation from those to whom they are attached. He knew that religion, though it often regulates and moderates these feelings, seldom eradicates them; nor did he think it desirable for mankind that they should be eradicated. The plan of eradicating them by conceits like those of Seneca, or syllogisms like those of Chrysippus, was too preposterous to be for a moment entertained by a mind like his. He did not understand what wisdom there could be in changing names where it was impossible to change things; in denying that blindness, hunger, the gout, the rack, were evils, and calling them *ἀποπροήγμενα*; in refusing to acknowledge that health, safety, plenty, were good things, and dubbing them by the name of *ἀδιάφορα*. In his opinions on all these subjects, he was not a Stoic, nor an Epicurean, nor an Academic, but what would have been called by Stoics, Epicureans, and Academics a mere *ἰδιώτης*, a mere common man. And it was precisely because he was so that his name makes so great an era in the history of the world. It was because he dug deep that he was able to pile high. It was because, in order to lay his foundations, he went down into those parts of human nature which lie low, but which are not liable to change, that the fabric which he reared has risen to so stately an elevation, and stands with such immovable strength.

We have sometimes thought that an amusing fiction might be written, in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon should be introduced as fellow-travelers. They come to a village where the smallpox has just begun to rage, and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The Stoic

assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in the smallpox, and that to a wise man disease, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes out a lancet and begins to vaccinate. They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapors has just killed many of those who were at work; and the survivors are afraid to venture into the cavern. The Stoic assures them that such an accident is nothing but a mere *ἀποπροήγμενον*. The Baconian, who has no such fine word at his command, contents himself with devising a safety lamp. They find a shipwrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel with an inestimable cargo has just gone down, and he is reduced in a moment from opulence to beggary. The Stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself, and repeats the whole chapter of Epictetus *πρὸς τοὺς τὴν ἀπορίαν δεδοικότας*. The Baconian constructs a diving bell, goes down in it, and returns with the most precious effects from the wreck. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the difference between the philosophy of thorns and the philosophy of fruit, the philosophy of words and the philosophy of works.

A GRECIAN SUNSET.

By LORD BYRON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 555.]

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light:
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile:
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,

And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast,
When, Athens! here thy wisest breathed his last.
How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered sage's latest day!
Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still:
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seems to pour —
The land where Phœbus never frowned before:
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaffed — the spirit fled:
The soul of him who scorned to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign;
No murky vapor, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
Where the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide,
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
And sad and somber 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, one solitary palm:
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye,
And dull were his who passed them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more from far,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war:
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

THE TRIAL OF SOCRATES.[1]

B.C. 399.

(From the "Euthyphron" and the "Apology" of Plato: translated by F. J. Church.)

[PLATO, the great Greek philosopher, was born in or near Athens, B.C. 429, the year of Pericles' death. His name was Aristocles; Plato ("Broady") was a nickname, probably from his figure. He began to write poems; but after meeting Socrates at twenty he burnt them, became Socrates' disciple for ten years, and was with him at his trial and death. Afterwards he traveled widely, and settled at Athens as a teacher of philosophy; among his pupils was Aristotle. His "Dialogues" are still the noblest body of philosophical thought in existence, and of matchless literary beauty. Emerson says, "Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. . . . Plato is philosophy, and philosophy Plato."]

I.

Socrates, on the eve of his trial for impiety, wishes to show that the popular notions about piety and impiety, or holiness and unholiness, will not bear testing.

Euthyphron — What in the world are you doing here at the archon's porch, Socrates? Why have you left your haunts in the Lyceum? You surely cannot have an action before him, as I have.

Socrates — Nay, the Athenians, Euthyphron, call it a prosecution, not an action.

Euthyphron — What? Do you mean that some one is prosecuting you? I cannot believe that you are prosecuting any one yourself.

Socrates — Certainly I am not.

Euthyphron — Then is some one prosecuting you?

Socrates — Yes.

Euthyphron — Who is he?

Socrates — I scarcely know him myself, Euthyphron; I think he must be some unknown young man. His name, however, is Meletus, and his deme Pitthis, if you can call to mind any Meletus of that deme, — a hook-nosed man with long hair, and a rather scanty beard.

Euthyphron — I don't know him, Socrates. But, tell me, what is he prosecuting you for?

Socrates — What for? Not on trivial grounds, I think. It is no small thing for so young a man to have formed an opinion on such an important matter. For he, he says, knows how the

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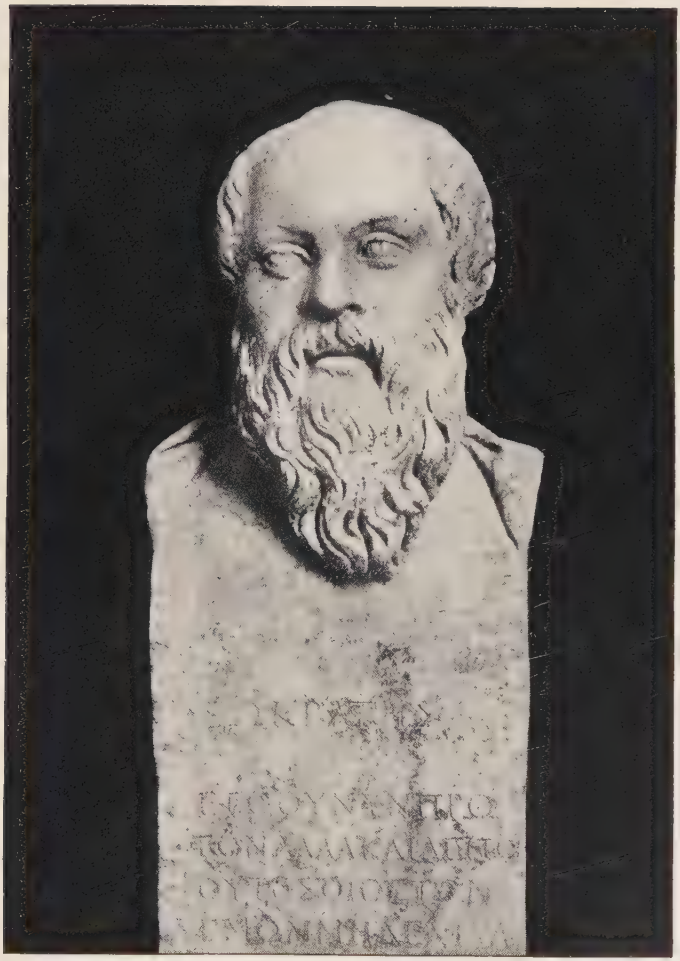

SOCRATES

young are corrupted, and who are their corrupters. He must be a wise man, who, observing my ignorance, is going to accuse me to the city, as his mother, of corrupting his friends. I think that he is the only man who begins at the right point in his political reforms : I mean whose first care is to make the young men as perfect as possible, just as a good farmer will take care of his young plants first, and, after he has done that, of the others. And so Meletus, I suppose, is first clearing us off, who, as he says, corrupt the young men as they grow up ; and then, when he has done that, of course he will turn his attention to the older men, and so become a very great public benefactor. Indeed, that is only what you would expect, when he goes to work in this way.

Euthyphron — I hope it may be so, Socrates, but I have very grave doubts about it. It seems to me that in trying to injure you, he is really setting to work by striking a blow at the heart of the state. But how, tell me, does he say that you corrupt the youth ?

Socrates — In a way which sounds strange at first, my friend. He says that I am a maker of gods ; and so he is prosecuting me, he says, for inventing new gods, and for not believing in the old ones.

Euthyphron — I understand, Socrates. It is because you say that you always have a divine sign. So he is prosecuting you for introducing novelties into religion ; and he is going into court knowing that such matters are easily misrepresented to the multitude, and consequently meaning to slander you there. Why, they laugh even me to scorn, as if I were out of my mind, when I talk about divine things in the assembly, and tell them what is going to happen : and yet I have never foretold anything which has not come true. But they are jealous of all people like us. We must not think about them : we must meet them boldly.

Socrates — My dear Euthyphron, their ridicule is not a very serious matter. The Athenians, it seems to me, may think a man to be clever without paying him much attention, so long as they do not think that he teaches his wisdom to others. But as soon as they think that he makes other people clever, they get angry, whether it be from jealousy, as you say, or for some other reason.

Euthyphron — I am not very anxious to try their disposition towards me in this matter.

Socrates — No, perhaps they think that you seldom show yourself, and that you are not anxious to teach your wisdom to others; but I fear that they may think that I am; for my love of men makes me talk to every one whom I meet quite freely and unreservedly, and without payment: indeed, if I could, I would gladly pay people myself to listen to me. If then, as I said just now, they were only going to laugh at me, as you say they do at you, it would not be at all an unpleasant way of spending the day, to spend it in court, jesting and laughing. But if they are going to be in earnest, then only prophets like you can tell where the matter will end.

Euthyphron — Well, Socrates, I dare say that nothing will come of it. Very likely you will be successful in your trial, and I think that I shall be in mine.

Socrates — And what is this suit of yours, Euthyphron? Are you suing, or being sued?

Euthyphron — I am suing.

Socrates — Whom?

Euthyphron — A man whom I am thought a maniac to be suing.

Socrates — What? Has he wings to fly away with?

Euthyphron — He is far enough from flying; he is a very old man.

Socrates — Who is he?

Euthyphron — He is my father.

[Then Euthyphron having stated that he was prosecuting his father for having murdered a slave, Socrates asks him to define holiness. Euthyphron becomes entangled, and Socrates points out that he has not answered his question. He does not want a particular example of holiness. He wants to know what that is which makes all holy actions holy. Euthyphron, at length, defines holiness as "that which is pleasing to the gods." But Socrates, by a series of apparently innocent questions, compels Euthyphron to admit the absurdity of his definition. Euthyphron has no better fortune with a second and third definition, and he passes from a state of patronizing self-complacency to one of puzzled confusion and deeply offended pride.]

Socrates — Then we must begin again, and inquire what is holiness. I do not mean to give in until I have found out. Do not deem me unworthy; give your whole mind to the question, and this time tell me the truth. For if any one

knows it, it is you ; and you are a Proteus whom I must not let go until you have told me. It cannot be that you would ever have undertaken to prosecute your aged father for the murder of a laboring man unless you had known exactly what is holiness and unholiness. You would have feared to risk the anger of the gods, in case you should be doing wrong, and you would have been afraid of what men would say. But now I am sure that you think that you know exactly what is holiness and what is not ; so tell me, my excellent Euthyphron, and do not conceal from me what you hold it to be.

Euthyphron — Another time, then, Socrates. I am in a hurry now, and it is time for me to be off.

Socrates — What are you doing, my friend! Will you go away and destroy all my hopes of learning from you what is holy and what is not, and so of escaping Meletus? I meant to explain to him that now Euthyphron has made me wise about divine things, and that I no longer in my ignorance speak rashly about them or introduce novelties in them ; and then I was going to promise him to live a better life for the future.

II.

Socrates defends himself before the Athenians.

Socrates — I cannot tell what impression my accusers have made upon you, Athenians : for my own part, I know that they nearly made me forget who I was, so plausible were they ; and yet they have scarcely uttered one single word of truth. But of all their many falsehoods, the one which astonished me most, was when they said that I was a clever speaker, and that you must be careful not to let me mislead you. I thought that it was most impudent of them not to be ashamed to talk in that way ; for as soon as I open my mouth the lie will be exposed, and I shall prove that I am not a clever speaker in any way at all : unless, indeed, by a clever speaker they mean a man who speaks the truth. If that is their meaning, I agree with them that I am a much greater orator than they. My accusers, then I repeat, have said little or nothing that is true ; but from me you shall hear the whole truth. Certainly you will not hear an elaborate speech, Athenians, drest up, like theirs, with words and phrases. I will say to you what I have to say,

without preparation, and in the words which come first, for I believe that my cause is just; so let none of you expect anything else. Indeed, my friends, it would hardly be seemly for me, at my age, to come before you like a young man with his specious falsehoods. But there is one thing, Athenians, which I do most earnestly beg and entreat of you. Do not be surprised and do not interrupt, if in my defense I speak in the same way that I am accustomed to speak in the market place, at the tables of the money changers, where many of you have heard me, and elsewhere. The truth is this. I am more than seventy years old, and this is the first time that I have ever come before a Court of Law; so your manner of speech here is quite strange to me. If I had been really a stranger, you would have forgiven me for speaking in the language and the fashion of my native country: and so now I ask you to grant me what I think I have a right to claim. Never mind the style of my speech — it may be better or it may be worse — give your whole attention to the question, Is what I say just, or is it not? That is what makes a good judge, as speaking the truth makes a good advocate.

I have to defend myself, Athenians, first against the old false charges of my old accusers, and then against the later ones of my present accusers. For many men have been accusing me to you, and for very many years, who have not uttered a word of truth: and I fear them more than I fear Anytus and his companions, formidable as they are. But, my friends, those others are still more formidable; for they got hold of most of you when you were children, and they have been more persistent in accusing me with lies, and in trying to persuade you that there is one Socrates, a wise man, who speculates about the heavens, and who examines into all things that are beneath the earth, and who can "make the worse appear the better reason."

These men, Athenians, who spread abroad this report, are the accusers whom I fear; for their hearers think that persons who pursue such inquiries never believe in the gods. And then they are many, and their attacks have been going on for a long time: and they spoke to you when you were at the age most readily to believe them: for you were all young, and many of you were children: and there was no one to answer them when they attacked me. And the most unreasonable thing of all is that commonly I do not even know their names:

I cannot tell you who they are, except in the case of the comic poets.

But all the rest who have been trying to prejudice you against me, from motives of spite and jealousy, and sometimes, it may be, from conviction, are the enemies whom it is hardest to meet. For I cannot call any one of them forward in Court, to cross-examine him : I have, as it were, simply to fight with shadows in my defense, and to put questions which there is no one to answer. I ask you, therefore, to believe that, as I say, I have been attacked by two classes of accusers — first by Meletus and his friends, and then by those older ones of whom I have spoken. And, with your leave, I will defend myself first against my old enemies; for you heard their accusations first, and they were much more persistent than my present accusers are.

Well, I must make my defense, Athenians, and try in the short time allowed me to remove the prejudice which you have had against me for a long time.

Let us begin again, then, and see what is the charge which has given rise to the prejudice against me, which was what Meletus relied on when he drew his indictment. What is the calumny which my enemies have been spreading about me? I must assume that they are formally accusing me, and read their indictment. It would run somewhat in this fashion : —

"Socrates is an evil doer, who meddles with inquiries into things beneath the earth, and in heaven, and who 'makes the worse appear the better reason,' and who teaches others these same things."

That is what they say; and in the Comedy of Aristophanes you yourselves saw a man called Socrates swinging round in a basket, and saying that he walked the air, and talking a great deal of nonsense about matters of which I understand nothing, either more or less. I do not mean to disparage that kind of knowledge, if there is any man who possesses it. I trust Meletus may never be able to prosecute me for that. But, the truth is, Athenians, I have nothing to do with these matters, and almost all of you are yourselves my witnesses of this. I beg all of you who have ever heard me converse, and they are many, to inform your neighbors and tell them if any of you have ever heard me conversing about such matters, either more or less. That will show you that the other common stories about me are as false as this one.

[He is accused of being at once a wicked sophist who exacts money for teaching and a natural philosopher. He distinguishes these characters, and shows that he is neither. He is unpopular because he has taken on himself the duty of examining men, in consequence of a certain answer given by the Delphic oracle, "that he was the wisest of men." He describes the examination of men which he undertook to test the truth of the oracle. This has gained him much hatred: men do not like to be proved ignorant when they think themselves wise, and so they call him a sophist and every kind of bad name besides, because he exposes their pretense of knowledge.]

What I have said must suffice as my defense against the charges of my first accusers. I will try next to defend myself against that "good patriot" Meletus, as he calls himself, and my later accusers. Let us assume that they are a new set of accusers, and read their indictment, as we did in the case of the others. It runs thus. He says that Socrates is an evil doer who corrupts the youth, and who does not believe in the gods whom the city believes in, but in other new divinities. Such is the charge.

Let us examine each point in it separately. Meletus says that I do wrong by corrupting the youth: but I say, Athenians, that he is doing wrong; for he is playing off a solemn jest by bringing men lightly to trial, and pretending to have a great zeal and interest in matters to which he has never given a moment's thought. And now I will try to prove to you that it is so.

Come here, Meletus. Is it not a fact that you think it very important that the younger men should be as excellent as possible?

Meletus — It is.

Socrates — Come then: tell the judges, who is it who improves them? You take so much interest in the matter that of course you know that. You are accusing me, and bringing me to trial, because, as you say, you have discovered that I am the corrupter of the youth. Come now, reveal to the judges who improves them. You see, Meletus, you have nothing to say; you are silent. But don't you think that this is a scandalous thing? Is not your silence a conclusive proof of what I say, that you have never given a moment's thought to the matter? Come, tell us, my good sir, who makes the young men better citizens?

Meletus — The laws.

Socrates — My excellent sir, that is not my question. What man improves the young, who starts with a knowledge of the laws?

Meletus — The judges here, Socrates.

Socrates — What do you mean, Meletus? Can they educate the young and improve them?

Meletus — Certainly.

Socrates — All of them? or only some of them?

Meletus — All of them.

Socrates — By Hêrê that is good news? There is a great abundance of benefactors. And do the listeners here improve them, or not?

Meletus — They do.

Socrates — And do the senators?

Meletus — Yes.

Socrates — Well then, Meletus, do the members of the Assembly corrupt the younger men? or do they again all improve them?

Meletus — They too improve them.

Socrates — Then all the Athenians, apparently, make the young into fine fellows except me, and I alone corrupt them. Is that your meaning?

Meletus — Most certainly; that is my meaning.

Socrates — You have discovered me to be a most unfortunate man. Now tell me: do you think that the same holds good in the case of horses? Does one man do them harm and every one else improve them? On the contrary, is it not one man only, or a very few — namely, those who are skilled in horses — who can improve them; while the majority of men harm them, if they use them, and have to do with them? Is it not so, Meletus, both with horses and with every other animal? Of course it is, whether you and Anytus say yes or no. And young men would certainly be very fortunate persons if only one man corrupted them, and every one else did them good. The truth is, Meletus, you prove conclusively that you have never thought about the youth in your life. It is quite clear, on your own showing, that you take no interest at all in the matters about which you are prosecuting me.

[He proves that it is absurd to say that he corrupts the young intentionally, and if he corrupts them unintentionally, the law does not call upon Meletus to prosecute him for an

involuntary fault. With regard to the charge of teaching young men not to believe in the gods of the city, he cross-examines Meletus and involves him in several contradictions.]

But in truth, Athenians, I do not think that I need say very much to prove that I have not committed the crime for which Meletus is prosecuting me. What I have said is enough to prove that. But, I repeat, it is certainly true, as I have already told you, that I have incurred much unpopularity and made many enemies. And that is what will cause my condemnation, if I am condemned; not Meletus, nor Anytus either, but the prejudice and suspicion of the multitude. They have been the destruction of many good men before me, and I think that they will be so again. There is no fear that I shall be their last victim.

Perhaps some one will say: "Are you not ashamed, Socrates, of following pursuits which are very likely now to cause your death?" I should answer him with justice, and say: "My friend, if you think that a man of any worth at all ought to reckon the chances of life and death when he acts, or that he ought to think of anything but whether he is acting rightly or wrongly, and as a good or a bad man would act, you are grievously mistaken." According to you, the demigods who died at Troy would be men of no great worth, and among them the son of Thetis, who thought nothing of danger when the alternative was disgrace. For when his mother, a goddess, addressed him, as he was burning to slay Hector, I suppose in this fashion, "My son, if thou avengest the death of thy comrade Patroclus, and slayest Hector, thou wilt die thyself, for 'Fate awaits thee straightway after Hector's death;'" he heard what she said, but he scorned danger and death; he feared much more to live a coward, and not to avenge his friend. "Let me punish the evil doer and straightway die," he said, "that I may not remain here by the beaked ships, a scorn of men, encumbering the earth." Do you suppose that he thought of danger or of death? For this, Athenians, I believe to be the truth. Wherever a man's post is, whether he has chosen it of his own will, or whether he has been placed at it by his commander, there it is his duty to remain and face the danger, without thinking of death, or of any other thing, except dishonor.

When the generals whom you chose to command me, Athenians, placed me at my post at Potidæa, and at Amphipolis, and

at Delium, I remained where they placed me, and ran the risk of death, like other men: and it would be very strange conduct on my part if I were to desert my post now from fear of death or of any other thing, when God has commanded me, as I am persuaded that he has done, to spend my life in searching for wisdom, and in examining myself and others. That would indeed be a very strange thing: and then certainly I might with justice be brought to trial for not believing in the gods: for I should be disobeying the oracle, and fearing death, and thinking myself wise, when I was not wise. For to fear death, my friends, is only to think ourselves wise, without being wise: for it is to think that we know what we do not know. For anything that men can tell, death may be the greatest good that can happen to them: but they fear it as if they knew quite well that it was the greatest of evils. And what is this but that shameful ignorance of thinking that we know what we do not know? In this matter too, my friends, perhaps I am different from the mass of mankind: and if I were to claim to be at all wiser than others, it would be because I do not think that I have any clear knowledge about the other world, when, in fact, I have none. But I do know very well that it is evil and base to do wrong, and to disobey my superior, whether he be man or god. And I will never do what I know to be evil, and shrink in fear from what, for all that I can tell, may be a good. And so, even if you acquit me now, and do not listen to Anytus' argument that, if I am to be acquitted, I ought never to have been brought to trial at all; and that, as it is, you are bound to put me to death, because, as he said, if I escape, all your children will forthwith be utterly corrupted by practicing what Socrates teaches; if you were therefore to say to me, "Socrates, this time we will not listen to Anytus: we will let you go; but on this condition, that you cease from carrying on this search of yours, and from philosophy; if you are found following those pursuits again, you shall die:" I say, if you offered to let me go on these terms, I should reply: "Athenians, I hold you in the highest regard and love; but I will obey God rather than you: and as long as I have breath and strength I will not cease from philosophy, and from exhorting you, and declaring the truth to every one of you whom I meet, saying, as I am wont, 'My excellent friend, you are a citizen of Athens, a city which is very great and very famous for wisdom and power of mind; are you not ashamed of caring so much for the making of money,

and for reputation, and for honor? Will you not think or care about wisdom, and truth, and the perfection of your soul?'"

And if he disputes my words, and says that he does care about these things, I shall not forthwith release him and go away: I shall question him and cross-examine him and test him: and if I think that he has not virtue, though he says that he has, I shall reproach him for setting the lower value on the most important things, and a higher value on those that are of less account. This I shall do to every one whom I meet, young or old, citizen or stranger: but more especially to the citizens, for they are more nearly akin to me.

For, know well, God has commanded me to do so. And I think that no better piece of fortune has ever befallen you in Athens than my service to God. For I spend my whole life in going about and persuading you all to give your first and chiefest care to the perfection of your souls, and not till you have done that to think of your bodies, or your wealth; and telling you that virtue does not come from wealth, but that wealth, and every other good thing which men have, whether in public, or in private, comes from virtue. If then I corrupt the youth by this teaching, the mischief is great: but if any man says that I teach anything else, he speaks falsely. And therefore, Athenians, I say, either listen to Anytus, or do not listen to him: either acquit me, or do not acquit me: but be sure that I shall not alter my way of life; no, not if I have to die for it many times.

[If the Athenians put him to death, they will harm themselves more than him. The city is like a great and noble horse rendered sluggish by its size and needing to be roused. He was the gadfly sent by God to attack it. He explains why he has not taken part in public life. If he had done so, he would have perished without benefiting the city, because no one could make him do wrong through fear of death. His conduct on two occasions shows this.]

Well, my friends, this, together it may be with other things of the same nature, is pretty much what I have to say in my defense. There may be some one among you who will be vexed when he remembers how, even in a less important trial than this, he prayed and entreated the judges to acquit him with many tears, and brought forward his children and many of his friends and relatives in Court, in order to appeal to your feelings; and then finds that I shall do none of these things,

though I am in what he would think the supreme danger. Perhaps he will harden himself against me when he notices this: it may make him angry, and he may give his vote in anger. If it is so with any of you — I do not suppose that it is, but in case it should be so — I think that I should answer him reasonably if I said: —

"My friend, I have kinsmen too, for, in the words of Homer, 'I am not born of stocks and stones,' but of woman;" and so, Athenians, I have kinsmen, and I have three sons, one of them a lad, and the other two still children. Yet I will not bring any of them forward before you, and implore you to acquit me.

And why will I do none of these things? It is not from arrogance, Athenians, nor because I hold you cheap: whether or no I can face death bravely is another question: but for my own credit, and for your credit, and for the credit of our city, I do not think it well, at my age, and with my name, to do anything of that kind. Rightly or wrongly, men have made up their minds that in some way Socrates is different from the mass of mankind. And it will be a shameful thing if those of you who are thought to excel in wisdom, or in bravery, or in any other virtue, are going to act in this fashion. I have often seen men with a reputation behaving in a strange way at their trial, as if they thought it a terrible fate to be killed, and as if they expected to live forever, if you did not put them to death. Such men seem to me to bring discredit on the city: for any stranger would suppose that the best and most eminent Athenians, who are selected by their fellow-citizens to hold office, and for other honors, are no better than women. Those of you, Athenians, who have any reputation at all, ought not to do these things: and you ought not to allow us to do them: you should show that you will be much more merciless to men who make the city ridiculous by these pitiful pieces of acting, than to men who remain quiet.

But apart from the question of credit, my friends, I do not think that it is right to entreat the judge to acquit us, or to escape condemnation in that way. It is our duty to convince his mind by reason. He does not sit to give away justice to his friends, but to pronounce judgment: and he has sworn not to favor any man whom he would like to favor, but to decide questions according to law. And therefore we ought not to teach you to forswear yourselves; and you ought not to allow

yourselves to be taught, for then neither you nor we would be acting righteously. Therefore, Athenians, do not require me to do these things, for I believe them to be neither good nor just nor holy; and, more especially, do not ask me to do them to-day, when Meletus is prosecuting me for impiety. For were I to be successful, and to prevail on you by my prayers to break your oaths, I should be clearly teaching you to believe that there are no gods; and I should be simply accusing myself by my defense of not believing in them. But, Athenians, that is very far from the truth. I do believe in the gods as no one of my accusers believes in them: and to you and to God I commit my cause to be decided as is best for you and for me.

(*He is found guilty by 281 votes to 220.*)

I am not vexed at the verdict which you have given, Athenians, for many reasons. I expected that you would find me guilty; and I am not so much surprised at that, as at the numbers of the votes. I, certainly, never thought that the majority against me would have been so narrow. But now it seems that if only thirty votes had changed sides, I should have escaped.

[Meletus proposes the penalty of death. The law allows a convicted criminal to propose an alternative penalty instead. As he is a public benefactor, Socrates thinks that he ought to have a public maintenance in the Prytaneum, like an Olympic victor. Seriously, why should he propose a penalty? He is sure that he has done no wrong. He does not know whether death is a good or an evil. Why should he propose something that he knows to be an evil? Indeed, payment of a fine would be no evil, but then he has no money to pay a fine with; perhaps he can make up one mina (about twenty dollars): that is his proposal. Or, if his friends wish it, he offers thirty minæ, and his friends will be sureties for payment.]

(*He is condemned to death.*)

You have not gained very much time, Athenians, and, as the price of it, you will have an evil name from all who wish to revile the city, and they will cast in your teeth that you put Socrates, a wise man, to death. For they will certainly call me wise, whether I am wise or not, when they want to reproach you. If you would have waited for a little while, your wishes would have been fulfilled in the course of nature; for you see

that I am an old man, far advanced in years, and near to death. I am speaking not to all of you, only to those who have voted for my death. And now I am speaking to them still. Perhaps, my friends, you think that I have been defeated because I was wanting in the arguments by which I could have persuaded you to acquit me, if, that is, I had thought it right to do or to say anything to escape punishment.

It is not so. I have been defeated because I was wanting, not in arguments, but in overboldness and effrontery: because I would not plead before you as you would have liked to hear me plead, or appeal to you with weeping and wailing, or say and do many other things, which I maintain are unworthy of me, but which you have been accustomed to from other men. But when I was defending myself, I thought that I ought not to do anything unmanly because of the danger which I ran, and I have not changed my mind now. I would very much rather defend myself as I did, and die, than as you would have had me do, and live. Both in a lawsuit, and in war, there are some things which neither I nor any other man may do in order to escape from death. In battle a man often sees that he may at least escape from death by throwing down his arms and falling on his knees before the pursuer to beg for his life. And there are many other ways of avoiding death in every danger, if a man will not scruple to say and to do anything.

But, my friends, I think that it is a much harder thing to escape from wickedness than from death; for wickedness is swifter than death. And now I, who am old and slow, have been overtaken by the slower pursuer: and my accusers, who are clever and swift, have been overtaken by the swifter pursuer, which is wickedness. And now I shall go hence, sentenced by you to death; and they will go hence, sentenced by truth to receive the penalty of wickedness and evil. And I abide by this award as well as they. Perhaps it was right for these things to be so: and I think that they are fairly measured.

And now I wish to prophesy to you, Athenians who have condemned me. For I am going to die, and that is the time when men have most prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who have sentenced me to death, that a far severer punishment than you have inflicted on me, will surely overtake you as soon as I am dead. You have done this thing, thinking that you will be relieved from having to give an account of your lives. But I

say that the result will be very different from that. There will be more men who will call you to account, whom I have held back, and whom you did not see. And they will be harder masters to you than I have been, for they will be younger, and you will be more angry with them. For if you think that you will restrain men from reproaching you for your evil lives by putting them to death, you are very much mistaken. That way of escape is hardly possible, and it is not a good one. It is much better, and much easier, not to silence reproaches, but to make yourselves as perfect as you can. This is my parting prophecy to you who have condemned me.

[Having sternly rebuked those who have condemned him, he bids those who have acquitted him to be of good cheer. No harm can come to a good man in life or in death. Death is either an eternal and dreamless sleep, wherein there is no sensation at all; or it is a journey to another and better world, where are the famous men of old. In either case it is not an evil, but a good.]

And you too, judges, must face death with a good courage, and believe this as a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life, or after death. His fortunes are not neglected by the gods; and what has come to me to-day has not come by chance. I am persuaded that it was better for me to die now, and to be released from trouble: and that was the reason why the sign never turned me back. And so I am hardly angry with my accusers, or with those who have condemned me to die. Yet it was not with this mind that they accused me and condemned me, but meaning to do me an injury. So far I may find fault with them.

Yet I have one request to make of them. When my sons grow up, visit them with punishment, my friends, and vex them in the same way that I have vexed you, if they seem to you to care for riches, or for any other thing, before virtue: and if they think that they are something, when they are nothing at all, reproach them, as I have reproached you, for not caring for what they should, and for thinking that they are great men when in fact they are worthless. And if you will do this, I myself and my sons will have received our deserts at your hands.

But now the time has come, and we must go hence; I to die, and you to live. Whether life or death is better is known to God, and to God only.

DEATH OF SOCRATES

From a painting by Jacques Louis David

ALCIBIADES' ACCOUNT OF SOCRATES.

(From Plato's "Symposium": translated by Percy Bysshe Shelley.)

[ALCIBIADES was a celebrated Athenian politician and general; born about B.C. 450. He was brought up in the house of Pericles, and lived on terms of intimacy with Socrates. A man of great personal charm and extraordinary ability, he soon became a popular leader; but being involved in a suspicion of sacrilege, fled to Sparta and then to Persia. Recalled by the Athenian populace, and intrusted with the command of their fleet, he won several important battles for them, but was superseded for a defeat of his general at Notium B.C. 407. After the fall of Athens he took refuge with the Persian satrap Pharnabazus, in Phrygia, where he was treacherously murdered B.C. 404.]

I WILL begin the praise of Socrates by comparing him to a certain statue. Perhaps he will think that this statue is introduced for the sake of ridicule, but I assure you it is necessary for the illustration of truth. I assert, then, that Socrates is exactly like those Silenuses that sit in the sculptors' shops, and which are holding carved flutes or pipes, but which when divided in two are found to contain the images of the gods. I assert that Socrates is like the satyr Marsyas. That your form and appearance are like these satyrs, I think that even you will not venture to deny; and how like you are to them in all other things, now hear. Are you not scornful and petulant? If you deny this, I will bring witnesses. Are you not a piper, and far more wonderful a one than he? For Marsyas, and whoever now pipes the music that he taught (for it was Marsyas who taught Olympus his music), enchants men through the power of the mouth. For if any musician, be he skillful or not, awakens this music, it alone enables him to retain the minds of men, and from the divinity of its nature makes evident those who are in want of the gods and initiation: you differ only from Marsyas in this circumstance, that you effect without instruments, by mere words, all that he can do. For when we hear Pericles, or any other accomplished orator, deliver a discourse, no one, as it were, cares anything about it. But when any one hears you, or even your words related by another, though ever so rude and unskillful a speaker, be that person a woman, man, or child, we are struck and retained, as it were, by the discourse clinging to our mind.

If I was not afraid that I am a great deal too drunk, I would confirm to you by an oath the strange effects which I

assure you I have suffered from his words, and suffer still; for when I hear him speak my heart leaps up far more than the hearts of those who celebrate the Corybantic mysteries; my tears are poured out as he talks, a thing I have often seen happen to many others besides myself. I have heard Pericles and other excellent orators, and have been pleased with their discourses, but I suffered nothing of this kind; nor was my soul ever on those occasions disturbed and filled with self-reproach, as if it were slavishly laid prostrate. But this Marsyas here has often affected me in the way I describe, until the life which I lived seemed hardly worth living. Do not deny it, Socrates; for I know well that if even now I chose to listen to you, I could not resist, but should again suffer the same effects. For, my friends, he forces me to confess that while I myself am still in need of many things, I neglect my own necessities and attend to those of the Athenians. I stop my ears, therefore, as from the Sirens, and flee away as fast as possible, that I may not sit down beside him, and grow old in listening to his talk. For this man has reduced me to feel the sentiment of shame, which I imagine no one would readily believe was in me. For I feel in his presence my incapacity of refuting what he says or of refusing to do that which he directs: but when I depart from him the glory which the multitude confers overwhelms me. I escape therefore and hide myself from him, and when I see him I am overwhelmed with humiliation, because I have neglected to do what I have confessed to him ought to be done: and often and often have I wished that he were no longer to be seen among men. But if that were to happen I well know that I should suffer far greater pain; so that where I can turn, or what I can do with this man I know not. All this have I and many others suffered from the pipings of this satyr.

And observe how like he is to what I said, and what a wonderful power he possesses. Know that there is not one of you who is aware of the real nature of Socrates; but since I have begun, I will make him plain to you. You observe how passionately Socrates affects the intimacy of those who are beautiful, and how ignorant he professes himself to be, appearances in themselves excessively Silenic. This, my friends, is the external form with which, like one of the sculptured Sileni, he has clothed himself; for if you open him you will find within admirable temperance and wisdom. For he cares not

for mere beauty, but despises more than any one can imagine all external possessions, whether it be beauty, or wealth, or glory, or any other thing for which the multitude felicitates the possessor. He esteems these things, and us who honor them, as nothing, and lives among men, making all the objects of their admiration the playthings of his irony. But I know not if any one of you have ever seen the divine images which are within, when he has been opened, and is serious. I have seen them, and they are so supremely beautiful, so golden, so divine, and wonderful, that everything that Socrates commands surely ought to be obeyed, even like the voice of a god.

* * * * * * *

At one time we were fellow-soldiers, and had our mess together in the camp before Potidæa. Socrates there overcame not only me, but every one beside, in endurance of evils: when, as often happens in a campaign, we were reduced to few provisions, there were none who could sustain hunger like Socrates; and when we had plenty, he alone seemed to enjoy our military fare. He never drank much willingly, but when he was compelled, he conquered all even in that to which he was least accustomed: and, what is most astonishing, no person ever saw Socrates drunk either then or at any other time. In the depth of winter (and the winters there are excessively rigid) he sustained calmly incredible hardships: and amongst other things, whilst the frost was intolerably severe, and no one went out of their tents, or if they went out, wrapped themselves up carefully, and put fleeces under their feet, and bound their legs with hairy skins, Socrates went out only with the same cloak on that he usually wore, and walked barefoot upon the ice: more easily, indeed, than those who had sandaled themselves so delicately: so that the soldiers thought that he did it to mock their want of fortitude. It would indeed be worth while to commemorate all that this brave man did and endured in that expedition. In one instance he was seen early in the morning, standing in one place, wrapt in meditation; and as he seemed unable to unravel the subject of his thoughts, he still continued to stand as inquiring and discussing within himself, and when noon came, the soldiers observed him, and said to one another — "Socrates has been standing there thinking, ever since the morning." At last some Ionians came to the spot, and having supped, as it was summer, they lay down to

sleep in the cool: they observed that Socrates continued to stand there the whole night until morning, and that, when the sun rose, he saluted it with a prayer and departed.

I ought not to omit what Socrates is in battle. For in that battle after which the generals decreed to me the prize of courage, Socrates alone of all men was the savior of my life, standing by me when I had fallen and was wounded, and preserving both myself and my arms from the hands of the enemy. On that occasion I entreated the generals to decree the prize, as it was most due, to him. And this, O Socrates, you cannot deny, that when the generals, wishing to conciliate a person of my rank, desired to give me the prize, you were far more earnestly desirous than the generals that this glory should be attributed not to yourself, but me.

But to see Socrates when our army was defeated and scattered in flight at Delium was a spectacle worthy to behold. On that occasion I was among the cavalry, and he on foot, heavily armed. After the total rout of our troops, he and Laches retreated together; I came up by chance, and seeing them, bade them be of good cheer, for that I would not leave them. As I was on horseback, and therefore less occupied by a regard of my own situation, I could better observe than at Potidæa the beautiful spectacle exhibited by Socrates on this emergency. How superior was he to Laches in presence of mind and courage! Your representation of him on the stage, O Aristophanes, was not wholly unlike his real self on this occasion, for he walked and darted his regards around with a majestic composure, looking tranquilly both on his friends and enemies: so that it was evident to every one, even from afar, that whoever should venture to attack him would encounter a desperate resistance. He and his companions thus departed in safety: for those who are scattered in flight are pursued and killed, whilst men hesitate to touch those who exhibit such a countenance as that of Socrates even in defeat.

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO.[1]

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 501.]

"*Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd.*"
—CLAUDE TILLIER.

I'd "read" three hours. Both notes and text
Were fast a mist becoming;
In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,
And filled the room with humming,

Then out. The casement's leafage sways,
And, parted light, discloses
Miss Di., with hat and book,—a maze
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek?" "I am—and you?"
"O, mine's a mere romancer!"
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do;
And I'll read mine in answer."

I read. "My Plato (Plato, too,—
That wisdom thus should harden!)
Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue
Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers
(No author's name is stated)
That sometimes those Philosophers
Are sadly mis-translated."

"But hear,—the next's in stronger style:
The Cynic School asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted!"

She smiled once more—"My book, I find,
Observes some modern doctors
Would make the Cynics out a kind
Of album-verse concocters."

[1] From "Collected Poems." By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 8vo., price 6*s*.

Then I — "Why not? 'Ephesian law,
No less than time's tradition,
Enjoined fair speech on all who saw
DIANA's apparition.'"

She blushed — this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precept teaches,
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage,
And walk to Burnham Beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates
(I find he too is talking)
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
While Beauty goes a walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill:
The sequel's scarce essential —
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
Profoundly confidential.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE.[1]

BY THUCYDIDES.

(Translated by Benjamin Jowett.)

DEMOSTHENES, Menander, and Euthydemus, who had gone on board the Athenian fleet to take the command, now quitted their own station, and proceeded straight to the closed mouth of the harbor, intending to force their way to the open sea where a passage was still left.

The Syracusans and their allies had already put out with nearly the same number of ships as before. A detachment of them guarded the entrance of the harbor; the remainder were disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land forces might at the same time be able to coöperate wherever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the center. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbor the violence of their

[1] By permission of the Master of Balliol College.

onset overpowered the ships which were stationed there; they then attempted to loosen the fastenings. Whereupon from all sides the Syracusans and their allies came bearing down upon them, and the conflict was no longer confined to the entrance, but extended throughout the harbor. No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate. Great was the eagerness with which the rowers on both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they maneuvered one against another. The marines too were full of anxiety that, when ship struck ship, the service on deck should not fall short of the rest; every one in the place assigned to him was eager to be foremost among his fellows. Many vessels meeting — and never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly two hundred — they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportunity of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavored to board. In many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves: often two or even more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defense, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing one against another took away the wits of the sailors, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusans and their allies was represented the glory of preventing the escape of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honor of his own city. The commanders too, when they saw any ship backing water without necessity, would call the captain by his name, and ask, of the Athenians, whether they were retreating because they expected to be more at home upon the land of their bitterest foes than upon that sea which had been their own so long; on

the Syracusan side, whether, when they knew perfectly well that the Athenians were only eager to find some means of flight, they would themselves fly from the fugitives.

While the naval engagement hung in the balance, the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of soul. The Sicilian soldier was animated by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close, and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive and they would earnestly call upon the gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible; they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all but saved or all but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting, cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonizing were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight, and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land forces, no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one universal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety. Never had there been a greater panic in an Athenian army than at that moment. They now suffered what they had done to others at Pylos. For at Pylos the Lacedæmonians, when they saw their ships destroyed, knew

that their friends who had crossed over into the island of Sphacteria were lost with them. And so now the Athenians, after the rout of their fleet, knew that they had no hope of saving themselves by land unless events took some extraordinary turn.

Thus, after a fierce battle and a great destruction of ships and men on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies gained the victory. They gathered up the wrecks and bodies of the dead, and sailing back to the city, erected a trophy. The Athenians, overwhelmed by their misery, never so much as thought of recovering their wrecks or of asking leave to collect their dead. Their intention was to retreat that very night. Demosthenes came to Nicias and proposed that they should once more man their remaining vessels and endeavor to force the passage at daybreak, saying that they had more ships fit for service than the enemy. For the Athenian fleet still numbered sixty, but the enemy had less than fifty. Nicias approved of his proposal, and they would have manned the ships, but the sailors refused to embark; for they were paralyzed by their defeat, and had no longer any hope of succeeding. So the Athenians all made up their minds to escape by land.

Hermocrates the Syracusan suspected their intention, and dreading what might happen if their vast army, retreating by land and settling somewhere in Sicily, should choose to renew the war, he went to the authorities, and represented to them that they ought not to allow the Athenians to withdraw by night (mentioning his own suspicion of their intentions), but that all the Syracusans and their allies should march out before them, wall up the roads, and occupy the passes with a guard. They thought very much as he did, and wanted to carry out his plan, but doubted whether their men, who were too glad to repose after a great battle, and in time of festival — for there happened on that very day to be a sacrifice to Heracles — could be induced to obey. Most of them, in the exultation of victory, were drinking and keeping holiday, and at such a time how could they ever be expected to take up arms and go forth at the order of the generals? On these grounds the authorities decided that the thing was impossible. Whereupon Hermocrates himself, fearing lest the Athenians should gain a start and quietly pass the most difficult places in the night, contrived the following plan: when it was growing dark he sent certain of his own acquaintances, accompanied by a few horsemen, to the Athenian camp. They rode up within earshot, and pretending to be friends

(there were known to be men in the city who gave information to Nicias of what went on) called to some of the soldiers, and bade them tell him not to withdraw his army during the night, for the Syracusans were guarding the roads; he should make preparation at leisure and retire by day. Having delivered their message they departed, and those who had heard them informed the Athenian generals.

On receiving this message, which they supposed to be genuine, they remained during the night. And having once given up the intention of starting immediately, they decided to remain during the next day, that the soldiers might, as well as they could, put together their baggage in the most convenient form, and depart, taking with them the bare necessaries of life, but nothing else.

Meanwhile the Syracusans and Gylippus, going forth before them with their land forces, blocked the roads in the country by which the Athenians were likely to pass, guarded the fords of the rivers and streams, and posted themselves at the best points for receiving and stopping them. Their sailors rowed up to the beach and dragged away the Athenian ships. The Athenians themselves burnt a few of them, as they had intended, but the rest the Syracusans towed away, unmolested and at their leisure, from the places where they had severally run aground, and conveyed them to the city.

On the third day after the sea fight, when Nicias and Demosthenes thought that their preparations were complete, the army began to move. They were in a dreadful condition; not only was there the great fact that they had lost their whole fleet, and instead of their expected triumph had brought the utmost peril upon Athens as well as upon themselves, but also the sights which presented themselves as they quitted the camp were painful to every eye and mind. The dead were unburied, and when any one saw the body of a friend lying on the ground he was smitten with sorrow and dread, while the sick or wounded who still survived but had to be left were even a greater trial to the living, and more to be pitied than those who were gone. Their prayers and lamentations drove their companions to distraction; they would beg that they might be taken with them, and call by name any friend or relation whom they saw passing; they would hang upon their departing comrades and follow as far as they could, and when their limbs and strength failed them and they dropped behind many were the impreca-

tions and cries which they uttered. So that the whole army was in tears, and such was their despair that they could hardly make up their minds to stir, although they were leaving an enemy's country, having suffered calamities too great for tears already, and dreading miseries yet greater in the unknown future. There was also a general feeling of shame and self-reproach, — indeed they seemed, not like an army, but like the fugitive population of a city captured after a siege ; and of a great city too. For the whole multitude who were marching together numbered not less than forty thousand. Each of them took with him anything he could carry which was likely to be of use. Even the heavy-armed and cavalry, contrary to their practice when under arms, conveyed about their persons their own food, some because they had no attendants, others because they could not trust them ; for they had long been deserting, and most of them had gone off all at once. Nor was the food which they carried sufficient ; for the supplies of the camp had failed. Their disgrace and the universality of the misery, although there might be some consolation in the very community of suffering, was nevertheless at that moment hard to bear, especially when they remembered from what pomp and splendor they had fallen into their present low estate. Never had an Hellenic army experienced such a reverse. They had come intending to enslave others, and they were going away in fear lest they would be themselves enslaved. Instead of the prayers and hymns with which they had put to sea, they were now departing amid appeals to heaven of another sort. They were no longer sailors but landsmen, depending, not upon their fleet, but upon their infantry. Yet in face of the great danger which still threatened them all these things appeared endurable.

Nicias, seeing the army disheartened at their terrible fall, went along the ranks and encouraged and consoled them as well as he could. In his fervor he raised his voice as he passed from one to another and spoke louder and louder, desiring that the benefit of his words might reach as far as possible.

" Even now, Athenians and allies, we must hope : men have been delivered out of worse straits than these, and I would not have you judge yourselves too severely on account either of the reverses which you have sustained or of your present undeserved miseries. I too am as weak as any of you ; for I am quite prostrated by my disease, as you see. And although

there was a time when I might have been thought equal to the best of you in the happiness of my private and public life, I am now in as great danger, and as much at the mercy of fortune as the meanest. Yet my days have been passed in the performance of many a religious duty, and of many a just and blameless action. Therefore my hope of the future remains unshaken, and our calamities do not appall me as they might. Who knows that they may not be lightened? For our enemies have had their full share of success, and if our expedition provoked the jealousy of any God, by this time we have been punished enough. Others ere now have attacked their neighbors; they have done as men will do, and suffered what men can bear. We may therefore begin to hope that the Gods will be more merciful to us: for we now invite their pity rather than their jealousy. And look at your own well-armed ranks; see how many brave soldiers you are, marching in solid array, and do not be dismayed; bear in mind that wherever you plant yourselves you are a city already, and that no city of Sicily will find it easy to resist your attack, or can dislodge you if you choose to settle. Provide for the safety and good order of your own march, and remember every one of you that on whatever spot a man is compelled to fight, there if he conquer he may find a home and a fortress. We must press forward day and night, for our supplies are but scanty. The Sicels, through fear of the Syracusans, still adhere to us, and if we can only reach any part of their territory we shall be among friends, and you may consider yourselves secure. We have sent to them, and they have been told to meet us and bring food. In a word, soldiers, let me tell you that you must be brave; there is no place near to which a coward can fly. And if you now escape your enemies, those of you who are not Athenians may see once more the home for which they long, while you Athenians will again rear aloft the fallen greatness of Athens. For men, and not walls or ships in which are no men, constitute a state."

Thus exhorting his troops Nicias passed through the army, and wherever he saw gaps in the ranks or the men dropping out of line, he brought them back to their proper place. Demosthenes did the same for the troops under his command, and gave them similar exhortations. The army marched disposed in a hollow oblong: the division of Nicias leading, and that of Demosthenes following; the hoplites inclosed within

their ranks the baggage bearers and the rest of the army. When they arrived at the ford of the river Anapus they found a force of the Syracusans and of their allies drawn up to meet them; these they put to flight, and getting command of the ford, proceeded on their march. The Syracusans continually harassed them, the cavalry riding alongside, and the light-armed troops hurling darts at them. On this day the Athenians proceeded about four and a half miles and encamped at a hill. On the next day they started early, and, having advanced more than two miles, descended into a level plain, and encamped. The country was inhabited, and they were desirous of obtaining food from the houses, and also water which they might carry with them, as there was little to be had for many miles in the country which lay before them. Meanwhile the Syracusans had gone on before them, and at a point where the road ascends a steep hill called the Acræan height, and there is a precipitous ravine on either side, were blocking up the pass by a wall. On the next day the Athenians advanced, although again impeded by the numbers of the enemy's cavalry who rode alongside, and of their javelin men who threw darts at them. For a long time the Athenians maintained the struggle, but at last retired to their own encampment. Their supplies were now cut off, because the horsemen circumscribed their movements.

In the morning they started early and resumed their march. They pressed onwards to the hill where the way was barred, and found in front of them the Syracusan infantry drawn up to defend the wall, in deep array, for the pass was narrow. Whereupon the Athenians advanced and assaulted the barrier; but the enemy, who were numerous and had the advantage of position, threw missiles upon them from the hill, which was steep, and so, not being able to force their way, they again retired and rested. During the conflict, as is often the case in the fall of the year, there came on a storm of rain and thunder, whereby the Athenians were yet more disheartened, for they thought that everything was conspiring to their destruction. While they were resting, Gylippus and the Syracusans dispatched a division of their army to raise a wall behind them across the road by which they had come; but the Athenians sent some of their own troops and frustrated their intention. They then retired with their whole army in the direction of the plain and passed the night. On the following day they

again advanced. The Syracusans now surrounded and attacked them on every side, and wounded many of them. If the Athenians advanced they retreated, but charged them when they retired, falling especially upon the hindermost of them, in the hope that, if they could put to flight a few at a time, they might strike a panic into the whole army. In this fashion the Athenians struggled on for a long time, and having advanced about three quarters of a mile rested in the plain. The Syracusans then left them and returned to their own encampment.

The army was now in a miserable plight, being in want of every necessary; and by the continual assaults of the enemy great numbers of the soldiers had been wounded. Nicias and Demosthenes, perceiving their condition, resolved during the night to light as many watch fires as possible and to lead off their forces. They intended to take another route and march towards the sea in the direction opposite to that from which the Syracusans were watching them. Now their whole line of march lay, not towards Catana, but towards the other side of Sicily, in the direction of Camarina and Gela, and the cities, Hellenic or Barbarian, of that region. So they lighted numerous fires and departed in the night. And then, as constantly happens in armies, especially in very great ones, and as might be expected when they were marching by night in an enemy's country, and with the enemy from whom they were flying not far off, there arose a panic among them, and they fell into confusion. The army of Nicias, which led the way, kept together, and was considerably in advance, but that of Demosthenes, which was the larger half, got severed from the other division, and marched in less order. At daybreak they succeeded in reaching the sea, and striking into the Helorine road marched along it, intending as soon as they arrived at the river Cacyparis to follow up the stream through the interior of the island. They were expecting that the Sicels for whom they had sent would meet them on this road. When they had reached the river they found there also a guard of the Syracusans cutting off the passage by a wall and palisade. They forced their way through, and crossing the river, passed on towards another river which is called the Erineus, this being the direction in which their guides led them.

When daylight broke and the Syracusans and their allies saw that the Athenians had departed, most of them thought that Gylippus had let them go on purpose, and were very

angry with him. They easily found the line of their retreat, and quickly following, came up with them about the time of the midday meal. The troops of Demosthenes were last; they were marching slowly and in disorder, not having recovered from the panic of the previous night, when they were overtaken by the Syracusans, who immediately fell upon them and fought. Separated as they were from the others, they were easily hemmed in by the Syracusan cavalry and driven into a narrow space. The division of Nicias was as much as six miles in advance, for he marched faster, thinking that their safety depended at such a time, not in remaining and fighting, if they could avoid it, but in retreating as quickly as they could, and resisting only when they were positively compelled. Demosthenes, on the other hand, who had been more incessantly harassed throughout the retreat, because marching last he was first attacked by the enemy, now, when he saw the Syracusans pursuing him, instead of pressing onward, had ranged his army in order of battle. Thus lingering he was surrounded, and he and the Athenians under his command were in the greatest danger and confusion. For they were crushed into a walled inclosure, having a road on both sides and planted thickly with olive trees, and missiles were hurled at them from all points. The Syracusans naturally preferred this mode of attack to a regular engagement. For to risk themselves against desperate men would have been only playing into the hands of the Athenians. Moreover, every one was sparing of his life; their good fortune was already assured, and they did not want to fall in the hour of victory. Even by this irregular mode of fighting they thought that they could overpower and capture the Athenians.

And so when they had gone on all day assailing them with missiles from every quarter, and saw that they were quite worn out with their wounds and all their other sufferings, Gylippus and the Syracusans made a proclamation, first of all to the islanders, that any of them who pleased might come over to them and have their freedom. But only a few cities accepted the offer. At length an agreement was made for the entire force under Demosthenes. Their arms were to be surrendered, but no one was to suffer death, either from violence or from imprisonment, or from want of the bare means of life. So they all surrendered, being in number six thousand, and gave up what money they had. This they threw into the hollows of

shields and filled four. The captives were at once taken to the city. On the same day Nicias and his division reached the river Erineus, which he crossed, and halted his army on a rising ground.

On the following day he was overtaken by the Syracusans, who told him that Demosthenes had surrendered, and bade him do the same. He, not believing them, procured a truce while he sent a horseman to go and see. Upon the return of the horseman bringing assurance of the fact, he sent a herald to Gylippus and the Syracusans, saying that he would agree, on behalf of the Athenian state, to pay the expenses which the Syracusans had incurred in the war, on condition that they should let his army go; until the money was paid he would give Athenian citizens as hostages, a man for a talent. Gylippus and the Syracusans would not accept these proposals, but attacked and surrounded this division of the army as well as the other, and hurled missiles at them from every side until the evening. They, too, were grievously in want of food and necessaries. Nevertheless they meant to wait for the dead of the night and then to proceed. They were just resuming their arms, when the Syracusans discovered them and raised the Pæan. The Athenians, perceiving that they were detected, laid down their arms again, with the exception of about three hundred men who broke through the enemy's guard and made their escape in the darkness as best they could.

When the day dawned Nicias led forward his army, and the Syracusans and the allies again assailed them on every side, hurling javelins and other missiles at them. The Athenians hurried on to the river Assinarus. They hoped to gain a little relief if they forded the river, for the mass of horsemen and other troops overwhelmed and crushed them; and they were worn out by fatigue and thirst. But no sooner did they reach the water than they lost all order and rushed in; every man was trying to cross first, and, the enemy pressing upon them at the same time, the passage of the river became hopeless. Being compelled to keep close together they fell one upon another, and trampled each other under foot: some at once perished, pierced by their own spears; others got entangled in the baggage and were carried down the stream. The Syracusans stood upon the further bank of the river, which was steep, and hurled missiles from above on the Athenians, who were huddled together in the deep bed of the stream and for the most part were drink-

ing greedily. The Peloponnesians came down the bank and slaughtered them, falling chiefly upon those who were in the river. Whereupon the water at once became foul, but was drunk all the same, although muddy and dyed with blood, and the crowd fought for it.

At last, when the dead bodies were lying in heaps one upon another in the water, and the army was utterly undone, some perishing in the river, and any who escaped being cut off by the cavalry, Nicias surrendered to Gylippus, in whom he had more confidence than in the Syracusans. He entreated him and the Lacedæmonians to do what they pleased with himself, but not to go on killing the men. So Gylippus gave the word to make prisoners. Thereupon the survivors, not including, however, a large number whom the soldiers concealed, were brought in alive. As for the three hundred who had broken through the guard in the night, the Syracusans sent in pursuit and seized them. The total of the public prisoners when collected was not great; for many were appropriated by the soldiers, and the whole of Sicily was full of them, they not having capitulated like the troops under Demosthenes. A large number also perished, — the slaughter at the river being very great, quite as great as any which took place in the Sicilian war; and not a few had fallen in the frequent attacks which were made upon the Athenians during their march. Still, many escaped, some at the time, others ran away after an interval of slavery, and all these found refuge at Catana.

The Syracusans and their allies collected their forces and returned with the spoil, and as many prisoners as they could take with them, into the city. The captive Athenians and allies they deposited in the quarries, which they thought would be the safest place of confinement. Nicias and Demosthenes they put to the sword, although against the will of Gylippus. For Gylippus thought that to carry home with him to Lacedæmon the generals of the enemy, over and above all his other successes, would be a brilliant triumph. One of them, Demosthenes, happened to be the greatest foe, and the other the greatest friend, of the Lacedæmonians, both in the same matter of Pylos and Sphacteria. For Nicias had taken up their cause, and had persuaded the Athenians to make the peace which set at liberty the prisoners taken in the island. The Lacedæmonians were grateful to him for the service, and this was the main reason why he trusted Gylippus and surrendered himself to him.

But certain Syracusans, who had been in communication with him, were afraid (such was the report) that on some suspicion of their guilt he might be put to the torture and bring trouble on them in the hour of their prosperity. Others, and especially the Corinthians, feared that, being rich, he might by bribery escape and do them further mischief. So the Syracusans gained the consent of the allies and had him executed. For these or the like reasons he suffered death. No one of the Hellenes in my time was less deserving of so miserable an end; for he lived in the practice of every virtue.

Those who were imprisoned in the quarries were at the beginning of their captivity harshly treated by the Syracusans. There were great numbers of them, and they were crowded in a deep and narrow place. At first the sun by day was still scorching and suffocating, for they had no roof over their heads, while the autumn nights were cold, and the extremes of temperature engendered violent disorders. Being cramped for room they had to do everything on the same spot. The corpses of those who died from their wounds, exposure to the weather, and the like, lay heaped one upon another. The smells were intolerable; and they were at the same time afflicted by hunger and thirst. During eight months they were allowed only about half a pint of water and a pint of food a day. Every kind of misery which could befall man in such a place befell them. This was the condition of all the captives for about ten weeks. At length the Syracusans sold them, with the exception of the Athenians and of any Sicilians or Italian Greeks who had sided with them in the war. The whole number of the public prisoners is not accurately known, but they were not less than seven thousand.

Of all the Hellenic actions which took place in this war, or indeed of all the Hellenic actions which are on record, this was the greatest — the most glorious to the victors, the most ruinous to the vanquished; for they were utterly and at all points defeated, and their sufferings were prodigious. Fleet and army perished from the face of the earth; nothing was saved, and of the many who went forth few returned home.

Thus ended the Sicilian expedition.

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